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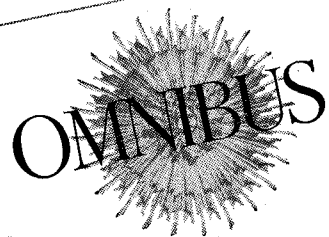
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Concerto No. 3 in D minor
Van Cliburn, pianist
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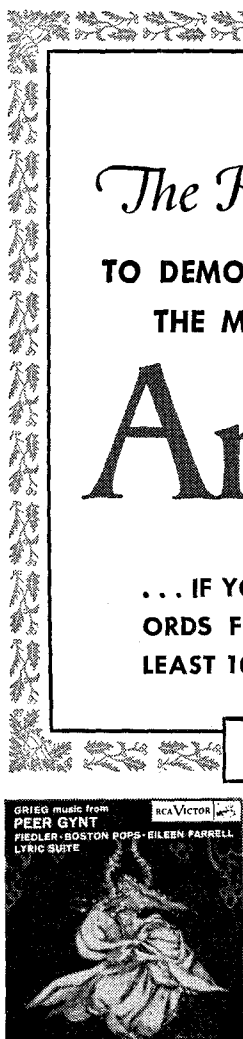
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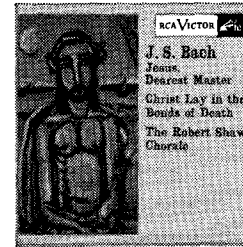
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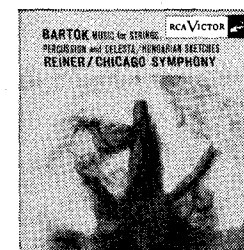
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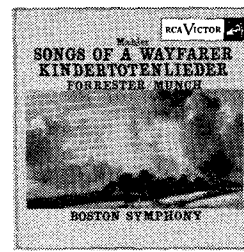
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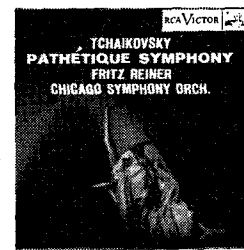
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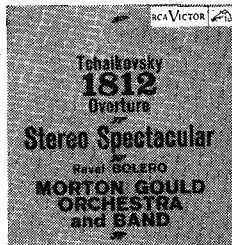
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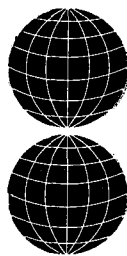
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WASHINGTON

THE population of the United States soared by more than 20 million in the eight years of the Eisenhower Administration, and it is expected to rise by perhaps 25 million in the next eight years. This population explosion is the cause of many domestic problems in the United States, one of the most serious being the development and use of our natural resources. Not since the days when Theodore Roosevelt and Gifford Pinchot first made America aware of the profligate use of its largely irreplaceable resources have there been so many reasons as there are today for better and more coordinated national policies.

Both party platforms devote considerable space to natural resources, but their difference in approach is striking. In microcosm, the differences reflect the larger division between the two parties on their economic approaches to the whole field of domestic affairs.

The Republicans' "Building a Better America" platform contends that "the past seven years of Republican leadership have seen the development of more power capacity, flood control, irrigation, fish and wildlife projects, recreation facilities, and associated multi-purpose benefits than during any previous administration in history." For the future, the GOP pledges to continue what it calls "teamwork between federal, state and private entities" as the essential approach to "sustained conservation and resource development."

The Democratic document, entitled "The Rights of Man," pledges to "reverse Republican policies under which America's resources have been wasted, depleted, underdeveloped and recklessly given away." The indictment covers the "no new starts" policy of the Eisenhower Administration on multipurpose dams, the limited atomic energy program, the minimal research into conversion of

salt and brackish water, and what the Democrats term the giveaway of "priceless resources for plunder by private corporations." The document says that "the states and local communities cannot go it alone," that under a Democratic Administration there will be a return to regional development, of which the TVA is the great symbol.

Neither set of polemics is altogether accurate, yet both contain elements of truth. The Democrats may put too much emphasis on federal action, yet the Republicans probably rely too heavily on the financially overburdened states and localities. The central point is that much more must be done and done soon by either a Kennedy or a Nixon Administration. The probability is that more will be done, but that, regardless of which man wins the presidency, there will be a long battle in Congress on the extent of federal action.

In *Spend and Survive*, a book which attempts to make the federal budget understandable and meaningful in both the past and the future, David Demarest Lloyd concludes that the nation now spends \$2.8 billion a year to develop its resources of land and water. Lloyd's projection of what will be necessary by 1970, a mere decade ahead, is \$5.6 billion. Of today's expenditure, close to half is state and local money; in 1970, by Lloyd's estimate, the ratio should be 3 to 2.5 in favor of federal money.

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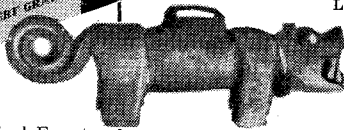
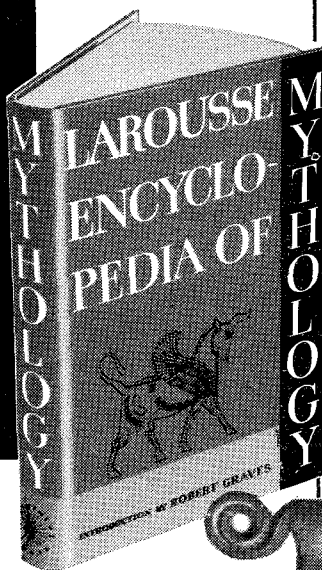
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Report on Washington



The great untapped source of water is the inexhaustible supply of salt water plus the brackish water in areas of the West and East. The Interior Department long has conducted scientific research on how to remove the salt at an economical cost. The Democrats contend that the Republican Administration has discouraged this research; the Republican platform pledges "continued federal support for Republican-initiated research and demonstration projects" in this field. Here, if anywhere, is a clear division of approach between the parties, one akin to the division over development of power from nuclear energy.

The Republicans want the federal government to do only enough to help private industry make the scientific breakthroughs; the Democrats, in both these cases, contend that the overriding national interest calls for a full federal development program. The Republicans see government ownership as the end result of the Democratic approach; the Democrats contend that that is not the issue, that such critical national resources as water and atomic energy can be developed for the benefit of all only if the government acts on behalf of all the people.

Fresh water from the sea

The fact is that a great deal of excellent work has been done on water distillation, but most of it has been done outside the United States, where the economic incentive has been far stronger. A Glasgow firm, in fact, is now the world's largest producer of sea-water conversion machinery. The Scottish firm of G. & J. Weir, Ltd., says it can purify sea water today for between 70 cents and \$1.30 per thousand gallons, whereas the American aim in the Interior Department's program is to get the cost down to 38 cents per thousand gallons for drinking water and 12 cents for irrigation use, the maximum prices for fresh water.

One giant Weir installation is now producing 2.7 million gallons of fresh water from the sea daily at Aruba in the Dutch West Indies. Another big plant is in operation in Kuwait in the Persian Gulf, but neither is economical by U.S. standards. They are justified by the necessity for fresh water in those two oil-rich spots, which can afford the high cost. Some experts feel that atomic energy, by providing cheap electricity for the heat distilla-

tion process, may be the real answer. Another method, called freezing separation, takes advantage of the fact that fresh water freezes more quickly than salt water.

Neither salt-water conversion nor electric power from the atom is the pressing necessity in the United States that it is in many other parts of the world. In each case, the Eisenhower Administration has recognized the value abroad but has generally proceeded according to the economics involved at home. The Administration has not been willing to make any decision to develop the scientific potential in either of these fields solely on the basis of possible benefit to our foreign relations and in disregard of our own needs and the cost to the United States.

In effect, the Democrats promise to make such decisions, though they do not put it so bluntly. And the Republicans contend that their approach will, in the end, be just as productive, with far less cost to the federal Treasury.

The demands of increasing population

Another point of Democratic-Republican difference has been evident in the problem of sewage disposal. President Eisenhower vetoed a Democratic measure to give the states and local governments more federal funds to meet this elementary necessity, which has a major bearing on river and stream pollution. Likewise, the Eisenhower Administration has done very little in the increasingly important area of air pollution. California has begun to attack the auto-exhaust pollution issue, but there has been no pressure from Washington for a nationwide effort to stop the fouling of the air by more millions of cars every year.

Both parties pledge to do more for the National Parks, and here the Republicans already have done a great deal. The Democrats are critical because fees to the public for their use have been raised, but the increase in fees is not unreasonable as a whole. Part of the problem ahead is how to extend those park systems located in the rapidly sprawling suburban areas where land prices are skyrocketing. The population explosion also presses on the national forests, on the wildlife refuges, and on other sanctuaries.

Another facet of the national resources problem is the nation's minerals. Here there is urgent necessity for more work to make use of low-grade reserves and less argument whether government or industry should do it. But the problem of marginal mines often gets out of the resources area into foreign policy because of efforts to halt the inflow from abroad of such minerals as lead and zinc. A balance is indeed hard to strike, and neither party has found a formula. Generally, members

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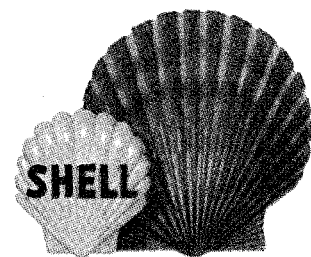


Greek terra cotta c. third century B.C., Louvre, Paris

Aphrodite, an ancient Greek potter, and a shell

About 2300 years ago a Greek artisan fashioned this lovely terra cotta celebrating the fabled birth of Aphrodite from a seashell. Intended for use as a votive offering or as an ornament, small figures such as these enlivened the shops and shrines of Athens and Corinth. This anonymous craftsman—like so many artists before and since—turned to the forms and legends of nature for inspiration.

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of Congress from the mining states abandon party lines to join together on such an issue as subsidizing by one means or another these marginal mining operations. Both parties pledge a long-range minerals policy, but only strong White House leadership here, as in arriving at a national fuels policy, can put the general public interest ahead of sectional or industrial interests.

Strictly speaking, the problems of suburbia are not a national resource problem. Yet, as the population becomes even more urbanized, and as the great metropolis spreads for hundreds of miles along the East Coast from Maine to Virginia, and in other belts in the nation as well, suburbia does intrude on some of our most important resources: the beauty of the landscape, the farms of our countryside, the open spaces of park and river.

How all these areas are to be connected and the problems of road and rail traffic solved without bulldozing the last green tree is now left almost entirely to the hard-pressed states and to the multiple local jurisdictions within the states.

No one can quarrel with the Democratic platform statement that "a thin layer of earth, a few inches of rain, and a blanket of air makes human life possible on our planet." The problem, now, as it has been ever since man began to overcome nature, is to preserve the necessary elements of earth, water, and air in proper form to sustain a growing population. There is today often violent disagreement on the means and methods; fortunately, there is general agreement on the necessity.

Presidential interregnum

Until the ratification in 1933 of the Twentieth Amendment to the Constitution, the interregnum between the election of a President and his taking office lasted from November until March 4. Now the period ends on January 20, but it still presents problems of the transition. This will be especially so this winter,

in light of pressing foreign policy problems in every quarter of the globe.

Both Vice President Nixon and Senator Kennedy will be in a position to move quickly once Inauguration Day arrives. The Vice President, of course, is part of the current Administration and therefore privy to its inner secrets and most highly classified information. The problem is more acute for Kennedy, but he has set up long-range policy planning groups to cope with it.

The basic work is being done by a group headed by Paul Nitze, a Republican turned Democrat who headed the State Department's Policy Planning Staff under Truman, with assistance on foreign policy problems from Adlai Stevenson. The Nitze group, actually the brain child of Senator Henry M. Jackson, who has been investigating these past months national security policy-making machinery, covers both military and foreign policy problems. The hope is to provide Kennedy, if he wins the election, with some plans and programs to submit to the new Congress soon after inauguration, thus taking full advantage of the first hundred days, in which any new chief executive can expect a congressional honeymoon.

Both Kennedy and Nixon have felt that Khrushchev will quickly try to test the new President's mettle, perhaps just after the election and before Eisenhower leaves office. This could be a very troublesome and difficult period. Of course, it would be far more difficult if Kennedy wins than it would be for Nixon. But there is no doubt that if Kennedy does win, President Eisenhower can be counted on to work with him in the interregnum period to the extent that Kennedy desires.

How far Kennedy would go would most probably depend on events. He is not likely to take the position that Franklin D. Roosevelt did after his first election, that he could do nothing until he was sworn in. F.D.R. cooperated not at all with outgoing President Hoover. Those were serious times indeed, but the period from November 8 to January 20 this winter could be infinitely more dangerous to the future of the nation and the free world.

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THE political and ideological struggle between East and West moved a significant step further when the East German government announced, on August 30, its five-day "little blockade" in Berlin, which consisted in refusing the citizens of the Federal Republic the right to cross from West into East Berlin. As a supplementary measure, the East Germans imposed checks on all citizens of the Federal Republic traveling from West Germany to Berlin and turned back about one thousand of them during the five days.

On September 8 the East Germans reimposed the ban on West Germans entering East Berlin. This time there was no five-day time limit. For West Germans it would in future be necessary to show "good reason" for wanting to enter East Berlin — or, as it is known in Communist jargon, the "democratic sector." By "good reason" the East Germans meant the carrying out of commercial transactions useful to the East German Republic. Anyone doing this would be entitled to a temporary permit of residence made out by the People's Police and countersigned by the East German Minister of the Interior, Karl Maron.

The East German measures had the appearance of a mere pinprick, and the sturdy Berliners have acquired much of the undemanding resiliency of a pincushion during the last fifteen years. It has become customary for the Berliners, when their livelihoods, and even their lives, have been threatened by a new twist of Soviet and East German policy, to tell the rest of the Western world to keep calm. *Berline Schnauze* is part of Berlin's tradition — denoting an instinctive sense of independence, compounded of courage, cheekiness, and big-city wit.

Yet the East German measures were much more than a pinprick. For Germany, after all, is the chief battlefield in the East-West struggle, and Berlin is its focal point.

The East German measures were part of a creeping campaign which was almost certainly inspired by Moscow. When they were introduced,

the real ruler of the East German Republic, Walter Ulbricht, was "on holiday" in the Soviet Union. And the Moscow press and radio supported the measures at once.

What is this campaign's essential purpose? Khrushchev himself gave the answer, in advance, by defining the Soviet Union's immediate aims in Germany as being the creation of a neutralized "free city" of West Berlin and the achievement of world-wide recognition of the equality of the two German states. Further objectives may be the complete detachment of West Berlin from Western Europe, its closer association with the East German Republic, and the latter's emergence as the leading German state, preserving its role as an integral part of the satellite bloc until such time as the whole of Germany can be drawn into the Soviet orbit.

Double-edged barrier

The East German measures against West Berlin were carried out with efficiency and politeness. The ragamuffins of the People's Police of, say, five years ago no longer exist. Today the smart, alert People's Police are disturbingly confident, and the hallmark of this confidence is their politeness. Furthermore, the East German measures made a sharp distinction between West Germans and West Berliners. The latter's freedom of movement was not questioned, and Herr Ulbricht even referred to "our good Berliners." The East German regime intends to woo the Berliners in a less brutal manner than it has in the past.

The measures were ordered by the East German Ministry of the Interior, which, under valid four-power agreements, has no authority in Berlin. Berlin's four-power status was ignored, and the protests of the American, French, and British governments and commandants in Berlin received scant attention; the three governments do not recognize the East German regime and can only expect to be ignored by it in return.

The East German campaign can serve supplementary purposes. Herr Ulbricht is undoubtedly

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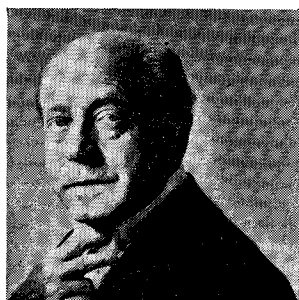
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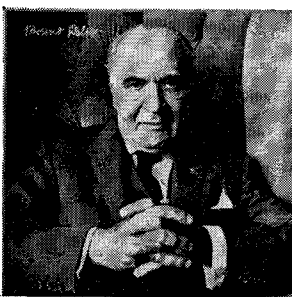
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D Minor, etc. / Eugene Ormandy
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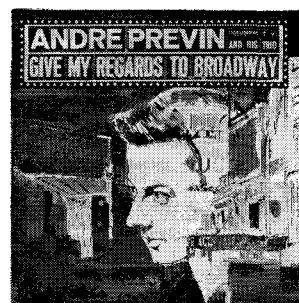
The Nutcracker Suite/Duke Ellington and his Orchestra / CL 1541
CS 8341



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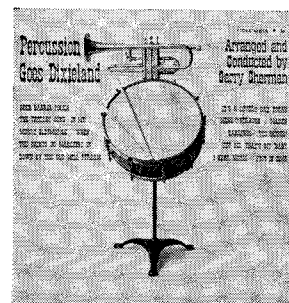


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Report on Berlin



worried by the drain of manpower to the West. In August, for instance, 20,000 East Germans sought refuge in the Federal Republic. Four out of five of them took the obvious escape route to West Berlin. During the first eight months of this year, 3000 East German farmers chose the same route, with the East German Republic facing the prospect of the worst harvest in ten years.

This exodus is a painful running sore for the East German economy. The police checks along the sector boundaries in Berlin may, indeed, prevent West Germans from getting into East Berlin, but they may equally prevent East Germans from getting out.

The West strikes back

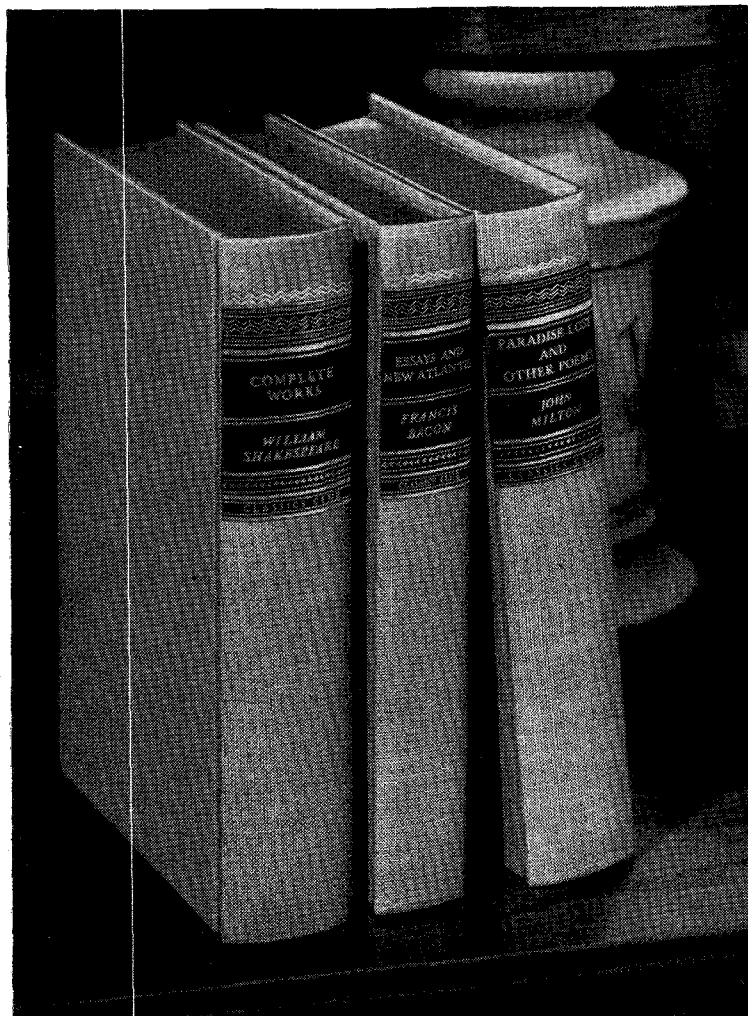
The campaign may unsettle the whole Western alliance. Within a few hours of its inception, West German newspapers were asking why the United States, France, and Britain were not doing something effective to counter it. What did the word "effective" mean? No West German could say with any degree of certainty.

The three Western commandants in Berlin could not institute local sanctions against the East Germans, such as halting through traffic on canals and railways in West Berlin. Such action would provoke far more damaging East German reprisals against West Berlin's vulnerable communications.

Late in September the Federal Government in Bonn, with the support of the Western allies, struck back. Bonn gave three months' notice that it would abrogate its agreement and suspend trade between the two German states if East Germany persisted in maintaining its blockade in Berlin. This cuts both ways. West German exports to East Germany last year were worth 850 million marks. East German exports to the Federal Republic were worth only 800 million marks and did not include so many key industrial products; but East German lig-

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Report on Berlin



nite and electricity are important for the West Berlin economy.

At any time the West can impose a total trade boycott of East Germany. But this last available trump card could provoke an East German blockade of Berlin. And Berlin, more than any other city in the world, save possibly Hong Kong, must export to live.

West German "militarism"

In the West, the Cold War is conventionally regarded as an affair of right and wrong, black and white, in which Communist dictatorship confronts the forces of freedom. Unfortunately, Communist propaganda in Central Europe has worked with many handles and has worked well. The East Germans have depicted the West Germans, or rather their leaders, as militarists. This view is accepted by a fair number of East Germans, and even by some citizens of states allied to the Federal Republic.

The West Germans are partly to blame. There was, for instance, this year's "Spanish adventure" of the Federal Defense Minister, Herr Strauss, who forgot to consult his NATO partners before trying to obtain military supply bases from General Franco.

There was also the Defense Ministry's demand for bigger destroyers — up to 6000 tons, against the present 3000-ton limit. And there was the ill-advised Bundeswehr pamphlet of August 20, in which Strauss's staff advisers "demanded" (the word used in the pamphlet) equality of nuclear armaments with NATO partners.

There were events like the rally in Saarbrücken at the beginning of September of one thousand members of the ex-soldiers' association of the Stahlhelm ("steel helmets"). Before Hitler came to power, this association played a murky role as the strong-arm squad of the German Nationalist Party. Later it merged with the Nazi brown shirts. Today

it has shed its old fighting slogans and lost its teeth. But it was shockingly tactless of the Saar Prime Minister and other West German politicians to send messages of welcome to the Stahlhelm on this occasion. It is this sort of action which lends a spurious credibility to East German chatter about West German militarism.

East German grievances

The East Germans were furnished with an equally useful grievance, against the irredentism of the millions of refugees in the Federal Republic from the lost German lands beyond the Oder-Neisse line or in Czechoslovakia. This irredentism is partly real, partly mythical. Every year, and especially at Whitsuntide, there are refugee rallies in West Germany which draw crowds of from a few hundred to many thousands. At these rallies there is a certain amount of loose talk about inalienable rights to the old "homelands."

In the past, the Federal Government has adopted an attitude of wary sympathy, conditioned by knowledge of Western disapproval on the one side and of the voting strength of eleven million refugees on the other. This year both Dr. Adenauer and his Vice Chancellor, Professor Erhard, have attended refugee rallies in person and have made the principal, discreetly phrased speeches. They did this because they believed that they could surreptitiously apply the brake to refugee fervor.

Their new policy was seized upon by East German propagandists as evidence that the Federal Government was backing refugee claims up to the hilt. This was an obvious Communist gambit. But it led many people in the Western world to draw false conclusions too, and only two days before the "little blockade" of West Berlin the London *Times* published a leading article condemning "unnecessary" demonstrations of purblind nationalism, especially in Berlin. The *Times* article was quoted in most East German papers, to show how provocative were the meetings in West Berlin of the ex-prisoners-of-war and the refugees, against which the East German measures were ostensibly directed.

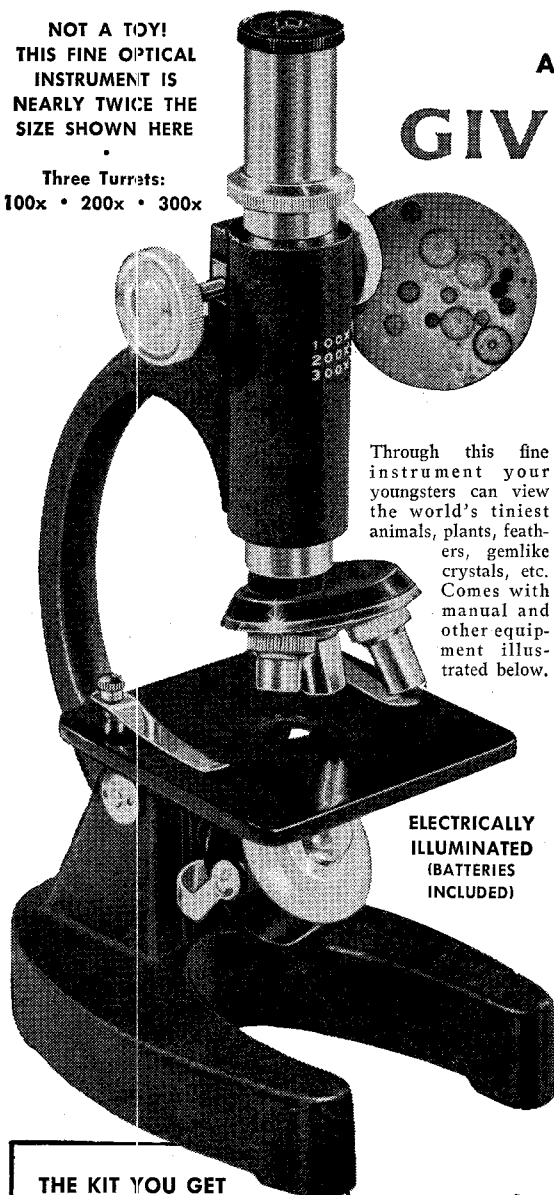
Yet another East German grievance is against "revanchists," an

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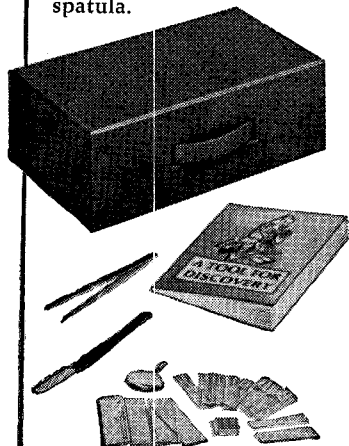


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Report on Berlin



absurd label for a list which used to be headed with the name of the Federal Minister for Refugees, Professor Oberländer. Since Oberländer's resignation in May, the names at the top of the list have been those of the Secretary of State in Dr. Adenauer's chancellery, Hans Globke, and the Minister of Transport, Hans Seebohm. But anyone can be called a revanchist, and the East German press fulminates equally against Bundeswehr generals, civil servants, and out-of-work, right-wing political extremists.

It seems surprising that a large number of East Germans are impressed by this claptrap; the truth is that they are increasingly, pathetically out of touch with West Germany and unable to sift the truth from their daily double-doses of Communist propaganda.

The pressures on West Berlin

The troubled post-war story of Berlin has entered a new and more dangerous phase, for the East German regime is evidently going to be used as the Soviet Union's cat's-paw in the campaign for the slow suffocation of the city's freedom and independence. The regime will have no difficulty in trumping up excuses for increasing pressure on West Berlin. It will apply such pressure ruthlessly.

The suggestion which has been made for moving Berlin, physically, to the Lüneburg Heath, along with its industry and its 2.3 million inhabitants, may sound fantastic; yet all that is sure is that West Berlin, however valuable a listening post and shop window, will remain a source of human concern and diplomatic weakness for the West.

Dr. Adenauer's other worries

Berlin has certainly not been Dr. Adenauer's only worry. When General de Gaulle advanced his idea of a concert of European states in September, he struck a blow—the more painful because unexpected—at the Federal Government's declared policy of boosting supra-

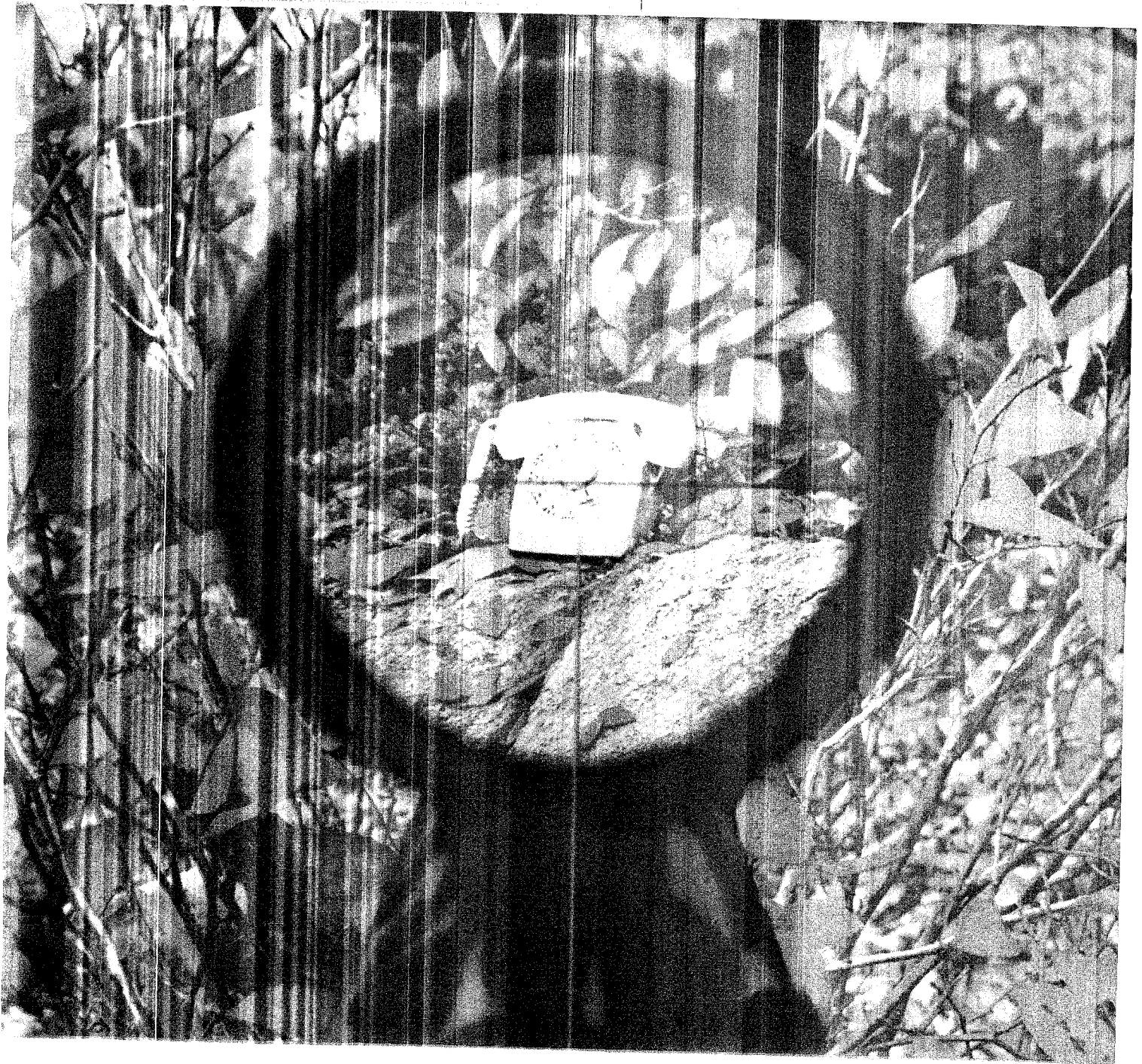
national European institutions. Flexibility is not Adenauer's strong suit, and he has not been pleased by being asked to jettison plans which he has supported undeviatingly for the past ten years. He was even less pleased by the crows of delight of the Social Democrats—the least internationalist-minded party in Germany today—and of the industrialists, who loathe the European Coal and Steel Community.

Another source of concern to Dr. Adenauer has been the adoption of the Lord Mayor of West Berlin, Willy Brandt, as Social Democratic candidate for the chancellorship at next year's federal election. Dow-ered with youth (he is forty-five), vitality, and a charming and attractive wife, Brandt is a shrewd political tactician. He has imposed his candidacy on the little cabal of Social Democrats which has for so long directed party affairs from its dingy offices in Bonn.

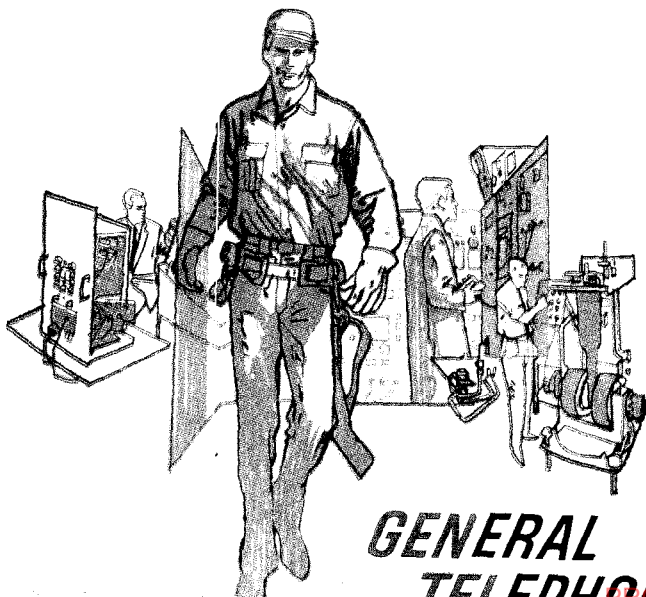
Brandt had first to establish himself as undisputed leader in Berlin itself, where another party cell had been entrenched since 1946. He had to show just the right mixture of reticence at the thought of leaving beleaguered Berlin and of enthusiasm at the prospect of leading a rejuvenated, middle-of-the-road, moderate, nonideological party to victory at the polls next year. Here is the first real challenge to Dr. Adenauer's political supremacy since 1949.

In contrast to Berlin, Bonn remains relatively placid. The average West German is still primarily interested in his personal share in the economic miracle which goes on and on. The vital statistics of that miracle are the trebled consumption of tobacco since 1950, the 5 per cent annual increase in the consumption of alcohol, the decline of the hum-drum potato, the soaring output figures of Daimler-Benz and Volkswagen, and the advance of the country's gold and dollar reserves toward the \$8 billion mark.

The Berliner sometimes wonders if the typical *Bundesbürger* of Bonn is much concerned about him. The thought may be a trifle unfair, but the busy prosperous citizen of West Germany has so many other things to think about.



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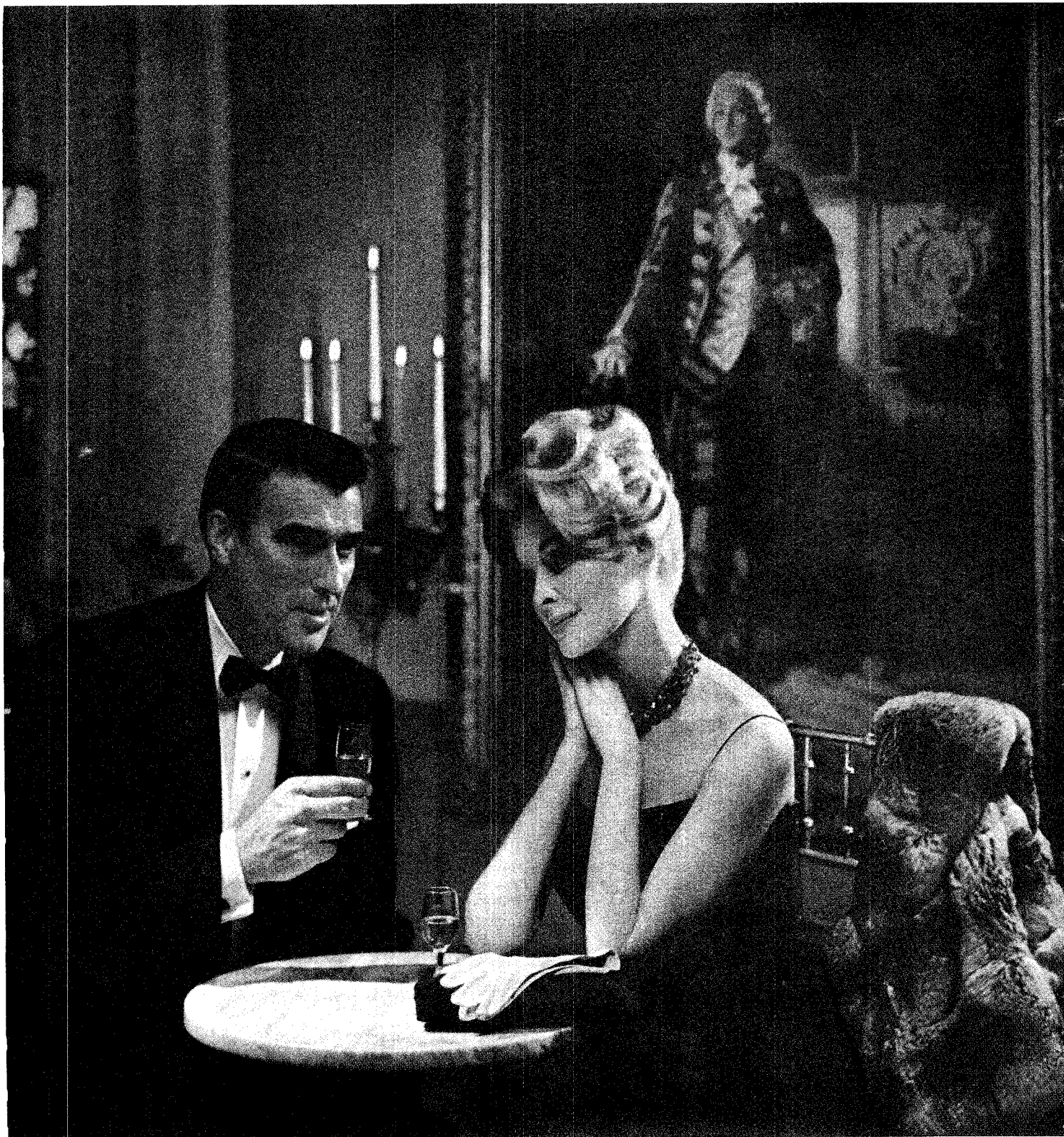
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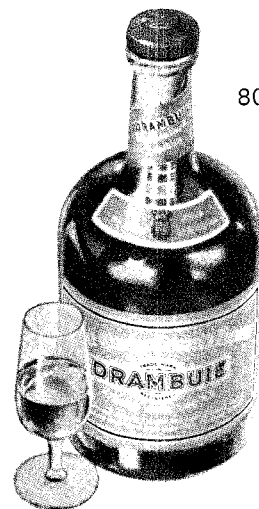
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THE signing of the Indus Water Treaty in Karachi in September was, as President Eisenhower so correctly put it at his press conference, "One bright spot . . . in a very depressing world picture." The treaty marks the end of a twelve-year fight between India and Pakistan over the division of the waters of the immense Indus River basin, a parched and hilly region which overlaps northwest India and a major section of West Pakistan. The Indus treaty is the first real *rapprochement* India and Pakistan have had since the bloody partition of the Asian subcontinent in August, 1947. And inasmuch as the fight over the waters was considered by many to be the most explosive of the many disputes between the two countries, there now is at least hope that India and Pakistan can become more neighborly.

When the British raj pulled out of the subcontinent two years after the end of World War II, Muslim Pakistan also pulled out of predominantly Hindu India. In partitioning the land on a religious basis, the peculiarities of the Indus momentarily were ignored. This 1800-mile-long river rises in the Himalayas of Tibet, is fed by six tributaries, and now forms a sort of unwieldy international fire hose with India, at the headwaters, controlling the spigot, and Pakistan, down-country, at the unpredictable nozzle. Further complicating this, the canals and barrages built under British rule to serve a unified area were, under partition, left pretty much on the Pakistani side of the border.

It was not until eight months after partition that India decided to cut off the flow of some of these waters from the Pakistani canals in order to divert them into its own parched areas. And it was then, in 1948, that the two nations realized they had real trouble on their hands.

India temporarily restored the flow — at a price. But basic negotiations between India and Pakistan had little success until August, 1951, when David E. Lilienthal, former head of both the Tennessee Valley Authority and the Atomic Energy Commission, did an on-the-spot article for *Collier's*

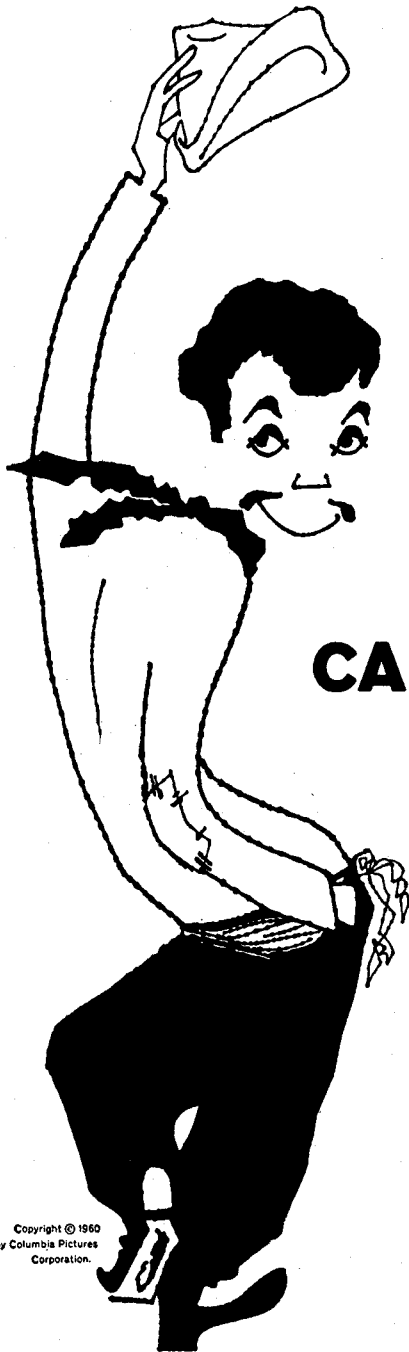
magazine. Lilienthal noted that almost half the Indus waters, with a flow equal to that of the Nile and four times that of the Colorado, are wasted during the summer months, either through evaporation or flow into the Arabian Sea. He suggested that the problem was economic, not political, and that it should be settled by engineers agreeing on a unified development of the basin. He thought it conceivable that the World Bank might help.

The World Bank thought so too. Within a month of the article's publication, Eugene R. Black, the Bank president, made a "good offices" proposal to both India and Pakistan, and it was accepted. But as negotiations continued, it became apparent that Lilienthal's unified development idea had ignored the deep enmity of India and Pakistan. The waters would have to be split.

Dividing the waters

The Bank proposed that India be given the waters of the Indus' three eastern tributaries — the Sutlej, Beas, and Ravi — and Pakistan the waters of the three western rivers — the Chenab, Jhelum, and the Indus proper. The Kabul, which rises in Afghanistan and flows into Pakistan, was excluded. Pakistan's share was, and is, the larger — 80 per cent of the flow. But unlike India's, its land is only marginal desert right now. India's gain was to be in increased development, in Punjab in the north and in parched Rajasthan, south of Delhi. In addition, India was to foot the bill in diverting the waters, so that the existing Pakistani canals and irrigation works would be fed from the three western rivers and left independent of India's three eastern ones.

But negotiations were delayed. Pakistan, beset by changing governments and political opportunists, was unable to commit itself. India, growing impatient, delivered an ultimatum that it would divert what water it needed by 1962, settlement or no settlement. Border incidents arose. Pakistan prepared to take the case to the United Nations. Then, last year, the Bank suggested foreign loans and grants to help India with the financial burden. The program grew more ambitious.



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India and Pakistan



Pakistan, with outside help, could now look to water storage and hydro-electric development, instead of mere replacement of what it once had.

Coincident with this, two outside factors came into play. Communist China began its incursions, first into Tibet, and then into the Indian border regions themselves, causing Prime Minister Nehru to realize he now had more than the Pakistani boundary to defend. And in Pakistan, Field Marshal Ayub Khan became a strong-man President, fully as much a popular master of his country as Nehru was in India. As one Pakistani official in Washington put it, "Ayub no longer had to do the political truckling his predecessors did."

In the midst of these rosy prospects for settling the Indus dispute, negotiations all but stopped last July in a very deep disagreement over water which India needed to retain from Pakistan's three western rivers in order to irrigate and develop some isolated areas in the Indian hill land.

Agreement by cajolery

William A. B. Iliff, the British-born vice president of the World Bank, who has nursed negotiations along for a good many years, left Washington immediately for more face-to-face conferences with Nehru and Ayub. "One had to use cajolery," he explained. "An international treaty where each side gets what it wanted must be a bad treaty. And certainly, in this instance, each side is not getting all it wanted."

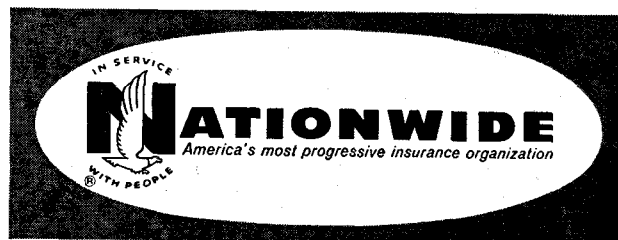
Iliff's "cajolery" was successful. After some final compromises at the Bank's Washington headquarters at the end of August, the treaty was dispatched to the printers in preparation for signing by Nehru and Ayub in Karachi in September.

Ghulam Mueenuddin, Pakistan's chief negotiator, later explained: "The biggest factor was the moral pressure of the Bank. Both of us were terribly reluctant to appear before the world and say we were not prepared to accept the Bank's advice."



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India and Pakistan



Niranjan D. Gulhati, India's chief negotiator, conceded that his greatest frustration was in having his word as a professional engineer doubted because he happened to be sitting at the negotiating table in a political cause. But, said he, "We had to keep in view the interests of the other side: they must live; we must live. They must have water; we must have water."

The people benefit

What has been the result of settling this twelve-year fight, this series of on-again, off-again negotiations which almost became hopelessly snagged on the very eve of agreement? The settlement gives the green light to irrigate an area of almost 30 million acres in India and Pakistan. (The United States in its entirety possesses only 27 million acres of irrigated land.) The people who will receive the benefits—more food, more power, more water, and better flood control—total 47 million, a figure equal to the entire population of Italy.

Although India now has agreed to slow down its program for using the Indus waters to irrigate the Punjab and Rajasthan until a ten-year transitional period is over, it still will be gaining enormously in improving the livelihood of its people. And Pakistan, with outside help, can now look forward not only to a continued water supply but to the funds to build more irrigation canals and two large dams which will give it constant water and power, even in times of drought.

This international planned development will cost some \$1.3 billion over the next decade. Almost half of this money is to be provided in loans and grants from Australia, Canada, New Zealand, the United Kingdom, the United States, West Germany, and the World Bank itself.

The religious issue

There is hope that the Indus settlement will help to quiet tempers in the other disputes between India and Pakistan. After their formal



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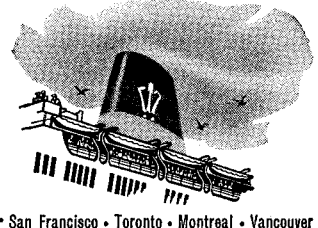
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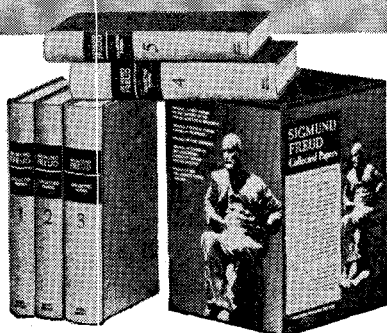
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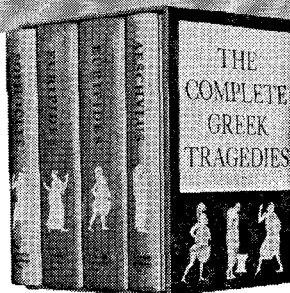




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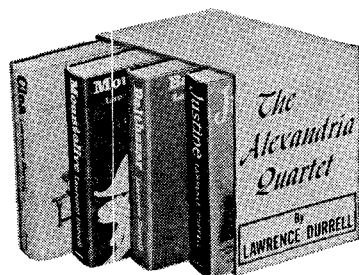
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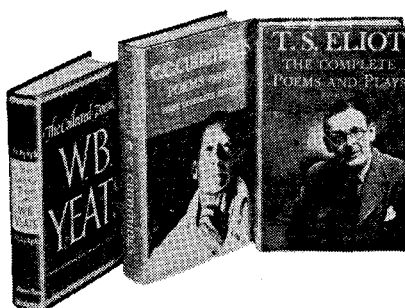
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India and Pakistan



signing ceremony in Karachi, Nehru and Ayub had a series of informal talks in various parts of Pakistan, examining these disputes. All of them stem from partition in 1947 and the mutual hostility between Muslim and Hindu.

Religious differences, which only festered before the British pulled out, exploded immediately afterward. In the midst of massacre on both sides, some nine million Hindu refugees poured into India from East and West Pakistan. Muslims similarly fled from India. Today there are 40 million Muslims living in suspicious insecurity in India and 10 million Hindus feeling just as unwelcome in Pakistan. One unsettled problem is the treatment of these minorities and a need to break down prejudices so that they may have the chance to earn a livelihood.

Another dispute centers around the settlement of intergovernmental debts, India and Pakistan having both fallen heir to British India's liabilities as well as its assets.

Still another involves the financial claims for the property the refugees were forced to leave behind. And even though this ledger is predominantly in favor of India, most Indians acknowledge that to collect claims from a country as poor as Pakistan is almost impossible.

The Kashmir problem

The greatest remaining dispute lies in Kashmir. This jewel set on the sides of the Himalayas between northernmost India and northeast West Pakistan is the size of Idaho and has a population which is predominantly Muslim and a ruling group which is Hindu. Whatever the yearnings Kashmir might have to go it alone, these desires are not being assisted by the country's joint occupation by Pakistani and Indian troops.

Aside from the claims and counter-claims of which nation has transgressed, Kashmir, to Pakistan, means a land of oppressed and unliberated coreligionists. For India, the larger,

the richer, and the more piously idealistic of the two, the claim to Kashmir secretly rests a bit uneasy on its conscience. But, until now, to give in to Pakistan would mean to acknowledge another religious state and to encourage India's Hindu extremists into another outcry against its 40-million Muslim minority.

Easing the tensions

But time, the Indus River, and a good many other factors may be healing these sores. The border crossing of refugees is now at a minimum. The treatment of minorities, on each side, has somewhat improved. There has been some murmuring about settling the intergovernmental debts. The disputed portions of India's 2500-mile border with East Pakistan were resolved last fall, and the disputed portions of its 1200-mile border with West Pakistan are just about resolved. Communist China now is a serious border threat to India. And Pakistan, even though it recognizes Peiping diplomatically, still regards all Communist nations as enemies.

Nehru and India, now that they have more reason to be assured of the United States's genuine respect for Indian nonalignment, simultaneously can be less fearful that United States military aid to Pakistan will end up on the wrong border. And very important, both India and Pakistan have huge economic development programs under way or about to start. Neither has as much money as it would like, to improve the welfare of its people. Any easing of the enormous military cost needed to protect their borders would prove welcome.

Kashmir unquestionably is a very large problem, an emotional problem. Should Nehru, for instance, suddenly decide to become magnanimous, any yielding in Kashmir might well bring about his political downfall.

Nevertheless, the settlement of the Indus and the easing of other disputes go far beyond the resolving of the "little pinpricks" which Nehru and Ayub agreed to look at in a brief meeting a year ago. And after their several days of quiet talks in Pakistan in September, the subcontinent now can at least hope for neighborliness in the future.

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The Atlantic Report AUSTRALIA



BEFORE the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor and overran the "impregnable bastion" of Singapore, the independent, self-governing Commonwealth of Australia was content to exercise only qualified independence, leaving the control of its foreign affairs and the direction of imperial defense to Whitehall. The strength of the British Far Eastern fleet and army and the chain of British military bases stretching through Hong Kong, Singapore, Burma, Ceylon, India, Aden, Egypt, and Gibraltar were regarded as sufficient links in its armor, and most Australians gave no heed to the restless masses of Asia.

By 1939, Australia had become the third largest source for Britain's needs and the second largest outlet for its exports. The Prime Minister was a brilliant young barrister named Robert Gordon Menzies, of whom it was often said that he felt more at home in England than in Australia. Flocks of Australian debutantes went off each year to be presented at court. They traveled aboard ships whose holds bulged with wool, wheat, meat, and other primary produce on the journey to England, and with manufactured goods on return.

The Pacific war shattered Britain's colonial empire in Asia; it also shattered the Australian's complacency and existing way of life. It thrust Australia into an alliance with the United States, changed the character of its relationship with Britain, and led to the reluctant appreciation that, as a European outpost in the Asian area, it would need to take urgent note of its neighbors.

As a loyal member of the British Commonwealth, Australia today remains close to Britain, but its relationship is no longer that of a child unwilling to release its grip on mother's skirt. In terms of defense, it is clearly understood in Canberra that the days when Australia's security could be assured within the framework of the imperial defense system have gone forever. In terms of trade, it is recognized that Asia — in particular, Japan, and possibly China — offers greater future prospects than Britain and other European countries now preoccupied with the problems of eco-

nomic integration. Although Australia continues to buy 40 per cent of its imports from Britain, less than a third of its current \$2 billion export trade is with the mother country, compared with 50 per cent in 1939. And finally, in terms of nation building, it is appreciated that Australia cannot survive pressures from the land-hungry, overpopulated, and sometimes expansionist countries to its north if it fails to expand its own population and to make adequate use of its resources.

Politicians of all parties insist that the need is urgent, but real leadership is often lacking. On the one hand, there has been tremendous industrial development in the temperate southeastern corner of the continent, especially in and around the cities of Sydney and Melbourne, which between them contain about four million of the country's ten million population. On the other hand, the pioneer spirit has been absent from the get-rich-quick philosophy of these southern cities; the tropical northern half of the continent contains only 4 per cent of the population, and neither private enterprise nor the government has troubled seriously with its development.

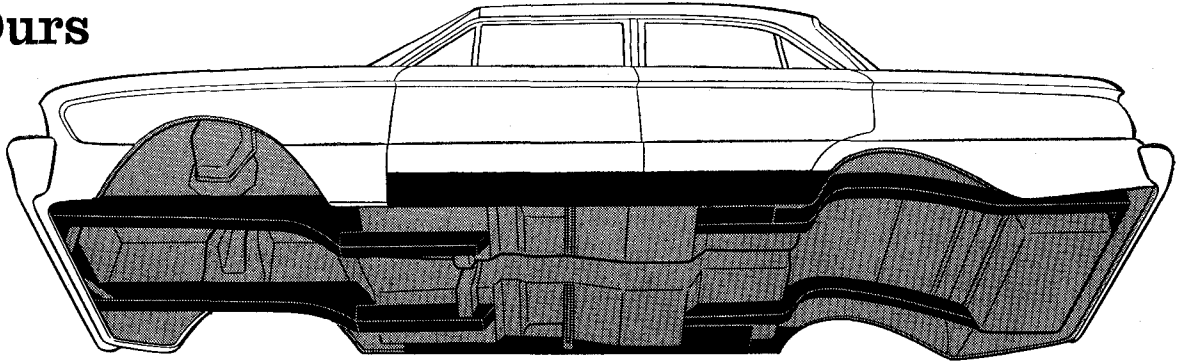
Keeping Australia white

So far, all major Australian political parties have firmly rejected the increasing demand to permit Asians to enter Australia for permanent residence. Among the older generation the determination to keep Australia white has become more of a passion than a policy, and inevitably the resentment this occasions has collided with Australia's good neighbor policy and the expansion of its interests and influence in Southeast Asia.

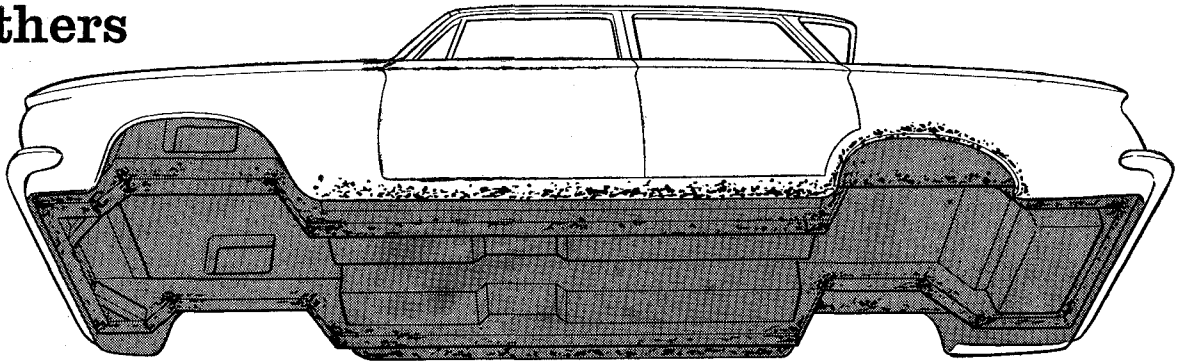
Australia's support of Dutch claims to West New Guinea has also bedeviled relations with Indonesia, its nearest neighbor. In fact, the need for friendship is often confounded by fear, with the result that Australia, though largely free from any inhibiting colonial taint, has played less of a role in Southeast Asia than its recent industrial development and own needs and geographical situation might suggest. It contributes a modest annual sum of about \$10 million to the Colombo Plan, but it can

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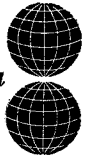
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point to no really significant foreign aid project other than the opening of its schools and universities to Asian students, who, because of the "white Australia" policy, are packed off to their home countries as soon as they have concluded their studies.

The birth of industry

Many would like to stay, for Australia is in the exciting transitional phase that the United States experienced in the closing two decades of the nineteenth century. This has been marked by the appearance of the first industrial entrepreneurs, who have in a generation changed Australia from an almost exclusively agricultural society into a small but significant industrial state. Today Australia has more than 5000 factories, employing 1,250,000 workers. Manufacturing employs a third of the total labor force and produces a third of the national income. Total output and the output of basic industrial necessities, such as ingot steel and cement, have also doubled; their growth may be expected to increase even faster as the billion-dollar Snowy River hydroelectric scheme adds another three million kilowatts to power output during the next five years.

Not all of the growth has been healthy, however. Along with increased production went, sometimes, uncontrolled inflation, which still threatens to price Australian goods out of potential Asian markets. The pound, worth \$2.23, has lost two thirds of its value in terms of real money. A disproportionate amount of investment has gone toward prestige office building, and Melbourne, in particular, is experiencing a dangerous land boom.

Encouraged by the absence of a capital gains tax, speculators have made quick fortunes. Sewered home sites of any sort in Melbourne are unobtainable for less than \$4500, an astronomical figure when measured against the male average weekly wage of less than \$50. Nevertheless, 63 per cent of Australian homes are occupied by owners or by people

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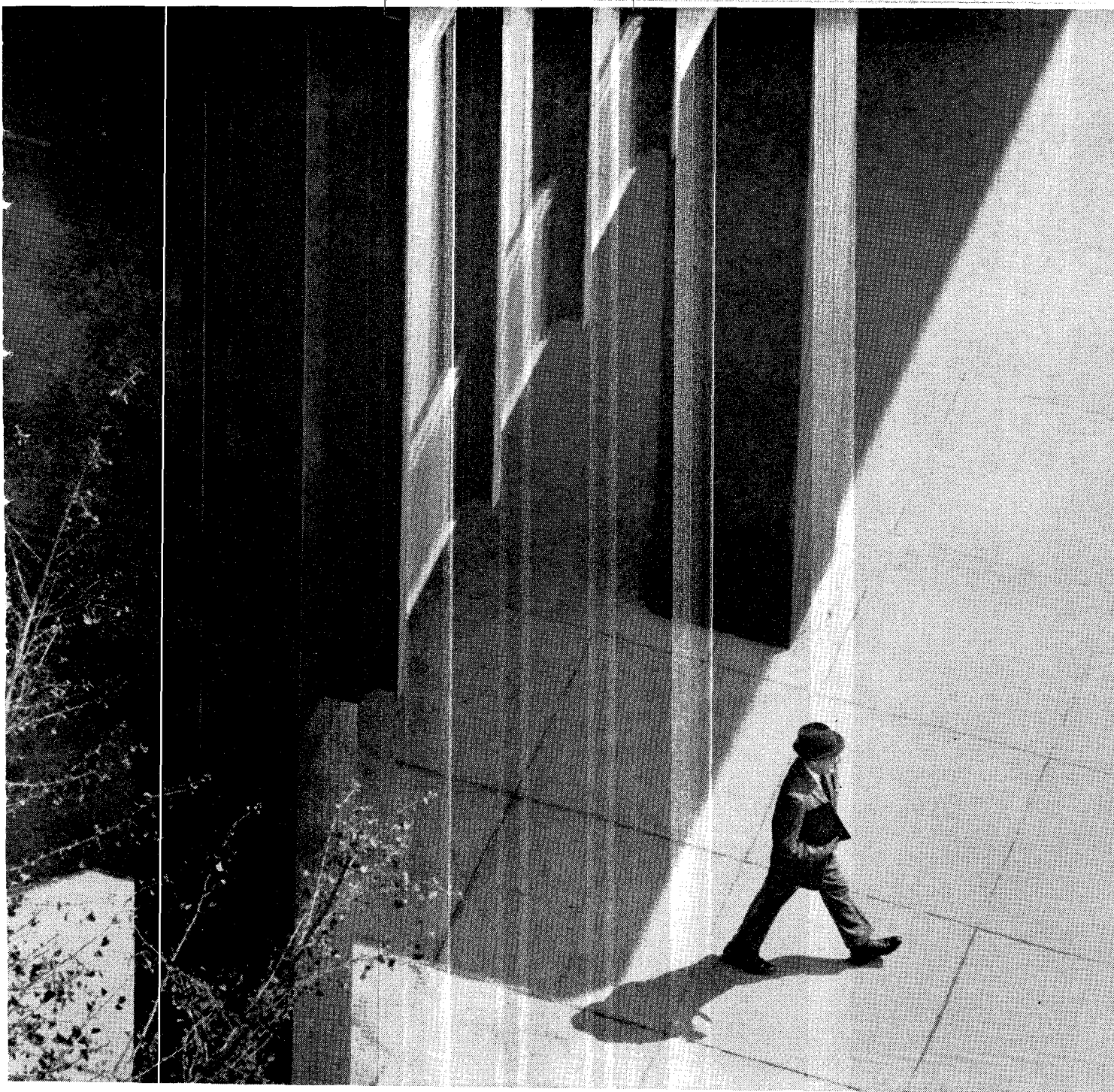
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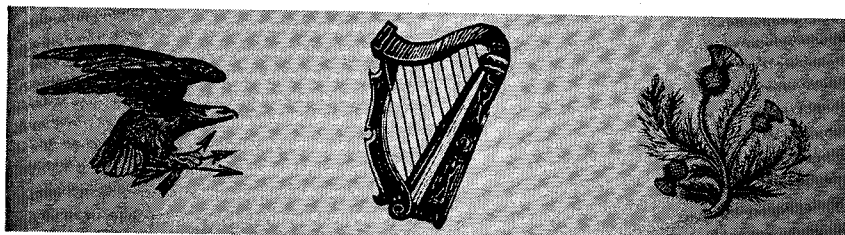
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Report on Australia



buying them on installment, and the general level of prosperity is reflected by roads crowded with automobiles — one for every four persons — and by soaring sales of consumer goods.

New blood and new money

Though special inducements are offered to encourage British settlers, Australia has absorbed more than half a million non-British European immigrants in the million new settlers attracted to the country since the end of World War II. Dutch, German, Polish, Yugoslav, and Greek immigrants in large numbers have enriched the Australian culture, improved its cooking, contributed immeasurably to its industrial development, and given the nation a cosmopolitan character that was entirely lacking before the war.

Along with the immigrants has come a considerable inflow of private foreign investments, including more than \$750 million from the United States. Some 800 American firms have invested either technology or capital with results that have been consistently successful and sometimes spectacular. The General Motors Corporation pioneered the automobile industry with a medium-sized car, the Holden, which accounts for nearly 50 per cent of all sales and earns for its parent company a tidy \$33 million in profits. Since General Motors has not encouraged local financial participation in its activities, publication of its accounts creates an annual furor.

The amount of American and other foreign investment accounts for a sizable 8 per cent of the total, and there are the inevitable fears that repatriation of capital and dividends will place too much of a strain on the economy and that local investors may cease to be the dominating factor in the country's growth and future.

That American know-how and capital have played a significant part in Australian development is generally acknowledged; there is a deep concern because of Ameri-

What have you heard about METRECAL* the new concept of weight control?

Since Metrecal was introduced several months ago in powder form, and with its more recent introduction in liquid form, many people have learned of its effectiveness by word-of-mouth. This factual report provides accurate information on Metrecal—what it is, what it is not.

In September of 1959, Mead Johnson & Company introduced a new product to the medical profession under the brand name Metrecal. It was developed to provide physicians with a new technique for use in judicious weight reduction of overweight patients.

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In view of the broad public and medical interest in weight control, many persons have learned of Metrecal by word-of-mouth; hence, this factual statement.

What is Metrecal?

Metrecal, when properly used, is an effective agent for weight loss and control.

Metrecal is a complete food available in two forms: a powder which is mixed with water; and a liquid, ready to use. Metrecal is designed to provide a low calorie diet which contains all basic nutrients required by a person on a reducing program. Metrecal contains no drugs.

Metrecal can be used as the total diet for the period required to achieve the weight loss which is best for the individual. Thereafter, it can be used for one or two meals a day, or as the total diet on selected days to maintain desired weight.

In other words, the concept is measured calories according to the needs of the individual.

What does Metrecal do?

Overweight persons are able to lose weight through the use of Metrecal simply because they take in fewer calories than are required to maintain weight. In this manner they lose weight naturally, without resorting to fad diets, complex schedules, or artificial appetite depressants. And users of Metrecal are remarkably free from hunger—the appetite is satisfied normally.

What Metrecal cannot do

Metrecal is not a miracle cure for overweight. It cannot provide the will power required for weight reduction. It has to be used properly. It is imperative that the person who desires to lose weight stay on the diet of Metrecal. This is not difficult since little, if any, hunger occurs after a day or two.

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Extensive clinical studies, conducted under medical supervision, have shown an average weight loss by Metrecal users of approximately one-half pound per day for periods up to six weeks. Some lose even more.

Most patients in the studies report little, if any, hunger. Many report that

they feel better than before. Almost all find it relatively easy to continue on Metrecal.

What is in Metrecal?

A frequently specified day's supply is one-half pound of Metrecal powder mixed with water or four eight-ounce cans of Metrecal liquid. This provides 900 calories or energy units, 70 grams protein, 110 grams carbohydrate, 20 grams fat and all essential vitamins and minerals in quantities that meet or exceed minimum daily requirements established by the Food and Drug Administration.

In addition to the half-pound can, Metrecal powder is now available in the 3½-pound economy-size can. The new Metrecal liquid is packaged in eight-ounce cans—each provides a convenient individual meal.

How to undertake a reducing program

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Report on Australia



can cultural penetration. Australian architecture, music — and teen-agers — show a strong American bias. But television, comic strips, the pulp magazines, and paperbacks, coupled with the preoccupation of the Australian newspapers with the froth and bubble and the seamy in American life, have combined to produce an image of the United States that is neither flattering nor helpful in building up confidence in its leadership of the free world.

The issue of Red China

There is little fear, however, that Australia, in the predictable future, will deviate from a foreign policy that runs roughly parallel to that of the United States, though from time to time the government considers the recognition of Communist China. The Country Party, which, as its name implies, is concerned primarily with the furtherance of agricultural interests, sees China's 650 million as a huge, unexploited market for Australian farm produce. For this reason it has been a consistent advocate of the British, as opposed to the American, policy in the Far East.

The larger, Liberal partner in the Liberal-Country Party, realizing that the U.S. 7th Fleet and its bases in the North Pacific are at least a partial substitute for the protection theoretically afforded by the imperial defense system of twenty years ago, sees the issue in broader perspective, and while Peiping continues to insist that recognition must also include recognition of China's right to "liberate" Taiwan and pursues its current bellicose and anti-American policy, the government may be expected to resist demands for change.

The Australian Labor Party, on the other hand, is in favor of immediate recognition, though it prefers not to discuss Taiwan's fate. Some of its leading members have made the red-carpet tour, returning with enthusiastic accounts of life under the Communists to buttress the quasi-neutralist official party program drawn up under the leadership of

Dr. Herbert V. Evatt. This views with disfavor Australian participation in military treaties such as SEATO and the stationing of token Australian forces in Malaya as part of the Commonwealth strategic reserve in Southeast Asia. Curiously enough, in a country traditionally little concerned with foreign affairs, this policy has helped to keep Labor out of office for the past eleven years.

With a rank and file drawn largely from the Irish Catholic group, who have always figured prominently in Australian labor politics, a strongly anti-Communist breakaway group calling itself the Democratic Labor Party has been set up in opposition to the A.L.P. Backed by an influential section of the Roman Catholic hierarchy, the D.L.P. commands about 12 per cent of the electorate in populous Victoria, enough to keep the A.L.P. out of office until it alters its foreign policy and its members dissociate themselves from the Communists in trade union elections.

Meanwhile, Mr. Menzies, whose intellectual capabilities are on a far higher plane than most of his political contemporaries, but whose leadership has never proved inspiring, has added the external affairs portfolio to his prime ministerial duties and in this dual capacity attended the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' conference in London and the SEATO meeting in Washington earlier this year. The experience proved fruitful.

For years Mr. Menzies, a close supporter of the Eden Suez policy, had appeared more interested in the sophisticated problems of Europe than those that maturity and the Asian revolution brought crowding to his own back door. This time he returned to Australia obviously concerned with what he had learned of Communist China and the impact it may one day have on Australia.

The result is a new official appreciation of the need for the development of northern Australia, an unusual emphasis on foreign affairs, and some belated interest in the Australian territory of Papua and the UN trust territory of New Guinea, where Australia has now decided to expedite the processes leading to self-rule for the approximately two million natives.



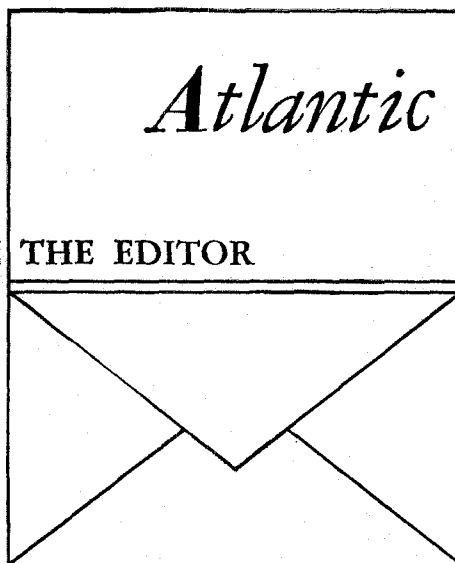
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Atlantic Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR



Government medical care

SIR:

The article on "How Good Is Government Medical Care?" by Dr. Osler L. Peterson in the September *Atlantic* comes as a breath of fresh air. As an unashamed conservative, I welcome the eloquent presentation of the simple fact that the solution to all social problems is not simply more and more government spending.

I hope that your magazine will continue to publish articles which are wise enough to realize that society is a complex mixture of complex individuals. Unfortunately, many of our so-called liberals have fallen into the trap of applying the assembly-line robot technique to the solution of all human ills. It is refreshing to find someone else who believes that automation does not necessarily contribute to human progress.

CHARLES M. SINN, M.D.
Evansville, Ind.

SIR:

It is no wonder that Dr. Peterson is an uncomfortable liberal. To argue against current medical care proposals because they are inflationary or will result in so-called silting up of hospital beds should leave one uneasy about one's convictions. The issue, it once appeared, was whether we could legislate a health bill which could substantially improve the welfare of large numbers of Americans, millions of whom are receiving inadequate medical and dental attention presently. Socialism and inflation are certainly inadequate, if not subversive, answers to many people,

who by poor planning, ignorance, or hard economic luck cannot provide themselves with the barest medical care. Of course, many of the elderly in acute circumstances can receive medical assistance by one public welfare group or another, but would it not be preferable to evolve a plan to ensure that people past some certain age could receive medical aid, if required, without relinquishing their self-respect and that of their families?

It should be noted that a liberal, far from disliking change, welcomes it, especially when change can alleviate crushing hardships of fellow citizens. All social modifications involve risks and problems, but are the public and the medical profession lacking in the courage to meet them? This is the real issue.

ARTHUR M. STUPAY
Lansdowne, Pa.

SIR:

The appearance of Dr. Peterson's article on socialized medicine in the September *Atlantic* was not unexpected. You seem to have an uncanny ability to choose articles which are written by men who seem to have lost all concept of the inherent morality, the ultimate necessity in a free society of the responsibility of each individual for himself and his actions. Your writers seem convinced of the wisdom of placing all responsibility for "taking care of the people" in the hands of the all-knowing, all-wise, all-powerful federal government. Dr. Peterson seems very impressed with the fact that "almost 60 per cent of persons over sixty-five years of age had cash incomes of less than \$1000 in 1958"

(my italics). This figure is also used in the majority report of the Senate Subcommittee of Problems of Aged and Aging to support its plea for federal financing of medical care for the aged. It is arrived at by lumping together all the married women who are supported by their husbands and have less than \$1000 annual income of their own, even though their husbands may have incomes of the six-figure variety. By this same rationale, we may say that there are 45 million women in the United States who had incomes of less than \$1000 in 1958. Are these women who need to have medical care furnished by the federal government?

Dr. Peterson then states that "almost 45 per cent of our older citizens have some health insurance now." This would imply that the other 55 per cent have no resources with which to pay for medical care. As pointed out in the minority report of the Senate Subcommittee on this problem, approximately 18 per cent of those not covered by voluntary health insurance are public welfare recipients under federally aided public assistance and are eligible to receive health care. In addition, there are an unknown number (according to the Department of Health, Education and Welfare) who receive care from the Veterans Administration or other government agencies, or from private resources; those who receive care as being totally or permanently disabled or as members of the armed forces, seamen, members of religious orders, or as professional courtesy. And finally, the minority report states, there are those who do not need or want

insurance because of sufficient income or family resources.

One other point that Dr. Peterson neglects to mention, as do most of the proponents of socialized medicine, is that this type of program will be possible only with the consent and cooperation of the physicians. No one can force them to practice medicine under any system which they feel is wrong, no matter what the reasons for feeling it is wrong. And since most of our physicians today have had some degree of experience with the socialized medicine of the armed forces, it may be difficult to convince them that there is not much that socialized medicine has to offer, other than possibly a 100 per cent collection rate on their accounts, and I cannot help but feel that there are few physicians who are so money hungry as to sacrifice more of their individual liberty than has already been taken away by the present system of dictatorship of the bureaucracy.

CLARK B. SMITH, JR., M.D.
Fort Worth, Tex.

SIR:

Dr. Peterson's article was of great and current interest to my husband, who is a medical doctor, and myself. In order for the medical profession to maintain its respect and dignity, it will have to act instead of react, and help to solve the problem.

JANET E. MORRIS
Madison, Wis.

SIR:

I enjoyed reading Dr. Osler Peterson's article on "How Good Is Government Medical Care?" I should like to have permission to reprint it in the *Bulletin of the Bergen County Medical Society*, of which I am the editor.

DANIEL B. ROTH, M.D.
Teaneck, N. J.

Where credit is due

The editors regret that they failed to give the source of two illustrations in the September ATLANTIC. The woodcut accompanying the story "Requiem for Bibul" is entitled "Cart Horse" and was reproduced by permission of the artist, Eugene Larkin, head of the printmaking department at the Minneapolis School of Art. The lithograph by Pierre Bonnard accompanying the story "The Man Below" was reproduced by courtesy of the Print Department, Boston Public Library.

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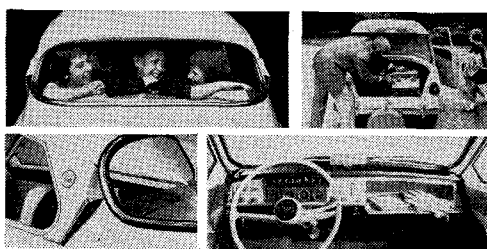
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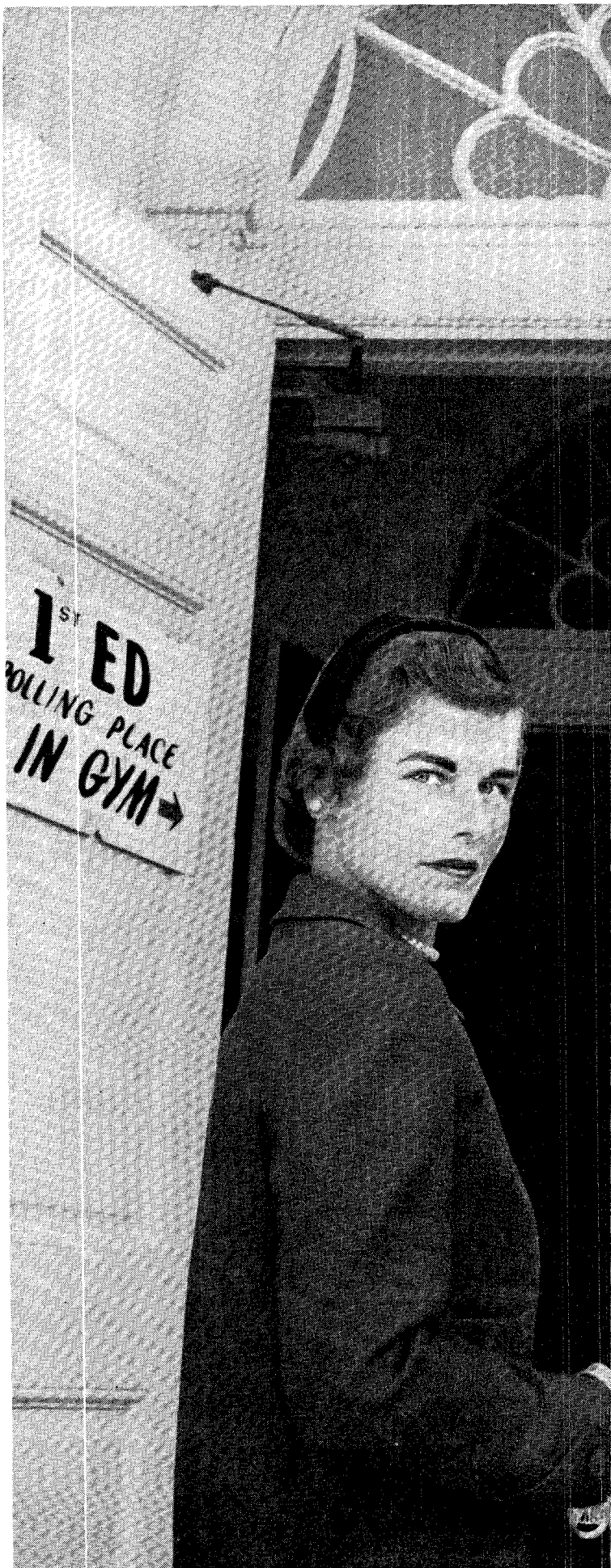


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THE BOY AND MAN FROM SAUK CENTRE

BY DOROTHY THOMPSON

Last summer, Sauk Centre, Minnesota, the birthplace of Sinclair Lewis, celebrated the fortieth anniversary of the publication of MAIN STREET. To the pageant went DOROTHY THOMPSON, Mr. Lewis' second wife. It was her first visit to the little town, and one which gave her, as she now gives us, a fresh insight into the writer who was the first American to win the Nobel Prize for Literature.

THERE are three graves in a row marked by simple, identical stones set equidistantly, and flat, in the greensward. Each has the briefest of inscriptions. At the right lies Edwin J. Lewis, 1848-1926; at the left, Emma Kermott Lewis, 1848-1891; and between them one of their three sons, Sinclair Lewis, 1885-1951, "Author of *Main Street*." The world-renowned writer holds the honored place between his parents. But the mother, who died when he was six after a long illness with tuberculosis spent in sanatoriums far from home, he barely knew, and he was not his father's favorite son. Behind them is the Lewis monument marking the family lot, lugubrious, of dark granite, underneath the mournful draperies of the stone.

There is no mention of other books on the marker, nor of the Nobel Prize for Literature, of which he was the first American recipient. For to Sauk Centre, which most of the Western world knew as Gopher Prairie shortly after *Main Street* appeared forty years ago, the book which started Sinclair Lewis' national and international fame is the only one worth memorializing.

Today Sauk Centre, once the "butter capital of America," is all Sinclair Lewis. The Main Street that Lewis, in the introduction to the novel, said would tell the same story "in Ohio or Montana, in Kansas or Kentucky or Illinois" and "not very differently Up York State or in the Carolina

hills" is now christened "The Original Main Street." Third Avenue, where the house of his father, Doc Lewis, still stands, is now Sinclair Lewis Avenue. The City Park, lovely with superb oaks and elms and its front on the Sauk Lane, is now Sinclair Lewis Park.

The library, from which the child and youth Harry withdrew so many books that finally "I'll bet he read every one of 'em," now houses in its basement a Sinclair Lewis museum, in which are gradually being collected memorabilia and such manuscripts or copies of them as have not gone, under the terms of his will and along with his library and the Nobel Prize medal, to Yale.

There are plans to purchase the old home and restore it, as far as possible, as it was when he lived there and to open a seminar and establish scholarships for creative writers. It is hoped that money will be found to erect a statue of him as a boy, but the sculptor is put to it to find anything to go on. There seems to be no existing photograph of him after early childhood. I have one taken at the age of three or four, before the characteristic features had developed. There are apparently none taken subsequently until after he left Yale.

Governor Orville Freeman proclaimed 1960 as Sinclair Lewis Year in Minnesota. The first weekends in July, August, and September were given over to a Lewis festival. Nineteen sixty

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would have been the year of his seventy-fifth birthday, and is the fortieth anniversary of the publication of *Main Street*, the thirtieth of his winning the Nobel Prize.

I HAD never before been in Sauk Centre. In the thirteen years that I was married to Sinclair Lewis, he had never urged me to visit the town or proposed taking me. His father and stepmother were dead before we met; only his older brother Fred and Fred's family had never left Sauk Centre, and to them Sinclair Lewis was indifferent; and I do not believe that he visited the town himself during our marriage, except en route to somewhere else.

What drew me there now, to attend this festival in his honor? Some desire to pay tribute to him as an artist? Some appeal to a humorous sense of curiosity about how the satirizer of all boosters might now be celebrated by the same? Specifically so that his two only grandsons, John Paul Sinclair Lewis, aged six, and Gregory Claude, aged three, sons of Michael Lewis, Sinclair's only surviving son, might visit the childhood haunts of the grandfather who died before they were born? Or was there not another reason, wholly unconscious, when I made the decision to take the long and uncomfortable trip from Vermont in what promised to be broiling weather? Was it not a desire to learn, if I could, more about the man who for a few years had been the center of my existence, had fathered my only child, had caused me more grief than joy, but whom, after more than twenty years of total separation, I could never put out of my mind?

My daughter-in-law Bernadette, her three-year-old son Gregory, and I (John Paul had come down with measles in Chicago and had been left in Minneapolis with his nurse) now stood before the three stones.

Why, I wondered, had the writer wished to be buried in Sauk Centre beside his father? His brother, Dr. Claude B. Lewis of nearby St. Cloud, had expressed surprise at the news and concluded, "He must have loved the old town." But was that the reason?

The questions that flashed through my mind at the grave were to be pondered all the while I was in Sauk Centre, and afterward.

Sauk Centre had furnished him with the material for his first great literary success, and the legendary "Zenith," an up-and-coming city of the same Middle West, was the scene of two later superior and successful novels, *Babbitt* and *Dodsworth*. The genesis of his literary insights was here and in this vicinity. It was artistically fitting that his ashes should finally rest here. But why,

as he expressly commanded, next to those of his father?

The body of his stepmother, Isabel Warner Lewis, is interred in the family lot, but not next to the husband she loved and served so long, nor next to the famous son, whom she understood and protected more than the father ever did.

There was a certain filial piety in Sinclair Lewis. During his father's lifetime he wrote home regularly. But although he begot two sons, he had no father-son relationship with either of them. Continually separated from both children, he seldom wrote to either, and when living in the same house with one or both of them, wished to see them only briefly, the younger never at meals and only when on his best behavior. He was not affectionate with them. Both children — I had occasion to see much of his older son, Wells, in our home, and eventually in my own, from the time he was eleven until he went away to war never to return again — were afraid of him. If he bantered with them, it was with an irony too far over their young heads to grasp, and it humiliated them.

Wells, sophisticated and humorous, once he got away from his father and was mature, affected and doubtless really felt considerable affection for "the old bastard." When, at twenty-one, Wells published his first and, for his age, distinctly promising novel, *They Still Say No*, his father, who had read the manuscript and picked the title, was excited and proud.

Michael, when he passed babyhood, had toward his father a resentment and fear that he never overcame. At seven he remarked, after a reverie, "When I grow up I think I shall probably kill my father." At thirteen, he said solemnly, "All my life I have felt like a bastard." When he was invited by his father to join him, before and after our final separation and divorce, he looked forward to the event with a combination of hope and anxiety. When a schoolmate asked him about his famous father he replied morosely, "I hardly know the man."

On a very few occasions, his father had invited him to visit, but always arranged some activity for Michael that would remove the boy from his presence and even from his house — a fishing trip with someone else, or a motor tour.

Their last encounter had been catastrophic. Michael was twenty and completing his work at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art in London, when his father invited him to spend the Christmas holidays with him in Rome. Sinclair Lewis was then very ill. Rumors had reached me from friends and acquaintances who had seen him that his poor head was as emaciated as a skeleton's, and his hands shook with an uncontrollable palsy.

The father had invited the son to lunch with



him promptly at one the day after his arrival. Michael had spent the night on the town, getting to bed in the hotel where his father had sent him — was there no room in the large apartment? — at dawn. He overslept and was very late for lunch. His father, in a fury of rage, demanded that he return immediately to London and, in effect, said, “Never darken my door again.”

Michael returned to London, took his diploma, and then came home only a day or two before his father died and only some two weeks after he had taken his wretched, humiliating, though not undeserved, dismissal.

Sinclair Lewis had received the news of his older son's death in the fall of 1944 in a manner that seemed utterly feelingless. He was on a lecture tour en route to Chicago when the news came over the radio that Lieutenant Wells Lewis had been shot in Alsace by a sniper and killed instantly while studying a map with General Dahlquist, to whom he was aide-de-camp.

My gentle, sensitive sister, who was devoted to Sinclair Lewis and to Wells and of whom Lewis was fond, felt that the news which he might not have heard should be broken to him lovingly and went to the railroad station but missed him. He had scheduled a party for the evening, to which my sister and her husband had been invited. They phoned the Palmer House, where he was staying, thinking it might have been called off. Lewis had already left for the party, and they went. There they found him in the liveliest possible mood. No one mentioned the death of Wells, but my brother-in-law, finding himself, for a moment, apart with “Red,” quietly and simply expressed his sympathy and sorrow.

Sinclair Lewis flew into a biting rage. “People just love to be bearers of bad news.” He snarled at Hal (Harrison) Smith, who had telephoned or telegraphed his friendship and sympathy. He attacked me because I had canceled my radio program when I heard of Wells's death a few min-

utes before I was scheduled to leave for it. “Dorothy's just putting on an act. She wasn't his mother. It's all self-dramatization.”

Fanny Butcher, longtime literary critic of the *Chicago Tribune*, was there, and Lloyd Lewis, the newspaperman and historical writer, with his wife. Sinclair Lewis admired Lloyd and had collaborated with him on the play *Jayhawker*, which had not been a success. When I ran into Fanny some months later, she was still shocked at Lewis' conduct that evening. Lewis bragged that he had heard the news just before he went to lecture and had never “been better in my life.”

My sister, defending Hal Smith, said, “He is one of your oldest friends. He didn't want to bear bad news, but to offer you sympathy and comfort. And you know that what you say about Dorothy is not true. She loved Wells deeply, and he loved her. She was prostrated.”

This reproof Sinclair Lewis took in silence. But my sister was not shocked. She was sorry. She knew only too well that Lewis' reaction to frustrations and griefs was to hit out at those who cared most for him, and often at those for whom he cared most. That was always the trouble: never knowing whether he really cared at all, for anybody or anything except his work.

Neither was I shocked when I heard the story some time later. I commented only that he must have felt perfectly dreadful. He repressed his emotions to a point unbearable for those who wished to share them and had the pride of Lucifer in doing so. But how many great writers have ever been good family men? In recalling biographies, one finds that their number is minuscule.

SINCLAIR LEWIS was not a good father. When young he had been a docile, dutiful son of a father who had inspired admiration, often fear, but never, I had gathered, intimacy or warmth of feeling.

So it could hardly be a feeling of family solidarity that led him to wish to be buried here, I pondered. After his father's death he had maintained fairly close ties with only one member of the family, his brother Claude. Theirs was a real friendship that lasted until Sinclair Lewis' death and extended even to Claude's family, with whom he was more at ease than with his own. Claude and his family had visited us several times in New York and in Vermont. The two brothers looked very much alike, except that “Harry” (as Claude continued to call him) was much taller than Claude.

I never heard Sinclair Lewis consistently express as much admiration for any other man as he did for Claude. Nearly six years younger than Claude,

Harry had in his boyhood perpetually tagged after his brother and was proud of him as a physician, a surgeon, and a man. Claude had the mind of a scientist, and the author, in keeping with his times, elevated the scientific mind above all others.

Claude was not a country doctor, as his father had been. Like his father he had received his medical training at Rush Medical College in Chicago, a highly reputed school which since 1942 has been incorporated in the University of Chicago, and like his father he chose northern Minnesota for his home and work. But he had lived and practiced in St. Cloud, a town ten times as large as Sauk Centre, comely, prosperous, the seat of the Minnesota State Teachers College and of a splendid Catholic hospital of whose staff he was a member. He had studied internal medicine, was an excellent diagnostician and a skillful surgeon. He had exuberant health. His habits were temperate as to food, drink, and sleep; he loved the outdoors of the northern woods, lakes, and streams, was a first-rate shot and an exceptionally skillful fisherman. And, as laconic in speech as his writer brother was garrulous, he was the very soul of ineffusive kindness.

Sinclair Lewis once remarked to me, "The only people I ever wanted to impress were my father and brother Claude. I never succeeded."

I do not know about the father, who had died before I met his genius son. But impressed or not impressed, Claude had a deep affection and highly protective feeling for his brother. Claude was not, by nature, a reformer (nor, except in his younger days, was his writer brother). He accepted people as they were, when they were beyond the powers of medicine to heal. Sinclair Lewis thought psychiatry a form of quackery. Claude was conscious of its limited power to cure unhappy personalities. But he had respect for modern psychological analysis. "Harry had a huge inferiority complex," he once remarked. "Had it as a kid."

"*Aus meinen grossen Schmerzen mach' ich die kleine Lieder,*" wrote Heine, who made most of his own *Schmerzen* for himself. Claude probably comprehended this generality. But he was a doctor and was outraged by his brother's way of life. When I telephoned him upon receiving the news of Sinclair Lewis' death, he answered in his clipped way: "Doesn't surprise me; doesn't surprise me a bit. Lewises are long-lived. He was basically healthy. Should have lived another ten years at least. But couldn't, the way he behaved. Drink's affected his central nervous system. But why didn't that secretary telephone me? If I'd known of his condition, I'd have taken the next plane to Rome. Wonder who was taking care of him." (He meant what doctor, with a strong implication of doubt about Italian medicine.)

Pitiable as he was, Sinclair Lewis could not endure or give pity. Nor was Claude a dispenser of it. Perhaps the only person in the world whom Sinclair Lewis would have welcomed then would have been Claude — gruff, unsentimental, and competent.

But Claude, who lived to be seventy-eight, is not buried in Sauk Centre. Sinclair Lewis' ashes are not beside those of his most enduring friend in the family.

PERHAPS he wanted, I thought, to rest here from a sense of tradition, in the traditional family burying ground. For the iconoclast of contemporary mores had, like his fellow iconoclast H. L. Mencken, a deep feeling for tradition. If, like Mencken, he had little use for the commercial middle classes (the booboisie), and especially their promoters, boosters, retailers, salesmen, and ad men, it was not because of a keen social consciousness about the exploited workers or the oppressed minorities.

He admired the independent entrepreneur industrialist (Dodsworth), and hated the corporation empires; he felt sorry for the dirt farmers, "Svenska" (Scandinavian) and "Dutch" (German), so many of whom were his father's patients in his boyhood and whom he saw being squeezed by land dealers, loan sharks, middlemen, and later by bureaucratic policies and regulations. He did not think highly of Jews, in general, because of their predominant economic activities, though he admired Jewish scientists, doctors, and a few writers. (Gottlieb, in *Arrowsmith*, is surely one of his most sympathetic creations.) He thought most lawyers were crooks, adept at circumventing the purpose of the law, and politicians, almost without exception, rogues, promising all things to all men, with the single aim of being elected.

He was basically apolitical, but insofar as his social ideas were articulate and consistent, he was an old-fashioned populist American radical.

He attempted over a number of years to write a novel about labor, studied the scene with his usual thoroughness, had long talks with many labor leaders, and finally threw the manuscript away with the dictum that few labor leaders were really concerned with helping the rank and file; rather, they were concerned with feathering their own nests and grabbing power. I went with him to an AFL convention in Canada, and he railed at its leaders all the way back.

Toward American Negroes he had a genuinely warm feeling, and in them a real interest. He left part of his estate to the NAACP and the Urban League. But his interest was more seigniorial than egalitarian. He was more against the

white South than for the black. "The mountain-whites of the south — purest Anglo-Saxon stock in America — are awful: filthy, inbred, shiftless."

I remembered the remark when *Kingsblood Royal* was published.

His yearnings, if not his tastes as expressed in his way of living, were more aristocratic than democratic. He hankered after the old and long established. He fled to Europe as a cure for all his woes, and always, by preference, to England, France, and Italy, with their long continuity of culture. He disliked urban Germany, even before Hitler, because of its energy, technology, modernism, and Babbittry.

His attraction was to the medieval; he was aversed as an art historian in twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth century cathedrals, churches, abbeys, and castles; although, to the end of his life, as far as I know, he was indifferent to pictures and sculpture except as part of architecture. Those that adorned his walls were usually prints, and all conventional.

He discovered music only in his fifties, and then went in for it with the intensity with which he did everything. He left an enormous collection of records, all of them of classical music.

IF TRADITION influenced his desire to be interred beside his father in Sauk Centre, it was not because of the civilized traditions embodied there. When he was born, as I learned there last summer, Sauk Centre had only recently emerged as a settled village. The first white child to be born there had preceded Sinclair Lewis by less than twenty-five years. The Indians, because of the lakes, had been fishermen and loggers, and logging first attracted the small number of white settlers, who lived in stockades. The loggers cut down the trees, so that the earliest picture of Sauk Centre is of a village bleak and treeless. Yet it must earlier have been heavily wooded. Oak, elm, birch, and poplar flourish there, and today its heavily shaded streets, neat lawns, the Sauk Lake, and the incomparable skies are its only claim to beauty. Its buildings and homes have none of the classic grace of the old New England towns and villages that rank among the loveliest in the Western world.

Many of the Sauk Centre homes of Lewis' boyhood, as well as his father's, still stand. They are comfortable, reasonably spacious, gabled, replete with screened porches front and back, but lacking in any architectural design whatsoever. By the time Sauk Centre came into being, the great fireplaces of the earlier-settled East had given way to more practical stoves and hot-air furnaces,

burning wood or coal. There is nothing there one would wish to restore.

The physical description of Gopher Prairie, as seen through the eyes of Carol Kennicott in *Main Street*, is not very different to this day. Of course, there are new buildings and new homes, mostly of the ranch type, some of them of attractive design, but few are in the village proper.

One recalls Carol's dream of having it all rebuilt in Georgian brick with shuttered windows and white trim and her efforts to get the only possible village Maecenas to do it. The dream was grandiose, but Carol never did anything about even smaller dreams. Except for refurnishing her husband's home, which is recognizably the old E. J. Lewis place, Carol was a great improver only in her own mind.

The novelist's stepmother, Isabel Warner Lewis, did do something. Like Carol, who in the novel had been a librarian in St. Paul, she was relatively urban. Dr. E. J. Lewis brought her as his second wife from Wilmette, a suburb of Chicago. She was a leader in the Gradatim Ladies Club (in the novel, the Thanatopsis) and among the few movers to create the City Park, which adds greatly to the town. She was also a mover in providing the first village rest room for the wives of the German and Swedish farmers from the surrounding countryside, who brought their wives into town along with their products, the wives to do the week's shopping with nowhere to wash, relax, and be sheltered from the village heat or cold. She was an early clubwoman type devoted to improvement. Isabel appears in the novel as Will Kennicott's widowed mother, who had given over her Gopher Prairie home to the bridal pair and lived elsewhere, but nearby. She has little role in the story, but is sympathetically depicted.

The history of the Lewis family, on both sides, was pioneer. Of British stock, the paternal family was — if the legend is true, and in Sauk Centre I saw it stated with fair evidence in the family Bible — descended from Peregrine White, the first child born to the Mayflower Pilgrims in America. The Lewises were American a hundred and fifty years before there was a United States.

The mother's origins were more obscure. The novelist had told me that the family was "French Canuck," but this, I found from the family annals in the possession of his brother Fred's widow, is not true. The Kermotts came from the Isle of Wight, and the family reached America through a fourteen-year-old boy who apprenticed himself to a ship's captain, trading between Great Britain and Canada. In Canada, the Kermott lad, having had a row with the captain, jumped the ship, and thereafter he and the family he founded remained in British Canada. There is a rumor that

the name was not Kermott, but that this name was adopted later, probably by the boy, who jumped the ship and wished to conceal his identity. Emma Kermott's father — none of the family still living in Sauk Centre seems to know when or how — came to the United States and became, or already was, a veterinarian. E. J. Lewis married Emma in 1873. He was then living in and beginning his medical practice in Ironton, Wisconsin, where she was teaching school.

Apparently the ancestral Lewises moved very early from Massachusetts to Connecticut and farmed in the vicinity of Westville. Then, during the Gold Rush of the 1840s, the family sold the farm, pulled up stakes, and went to California. Like many thousands of others, they found no gold and started working their way eastward, getting as far as Pennsylvania, where the author's father was born in Lebanon. From Lebanon, the family moved to Elysian, Minnesota, tracking westward again. E. J. Lewis, after a spell of teaching school in Redwood Falls, Minnesota, went to Rush Medical College in Chicago. He practiced first in Ironton, Wisconsin, where both his oldest son, Fred, and the second son, Claude, were born. The third son, Harry Sinclair Lewis, ten years younger than the oldest, was the first Lewis to be born in Sauk Centre.

The New England tradition persisted in the family's religion. Unlike the Lutheran Scandinavians who, with predominantly Catholic Germans, settled the farms surrounding Sauk Centre, the Lewises were Congregationalists, whose church descends from the Puritans. The well-to-do Protestant Anglo-Saxons in Sauk Centre built and attended the Episcopal Church. The present church existed in Sinclair Lewis' childhood. Designed by Cass Gilbert and built of stone in the Tudor style, covered with ivy and well placed in pleasantly landscaped grounds, it was and is the most distinguished building in town.

The villages and towns of the northwest pioneer territory and their outlying farms were greatly in need of physicians. The Sauk Centre of 1920, when *Main Street* was published, had a population of 3000. It has some 3500 today. In Sinclair Lewis' childhood it was, I heard, under 2000. Yet Dr. E. J. Lewis prospered, and although the family did not rank in the top economic class along with the banker, the commission merchant, and those who had made substantial fortunes in real-estate deals, it was economically not so far from the top. Dr. E. J. Lewis could afford to send both younger sons penuriously to college — Fred, the oldest, never cared about a higher education — and although, among the gilded youth of Yale, a rich man's college, Harry Lewis was too poor, and too eccentric, to belong to the upper crust

and too proud to join its outcasts, he never had to tend furnaces or otherwise work his way through. He did do some newspaper work for pittance. When the doctor died in 1926, he left some sixty thousand dollars, mostly in farm mortgages. That was a great deal more than it is now, and considerable for a country doctor to amass.

So, perhaps for social reasons, the Lewis family might have joined the Episcopal Church. Certainly never the Methodist or Baptist, with at that time their hell-fire revivalism which Sinclair Lewis the writer was so bitingly to satirize.

But, except for Sinclair Lewis' adolescent conversion (while preparing for Yale in Oberlin and from which he soon recovered), there is no indication of any particular religious feeling in the Lewis family, father or sons, beyond the purely formal. The father thought the church a good thing for the community, and the family regularly attended morning service together, unless the father were on an emergency call, and the boys also attended Sunday School. The father believed in and practiced the sterner and more puritanical virtues, pre-eminent among them duty, and especially the duties of his healing profession. No storm nor time of night would prevent him from answering a call, and the operation performed on a farmhouse kitchen table by Dr. Will Kennicott in *Main Street*, with Carol, his young wife, giving the ether in the presence of an open flame of light, occurred in Sinclair Lewis' life when he was thirteen, when he, there being no one else, performed the same service for his father at the risk of both their lives. The father fulfilled his duties to his patients, his family, and the community. He did not attempt to collect fees from those who were indigent through no fault of their own, from the widow with children whom she could barely feed or clothe, or from the struggling farmer whose crops and year's work had been destroyed by drought. His ledgers, preserved by Fred's family, which I saw in Sauk Centre in his widow's home, carry laconic comments — "Can't pay."

But he had neither charity nor patience for "ne'er-do-wells," who shifted off onto others responsibilities which, by hard work, they would have been able to bear. The ledgers occasionally carry in red ink in the margins the words "Dead beat," or "No good." One remarks, "Skipped the country with a niece leaving a wife and four children. S.O.B."

How many characteristics of his father the author son displayed! Sinclair Lewis had the same sense of duty toward his work, though it was often interrupted by breakdowns. And how often did I

hear him cry, "I'm so tired, so tired!" He never drank while he was actually working, but spent regular uninterrupted hours at his writing table. When he had come to a stalemate in a novel, he would go on a drinking bout, leaving home with a secretary or any companion he might pick up, disappearing for days or weeks; and such a breakdown invariably occurred, during my life with him, at the end of every novel and lasted until another idea for a novel miraculously was born in his fevered mind.

His work was always ordered. He wrote his novels from precise and copious outlines of the characters, their professions or trades, and their haunts, building the structure of the book as an architect designs a house. Characters and incidents developed as he wrote, but they moved within the framework. With the tools of his work he was as scrupulous as his father was with his surgical instruments. Sharpened pencils, notebooks, paper, carbon were always in the same place. His writing table was never littered, and what he had written was neatly stacked each day.

In his home he demanded an orderliness that sometimes drove me to exasperation. He smoked continuously but could not endure a half-filled ash tray. But he also could not endure an ash tray, or anything else, that was not exactly where it should be, nor a meal that was not served punctually to a second. He always hung his clothes on exactly the proper hangers, and his bureau drawers might have been kept by the best-trained valet.

He was scrupulous about paying bills and collecting debts, and, like his father, had no use for dead beats or for the shiftless and lazy, although he might cultivate them briefly out of a writer's curiosity. He was hell on servants, thinking nothing of their hours or recreations — yet they were invariably devoted to him. But he would fire them out of hand for even a slightly unsatisfactory performance of a task, for any familiarity, or for what he might consider an overreaching of a long tacitly granted privilege.

Are such characteristics the result of early environment, even though one rebels against it, or are they congenital?

At any rate, "Like father, like son" was not suspended in the Lewis case. Perhaps the dust did call to dust.

BUT was it not all much simpler? Where else could he have been buried? Where else had he ever had a home? Where had he spent anything like the seventeen years of his life that he had lived in Sauk Centre before he went away to college?

He had had many homes, but never, until his marriage to me, owned one with the intention of

keeping it for the rest of his life. That one was Twin Farms, in Barnard, Vermont. We spent only long summers here (where I am writing this), and although he was often away, it was his home for eight years, and during that time he was certainly happier and more creative here than he was anywhere else.

And this home was also his simplest. In 1933 he bought a large Tudor-style house in Bronxville, New York, as a wedding anniversary present to me. I did not want him to do it. I could not imagine him, or myself, happy in the suburbs. Thereafter, following our separation and eventual divorce, he rented and furnished an enormous New York penthouse, with a living room sixty feet long and views from its windows of every bridge in New York — the specifications he had given to a real-estate agent. Apart from his books, which lined the great room from floor to ceiling, it was as conventionally furnished as if designed by an expensive but not at all imaginative interior decorator.

He kept it for a short time, and then bought a house in Duluth, having decided to return to Minnesota. Again, the house was immense, pretentious, and ugly, a German-style Mid-Victorian castle, looming in the most prominent position in the city — a white elephant, Duluth people said, with a bowling alley and billiard table in the recreation room in the basement. He wrote *Cass Timberlane* and discovered that he was tired of Duluth, traveled again, and bought a large estate near Williamstown, Massachusetts, again in New England. Here the land and view were beautiful, but the large house was nondescript and conventional, such as might have been built for a prosperous executive. That, which held all his household possessions, including his books, and was kept by a caretaker, was in his ownership when he died. Both these houses were sold to Catholic orders, ironic for an owner who had despised all organized religions.

He left Williamstown to lease a huge Neofascist-style villa in Florence, lived there a year or two, did not renew the lease, and after traveling again all over Europe by motor, with his secretary, during which trip he suffered a very serious breakdown in Zurich, drove to Rome and took the furnished apartment there. He had never been rooted anywhere, except in his childhood and youth in Sauk Centre. Nor had he made many real or permanent friends. In England he had had a few friends who were more than admirers of his work. But most of them had predeceased him.

On the European continent he made few, if any, close friends, even among writers, although initially he was much sought after, because his work had been translated into every European language

and was a best seller in many countries. So gregarious that he could not bear to be alone except while at work, he sought temporary companions rather than friends.

He was never in the least Europeanized. Although he had spoken German from boyhood, picking up a "*schoenste Langewitz*" version from the German-speaking people of Minnesota, and had studied it in high school, aided by a Catholic priest as tutor, and in Oberlin, and could write it correctly, even literately, his accent was bad, and speaking it torrentially, he forgot grammar. His French was limited and abominable. He had many times started studying Italian systematically, but how well he eventually came to speak and write it, I do not know.

His erudition in English and American literature was phenomenal, but with Continental literature he was only superficially familiar. Of the works of Flaubert he spoke only, during our life together, of *Madame Bovary*. He had certainly read Balzac but never in my remembrance returned to him, as he repeatedly did to Dickens. When, after our marriage, we started together to collect a library, the German and Russian classics were added by me.

On the Continent he drifted toward Americans: journalists, foreign service people, or Europeans with American wives. He was as American as ham and eggs and strawberry shortcake, and always distinguishably so. Although he had written *Babbitt* in England and Rome and most of *Dodsworth* in Naples, there was no fitting resting place for him anywhere in Europe.

In Rome, he died alone, and only his secretary — a strange man of undistinguishable nationality, whom he had engaged in Florence — accompanied his poor body to the crematorium, though his death was front-page news in every American and European newspaper.

No one, as far as I could learn from the secretary, when I saw him in Rome a year or so later, visited him in the hospital to which he had been delivered delirious in a state of total physical and nervous collapse. He emerged only briefly from the coma in which he soon died, and his last words at the hospital are said to have been, "God bless you, Sister," to the attendant nun.

Now, standing before his grave, I saw him, as when I met him for the first time in the foreign office in Berlin, July 8, 1927. "Knick" (H. R. Knickerbocker, the Hearst correspondent in Berlin) had brought him to the regular Friday afternoon tea party at which the then foreign minister, Gustav Stresemann, regularly received the foreign

correspondents and answered their questions, for the most part off the record.

He seemed to bring in with him a disturbing atmospheric tension such as that which precedes an electric storm. I saw a narrow, ravaged face, roughened, red, and scarred by repeated radium and electric needle burnings, less of the face below the hawkish nose than above it, where it broadened into a massive frontal skull, crossed by horizontal lines; reddish but almost colorless eyebrows above round, cavernously set, remarkably brilliant eyes, transparent as aquamarines and in them a strange, shy, imploring look; red-blond hair, already retreating, very fine and silky; a small and narrow mouth, almost lipless, drawn away from the long teeth by repeated burnings, and which in the course of a few minutes could smile a dozen ways. The face of a man who had walked through flame throwers. An elegance about the figure, slim, narrow, long boned, very tall, with the tallness all in the legs that seemed to have forgotten where to stop; long and narrow hands and feet. Very well dressed in clothes obviously from Savile Row.

And an immediate aura of greatness, large, torrential, tortured, and palpitatingly sensitive. I felt that if one but touched him with the softest finger tip, he would recoil. My instantaneous reaction was, God, what a lonely, unhappy, helpless man! Somebody *must* love and take care of him! And, of course, I was fascinated.

I did not imagine myself in the role. I did not fall in love with him then, nor really, ever. It was something deeper than that which can happen so many times in anyone's life. I married him a year later in London after a courtship pursued in Berlin, Vienna, Russia, and Italy. What moved me was a compelling sense of his need. Yet neither I nor any other woman who had come into his life before or was to come afterward could fill whatever that need might be. He was autonomous, an elementary force in himself, driving and driven, yearning and resistant. In the end all women left him, driven away perhaps by the impossibility of penetrating the curtain that screened him from any real intimacy; or he left them, forever disappointed.

I remember other things, of course: the incandescence of his conversation, more often than not a monologue; his hilarious gift for mimicry, usually of his own characters or those being created in his mind; and his continuation of a monologue until the listeners were exhausted or bored; his incredible power to ad-lib verse in the manner of any English-writing poet from Shakespeare to Vachel Lindsay or T. S. Eliot, as fast as he could talk, with never a fault of meter or of style; the game we played together and with others, of which of us

could most quickly compose a sonnet containing a line usually meaningless — he always won, doing it as fast as he could write. His mind was as swift as light. I remember, too, our playing anagrams, and his fishing words out of never-never land. Challenged, they were always in the dictionary.

His intimates remember his flaring and often cruel temper, at any slight, real or imagined, during which his nostrils would expand like those of a horse, and his unspoken contrition afterward, expressed in introverted sulkiness. They remember the penetrating acidity of his remarks on public figures and on everything that he considered puffed up and overblown. Yet he was himself, as a man and writer, overblown. And one remembers, also, his generous encouragement to other writers, especially young ones, and his ineffable charm.

But he was really happy only in his work. When it was going well, he would often chuckle at his typewriter and tear out a page to read to me. He took special delight, it seemed, in his more monstrous and ridiculous characters. He wrote most of *It Can't Happen Here* in Vermont, and excerpts from the speeches of the preposterous Berzilius Windrip, which head so many chapters, were often composed or recited at table, with gusty relish, with the happy comment, "What a bastard!"

If the child is father to the man, what kind of lad was Harry Lewis in Sauk Centre?

There are still many people there who remember him, a few who went to school with him, and I saw a number of them. Their picture is of a lonely boy, eager to be one of the gang (one of the Club, of which his brother Claude was the mischievous ringleader) but forever repulsed. In a small town, then as now, physical skills are highly admired by other boys and their elders. They fish, hunt, build secret refuges for themselves in the woods, retrieve and patch up discarded wagons and machinery, and earn money by picking berries, mowing lawns, and doing small handyman jobs for the neighbors.

Harry was good at none of these things. He was too nervous and impatient to be a good fisherman, had no pride in killing rabbits and game birds, and, as I knew him, was singularly helpless at anything requiring the concentration and control of his hands or limbs. With his long legs and natural swiftness of movement, he should have been proficient at some games. Theoretically he liked tennis, but although for a time we had the only tennis court in our Vermont township, he rarely appeared on it and was as bad a shot with a ball as with a bullet. His mechanical competence extended to the ability to change a typewriter ribbon, and stopped there.

His exercise was walking, and he walked untiringly until, in his trappings, he had explored an

area. Then he was bored with the paths through the woods, ever-changing as they always are. He was not interested in the minutiae of nature. He preferred to walk in Europe, where every village and county is different — in Cornwall from Land's End to Tintagel; clean across Shropshire; along the Main from Mainz to Frankfurt; from Innsbruck through the Alps to Venice. These tours I took with him. He never would make reservations. We stopped overnight at the first inn that appeared when we were tired.

His knapsack was always heavy with books. If, at rest in the evenings, he could not read, he was frantic. He enjoyed conversation only with a group, though he would stop to talk with wayfarers about their lives and occupations, or linger in cemeteries, fascinated by names on tombstones and noting some in a book.

Everyone with whom I talked in Sauk Centre who had known him as a boy remarked that he always had his nose in a book; one recalled him reading on the Lewis lawn with the lawn mower nearby and only a few rows cut. I tried to find out from his contemporaries what he had read and got the impression that it was mostly romantic novels (Scott was repeatedly mentioned) and a great deal of poetry. Later, when a successful writer, he professed to despise poetry — "People write poetry who can't write prose" — and his insistence on this was once the cause of a heated quarrel between us, but he may not have meant it. He had started his literary career with writing poetry — better described as verse — and his knowledge and memory of the English and American poets were prodigious. He had a photographic memory of any printed page. A Harvard don, English teacher, and poet who was once visiting us started to quote from a poem by John Donne. We were sitting before the fire in the big room at Twin Farms, and Lewis had rudely retired behind a newspaper. Our guest halted in his recitation, groping for the next lines. Sinclair Lewis put down his paper — he had been listening all the time — and finished the whole passage.

Probably the boy who was forever reading found in books an escape from an environment which was not uncongenial but whose demands he could not meet.

He met its demands as a student in the Sauk Centre grade and high school. The education, then, was less inclusive, but in the subjects taught, more rigorous and demanding. For some reason or other, he kept many of his report cards and school essays. Even in mathematics he was very good, and some of the essays were quite astonishing for his age. He told me that he had graduated at sixteen, fifth in a class of seventeen.

Mrs. Kells, who as Laura Thomason had been

through high school with him, though a class ahead, denied this. "There were nine in his class, and he should have been graduated at the top. He was easily the brightest scholar in all subjects, though he was best, of course, in English and literature. Early in high school he had something published in *Scribner's*, and I remember how excited everybody was in school. But some of the teachers didn't like him; he was too odd and had ideas of his own." In defense of his prejudiced teachers, it must be noted that his marks in deportment were bad. His awkward, show-off antics perpetually disturbed the classroom.

She recalled also that his power of observation of human behavior showed itself very early. "When he was thirteen, the first cream separator was demonstrated in town, and many of us youngsters went to see it. Harry watched with a superior air and said on the way home, 'The machine's all right, and the principal words of the operator are *me, myself, and I.*'"

Mrs. Ben DuBois, formerly Cecelia Gallagher, and younger than Harry, lived next door to the Lewis place and remembers only that he had remarked to her, "I don't like cotton tops." Her husband remembers when Harry ate grass. "I eat grass," he had remarked ostentatiously, and promptly illustrated it by cropping the lawn on knees and elbows. This desire to call attention to himself as a compensation for normal inabilities persisted all his life. He would drag the Nobel Prize into the conversation in a most embarrassing way. He was conscious and self-critical of his showing off, but he seemed unable to help it.

Sauk Centre remembers that he walked ten miles to Melrose to get a train to Minneapolis to enlist in the Spanish-American War as a drummer boy. He was then thirteen. The stationmaster, after establishing his identity, telephoned his father, who came in a two-horse rig to drive him back home. The story has it that Harry bragged to the stationmaster that he would undoubtedly be the youngest drummer boy in the army and intended to become another Richard Harding Davis. But the self-confident pose was quickly abandoned with the arrival of his irate father (who had to pay two dollars for the buggy), and as he drove through Sauk Centre he was good-naturedly greeted by the jeers of his contemporaries, yelling "Doodle" and whistling *Yankee Doodle*. No one in Sauk Centre recalled his ever getting into a fist fight, yet there is no record that he ever had but one close boyhood friend.

The committee that thought up and managed the festival, the museum, the restoration of the old home, and a scholarship fund for creative writers is not the Chamber of Commerce primarily bent on boosting the town. The driving spirit has been the

editor of the Sauk Centre *Herald*, Gary Sukow, twenty-four years old and an atomic phenomenon of energy. He wants to be a creative writer, "though none of us today could write like Sinclair Lewis or any of those writers of the twenties and thirties. They might pan the hell out of America, but they hadn't any doubt about it. At base they were all optimists. We aren't sure whether anything will survive our own lifetimes."

Another member of the committee is Don Hipschman, author of the pageant *A Man from Main Street*. He is assistant editor of the *Independent Banker*, published in Long Prairie, twenty miles from Sauk Centre. Others are an attorney and his wife, an investment counselor, a restaurant owner, a chain-store manager, the Episcopalian rector, and housewives with a literary interest.

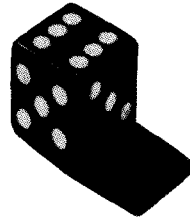
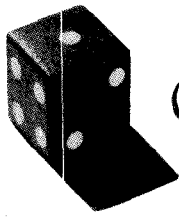
Mr. Hipschman's pageant of Sinclair Lewis' life is faithful and written with talent. It was acted on the fairgrounds after dark on a lighted stage, in a series of scenes. With a nice attention to unity, it begins and ends in the graveyard with the burial of the author's ashes, and throughout his ghost carries on a commentary on himself, his times, and his contemporaries, most of which is taken from what he himself had written or said.

It revives the incident to which eyewitnesses at the interment testify. The January day was the coldest in the year, 22° below zero and blustery. Dr. Claude Lewis, in pouring the ashes into his brother's grave, spilled some over its side, and a snowy gust blew them away. "He couldn't be quiet even in his grave. He's scattered all over Stearns County."

But what does it matter where a handful of ashes lies? What was once Sinclair Lewis is buried in no ground. Even in life he was fully alive only in his writing. He lives in public libraries from Maine to California, in worn copies in the bookshelves of women from small towns who, in their girlhood, imagined themselves as Carol Kennicotts, and of medical men who, as youths, were inspired by Martin Arrowsmith and his associates. He survives in every college and university library. He does not live as do those few stupendous novelists revealing the human condition for all places and all times. He never really penetrated the soul. He was not a poet of either verse or prose.

But he is an ineradicable part of American cultural history in the twenties and thirties, and no one seeking to recapture and record the habits, frames of mind, social movements, speech, aspirations, admirations, radicalisms, reactions, crusades, and Gargantuan absurdities of the American *demos* during those twenty years will be able to do without him.

I did not go back to the grave.



GAMBLING

AND POLICE CORRUPTION

by Judge JOHN M. MURTAGH

A graduate of the public schools and of the College of the City of New York, who took his law degree at Harvard in 1934, JOHN M. MURTAGH served as chief city magistrate to the city of New York from 1950 to 1960 and was appointed the chief justice of the Court of Special Sessions last February.

LAST February 29 was my first day in office as chief justice of the Court of Special Sessions of the City of New York. I spent the day presiding in the Gamblers Court, a court that is truly an enigma to anyone concerned with judicial administration. The calendar was crowded — there are some 20,000 arrests of gamblers annually in New York. The atmosphere in the court was permeated by the odor of corruption that inevitably envelops police enforcement of gambling laws. The defendants were represented by a small coterie of lawyers. Racket lawyers are endemic to a Gamblers Court. Many suspect that they are mouthpieces for gambling syndicates. Others suggest that they are mere hirelings for the bondsman, who is the general factotum guiding the gambler through the maze of judicial procedures. It is a challenge for the judge to escape being entwined in the web of these nefarious influences and feeling a certain futility regarding the proceeding.

That first day was a revelation for gamblers. Bookmakers and policy collectors went to jail for terms of up to six months with no alternative of a fine — this in a court where gamblers with ten or fifteen prior convictions traditionally have been fined and the penalty paid by a member of the syndicate standing by.

For the six succeeding months, I continued to deal sternly with gamblers appearing in the court. Repeaters were jailed as standard practice. More substantial jail terms were meted out than had been imposed in the previous decade. In the interim, the legislature vested exclusive jurisdiction of gambling cases in the Magistrates' Courts, effective September first. The judges of the Magistrates' Courts promptly adopted the new policy and are rather uniformly imposing jail sentences on gamblers with prior convictions. Judicial concern has greatly reduced the number of racket lawyers. The activities of the bondsmen are being subjected to a continuing scrutiny. The judiciary seeks to escape the labyrinth of corruption.

On April 7, Robert Beaman, a thirty-six-year-old Harlem policy collector, was sentenced by me to a \$100 fine or ten days in jail; he paid the fine. His relatively light sentence was based on a police record, known as a "yellow sheet," showing that he was a first offender. Shortly after the sentence had been imposed, a sharp-eyed stenographer stated that he had reason to believe that Beaman had a previous record. A recheck on the gambler's yellow sheet showed fifteen prior convictions. It developed that a half-dozen other gamblers had similarly avoided the harshness of

the new policy. There are unconfirmed reports that the gamblers were paying between \$2500 and \$3500 to have their police records altered.

Suspicion centers on the Bureau of Criminal Identification, one of the most heavily guarded units of the police department. After a defendant is fingerprinted, the prints are brought to the Bureau of Criminal Identification. There they are matched with filed records, and a yellow sheet is prepared.

According to the authorities, the fake yellow sheets were on official forms and bore a true imprint of the seal kept in the Bureau of Criminal Identification. This would indicate that the fakes were prepared by someone with access to Bureau of Criminal Identification equipment, but the actual switching could have been done later, possibly in the court building.

What is sought to be determined is how the yellow sheets were abstracted from the offices of the Bureau of Criminal Identification so that the forgeries could be committed. The official records in the offices of the Bureau of Criminal Identification were not altered.

The record fixing reflects the acute desperation felt by gamblers and their hirelings as they sense the end of an era of turnstile justice and routine fines. The entire matter is under investigation by New York County's district attorney, Frank S. Hogan, and already has resulted in three indictments, including that of a lawyer.

On April 19, shortly after the initial exposé, New York City's police commissioner, Stephen P. Kennedy, referred to gambling as "the most corrupting influence since prohibition." On August 2, Commissioner Kennedy marked the completion of five years in office. The press commented favorably on his administration and the fact that his tenure has been almost completely free of the traditional scandals that have confounded most of his predecessors. Nonetheless, the commissioner was frank to confess that he is not convinced that police corruption has been ended and to state that at any moment scandal may be exposed. Not without reason, many regard Commissioner Kennedy as the ablest police commissioner New York City has ever had. It is perhaps because of his ability and experience and his knowledge of police history that he does not make the error of deluding himself about the issue of police corruption.

MODERN police forces, such as that in New York City, are little more than a century old. It was only at about the time of the Civil War that cities really began to feel the need for paid

professional guardians. Yet, virtually from the beginning, corruption has characterized the police in their efforts to enforce laws against gambling.

As early as 1874 the New York state legislature conducted the first investigation into the administration of New York City's police department. Notwithstanding the youth of the department, the investigation revealed widespread corruption on the part of police officers having to do with the enforcement of laws against gambling. One of the colorful personalities on whom the investigation focused was Captain Alexander S. Williams. Captain Williams was known as "Clubber" Williams, his nickname deriving from the fact that he made excessive use of his night stick.

Despite minor periodic exposés, police corruption continued open and unashamed until 1892, when a new brand of reformer came upon the scene. He was the Reverend Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, sober-looking, dark-eyed, fifty-year-old pastor of the wealthy and conservative Madison Square Presbyterian Church. One Sunday morning in February he entered his pulpit and proceeded to denounce policemen who were in league with gamblers and prostitutes, and Tammany politicians who countenanced such conditions. He told of a gambling house operating in the Tenderloin and boldly accused the police of receiving bribery for its protection.

Dr. Parkhurst was immediately denounced by the police, the politicians, and the press. His sermon was described as "vulgar," "unchristian," "violently vituperative." Other members of the clergy suggested that, since wickedness seemed to hold such an attraction for the holy man, he ought henceforth to talk about Sodom and Gomorrah. Charles A. Dana, editor of the *Sun*, thought he should be driven from his pulpit. On February 23, nine days after he had spoken out, Dr. Parkhurst was haled before the Grand Jury and told to produce proof of the charges he had made. Since his evidence was vague and general, he was rebuked for his "irresponsible accusations."

A weaker man would have retired to lick his wounds, but not Dr. Parkhurst. Instead, he determined to secure the kind of firsthand knowledge at which no jury could scoff. He hired a canny, hard-faced mustachioed private detective named Charles W. Gardner to show him the city's night life. Dr. Parkhurst dressed in a pair of loud flannel trousers, a brown slouch hat pulled low over the right eye, and a bright scarlet neckerchief, and together with Gardner he made the rounds of the most sordid spots in New York City, such as the Five Points, the Bowery, and Satan's Circus.

On Sunday, March 13, two days after they

had completed the tour, Dr. Parkhurst chose as his text the eighth verse of the twelfth psalm: "The wicked walk on every side, when the vilest men are exalted." Everyone, parishioners and the overflow crowd of visitors, knew to whom he had reference.

The Grand Jury, forced to recognize the validity of the new Parkhurst accusations, requested that the four commissioners of the mayor's police board and the top police brass come in and talk about the connection between the city's vice and gambling and its policemen. Although the Grand Jury could not gather enough evidence for a single indictment, it did find that: "The police are either incompetent to do what is frequently done by private individuals with imperfect facilities for such work, or else there exist reasons and motives for such inaction which are illegal and corrupt. The general inefficiency of the Department is so great that it is our belief that the latter suggestion is the explanation of the particular inactivity."

This finding aroused the state legislature, which appointed a committee headed by State Senator Clarence E. Lexow to examine the minister's charges. John D. Goff was named counsel to the committee. Goff called the police superintendent, inspectors, and captains as witnesses before the committee. Widespread police corruption was unearthed. The superintendent was Thomas F. Byrnes, known as the "Great Detective." He had accumulated some \$350,000 in real estate and securities during the thirty-two years he had served on the force. Arrogantly he declared that he had "obtained more years of convictions against criminals than the detective forces of Scotland Yard, Paris, and Jersey City all put together," and then surprised everyone with the admission that the department was rotten from top to bottom.

Max F. Schmittberger, a police captain, testified that he collected large sums from the gambling houses, brothels, and saloons of his district. He had to pay \$200 a month to his immediate superior, "Clubber" Williams, who was by this time Inspector Alexander S. Williams. Schmittberger, by his testimony, not only avoided a conviction but was retained in the department by the then chairman of the police board, Theodore Roosevelt.

During the investigation, William L. Strong, a liberal banker, was elected mayor on a fusion reform ticket. But on November 2, 1897, only two years after the investigation, a Tammany candidate, Robert A. Van Wyck, defeated Strong, and men and women snake-danced through the streets singing, "Well, well, well, reform has gone to hell."

While police alliance with gamblers was generally believed to be widespread during the years following the Lexow investigation, it was not until 1912 that another major scandal broke out. Rhinelander Waldo was police commissioner. Schmittberger was chief inspector of the department. Lieutenant Charles F. Becker was the officer in charge of the commissioner's vice squad — traditionally regarded as the most remunerative spot in the department for a dishonest cop. The commissioner had ordered Becker to make an effort to suppress the gambling houses that were in evidence throughout the city. On April 17, the Becker squad conducted a raid on an establishment on 45th Street owned by Herman Rosenthal, much to the annoyance of the gambler. What disturbed Rosenthal particularly was the fact that Becker had been levying tribute for years and even held a chattel mortgage on the raided premises.

Rosenthal called on the police commissioner and on Mayor William J. Gaynor and offered to produce proof that Becker was involved in the protection of organized gambling. When he was rebuffed, he sought out Charles S. Whitman, the district attorney of New York County.

Even before he saw the district attorney, Rosenthal was negotiating with the New York *World* to publish an affidavit in which he exposed Becker's role in organized gambling. Finally, on Saturday, July 13, the New York *World* announced that it would print Rosenthal's affidavit in its Sunday edition, which it did.

Whitman then issued subpoenas to Rosenthal and other prominent gamblers to testify before the Grand Jury. On Tuesday morning at 2 A.M., as Rosenthal emerged from the Hotel Metropole in Times Square, Gyp the Blood, a burglar, Lefty Louis, a pickpocket, Dago Frank, a burglar, and Whitey Lewis, a thief, put four slugs into his body and escaped in a cab that was waiting for them!

Seldom has New York been so aroused. Suspicion immediately focused on Lieutenant Becker. The district attorney pursued the investigation relentlessly and brought about the indictment of Lieutenant Becker and the four actual killers for murder in the first degree. There ensued two trials that were undoubtedly more publicized than any others in New York's history. Public opinion was sharply divided. Whitman presented evidence in the first trial before John D. Goff, who was now a judge of the Court of General Sessions. The jury found the lieutenant guilty of murder in the first degree. The wide acclaim that resulted from the successful prosecution spiraled Whitman to the governor's chair. The conviction was, however, reversed by the Court of Appeals.

A second trial was conducted before Supreme

Court Justice Samuel Seabury and again resulted in a conviction of murder in the first degree. Becker was sentenced to death and died in the electric chair.

Meantime, Samuel Seabury became a renowned judge of the Court of Appeals of the State of New York and later one of the most distinguished members of the New York bar. Scandal once again broke out in 1931, and Seabury was appointed counsel to a legislative investigation. While this was a broad investigation of municipal government, the police department was one of the main targets. Corruption was discovered, as usual, to center in the vice squads dealing with gambling and prostitution. One patrolman, James Quinlivan, was found to have deposited \$31,000 in five years, and his frugal wife to have banked \$57,744.67. A plain-clothes officer, Robert E. Morris, had saved more than \$50,000. When called upon for an explanation, Morris stated that he had won \$10,000 in gambling and that his Uncle George had given him some \$40,000. Unfortunately, Uncle George was dead and could not verify his nephew's statement.

The Seabury investigation was the most sweeping exposé in New York's history. It involved even city hall and brought about the resignation of the then mayor, James J. Walker. It resulted in another fusion reform administration, the administration of Fiorello H. La Guardia. La Guardia's term of office, from 1934 through 1945, is generally regarded as an era of unparalleled integrity in New York's municipal history. Nonetheless, corruption continued to flourish in connection with the police effort to curb gambling.

In the early 1940s, an investigation conducted by Special Prosecutor John Harlan Amen in Brooklyn revealed that gambling was widespread and led to the dismissal and forced resignation of scores of police officers, many of whom held high rank. A highlight of this investigation was photographs of police officers openly taking bribes from known gamblers.

In 1943, the New York City Department of Investigation raided a store in Harlem. For three years prior to the raid, the proprietor of the store had been conducting a policy (numbers) game as an incident to the operation of a grocery business. A ledger, which became known as the "little black book," was seized during the raid. The little black book contained entries of bribes paid to police officers. Each entry had the date, the name of the officer or officers, and a symbol to denote the payment, which varied in amount according to the rank of the police officer. The names of 111 officers of various ranks assigned to the police commands having jurisdiction over the store appeared in the ledger. These included more

than 90 per cent of the officers in principal police commands. There perhaps has never been a more graphic revelation of the universality of police corruption arising from the enforcement of the gambling laws.

And in 1950 the city was once again rocked by police scandal arising from the enforcement of gambling laws. The testimony of a bookmaker, Harry Gross, led to the indictment, conviction, dismissal, and resignation of scores of police officers of all ranks — easily the greatest shake-up in the city's police history. The investigation did much to discredit the administration of William O'Dwyer, a distinguished mayor who, contrary to popular impression, had personally worked more diligently than any of his predecessors to curb the corrupting influence of gambling on the police department.

MY PROFESSIONAL career has been almost entirely in the criminal law, as prosecutor, as chief magistrate, and as chief justice of the Court of Special Sessions. My experience with the enforcement of gambling and related laws has made me increasingly critical of the criminal process. I find myself substantially in agreement with President William Howard Taft, who characterized the criminal law as a disgrace to American civilization. I have had to ask myself the basic question: What is — or what should be — the criminal law?

The primary purpose of a code or a system of criminal law is to protect you and me in the security of our lives and property. But if you view the police effort in any of our major cities, you will gain the impression that the protection of human life and property is but a minor and incidental part of the police function.

Criminal law should deal primarily with such matters as murder, robbery, assault, arson, theft, burglary — crimes that threaten the security of our lives and property. Insofar as criminal law deals with other antisocial conduct, the police emphasis should be on prevention rather than detection and arrest.

As for gambling, I believe that existing anti-gambling laws are not only futile but mistaken in basic philosophy. I believe in the moral law. I believe that there is an objective norm of morality. But I do not believe that gambling is a violation of the moral law. Certainly the double standard that makes a bet at a race track morally and legally superior to one placed on a street corner is dubious, to say the least. Even if we grant that gambling is immoral, that it is a violation of the moral law, I question the wisdom of dealing with the problem by criminal or prohibitory legislation.

Gambling is essentially the poor person's means of satisfying a normal human instinct. It puts a spark in his daily existence — an important item when you think of the boredom and the lack of home life of the underprivileged. In a recent policy trial, the prosecutor sought to discredit a defense witness. To a question as to whether she ever played policy, the witness replied with commendable frankness: "Why, sure, man; everyone in Harlem play the numbers." The policy racket is reputed to be a billion dollar a year business. It has been estimated that the American public spends 20 billion dollars a year — most of it illegally — on horse races, football pools, slot machines, and the policy game.

I decry a Las Vegas, but I believe in the legalization of gambling under public control. Bring gambling out in the open. Give the public a chance to satisfy its desire. Then, by appropriate regulatory legislation, extend it in one direction or another, or confine it, as developments warrant.

My policy of strict enforcement of gambling laws does not reflect sympathy with existing laws but rather an attempt to cleanse the court of involvement in corruption and to bring the merits of these laws under broader public scrutiny, paving the way to their ultimate repeal.

In England, too, there is a long history of frustrated gambling legislation, dating back to the reign of King Henry VIII, in 1541. But even more than in the United States, the law in England has never conformed to the dictates of society and has not succeeded in changing a traditionally tolerant attitude toward gamblers. Betting has always enjoyed a kind of social status in British society. After next May, Britain's new Betting and Gaming Bill will permit across-the-counter cash bets on horses in licensed shops, shops in which racing information and odds will be posted on blackboards but in which music, television, and drinking will be prohibited as enticements to loitering. The vote for the bill in the House of Commons was 311 to 49. The decisiveness of the vote is an indication of the public acceptance of gambling in England. In the course of the debate in the House of Commons, J. Chester Ede, a former

Labor home secretary, brought an appropriate response when he declared:

"I do not believe gambling is a sin. I don't believe it is a crime. I believe it is a folly — and I speak from experience."

And after the laughter subsided, he added: "There is only one day I can recollect when I came home from Epsom Downs feeling that at last I had outwitted the tote."

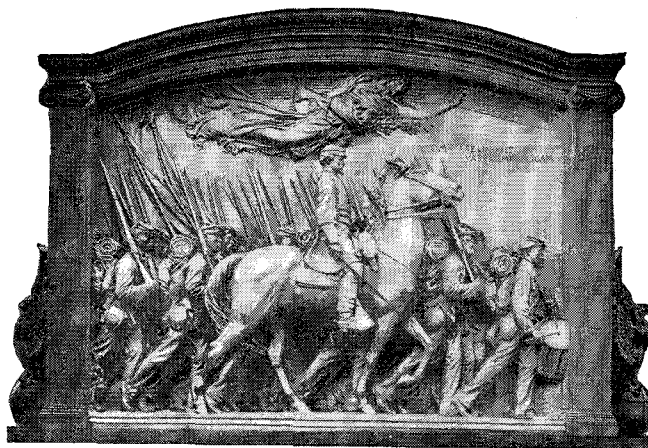
The new bill even has the approval of Dr. Geoffrey Fisher, the Archbishop of Canterbury, who feels that it may become a way to control a "great social evil."

Yet a similar proposal advanced by New York's present mayor, Robert F. Wagner, at the last two sessions of the state legislature has received little support. The mayor envisages a series of licensed betting parlors, with a "service" charge on bets. He frankly urges the idea as a revenue-producing device. I unqualifiedly endorse the mayor's proposal for the legalization of off-track betting, not alone in New York but throughout the nation.

I also endorse a government-operated lottery, such as that proposed by Congressman Paul A. Fino. The proposed lottery is very similar to the Irish Sweepstakes, the Mexican National Lottery, and the much newer French National Lottery. These have been operated by government agencies, without any breath of scandal. The major portion of the money taken in is paid out in prizes; the remainder is used on public health projects. Would not such a lottery provide some comparatively harmless sublimation for the game player's instinct? If the federal government does not want to enter the field, I see no reason why the city or the state should not.

The underworld is thriving on our hypocrisy and stupidity. So long as we persist in our efforts to end gambling by prohibitory legislation, we promote police corruption. Police honesty can never be a relative matter. Police corruption erodes the average citizen's respect for the law and makes him cynical about all law enforcement. We cannot continue to tolerate a partnership that invites corruption. And, yes, we owe it to the judiciary to end the existing judicial farce.

ROBERT LOWELL



FOR
THE
UNION
DEAD

Relinquant omnia servare rem publicam.

The old South Boston Aquarium stands
in a Sahara of snow now. Its broken windows are boarded.
The bronze weathervane cod has lost half its scales.
The airy tanks are dry.

Once my nose crawled like a snail on the glass;
my hand tingled
to burst the bubbles,
drifting from the noses of the cowed, compliant fish.

My hand draws back. I often sigh still
for the dark downward and vegetating kingdom
of the fish and reptile. One morning last March;
I pressed against the new barbed and galvanized

fence on the Boston Common. Behind their cage;
yellow dinosaur steam shovels were grunting
as they cropped up tons of mush and grass
to gouge their underworld garage.

Parking lots luxuriate like civic
sand piles in the heart of Boston.
A girdle of orange, Puritan-pumpkin-colored girders
braces the tingling Statehouse, shaking

over the excavations, as it faces Colonel Shaw
and his bell-checked Negro infantry
on St. Gaudens' shaking Civil War relief,
propped by a plank splint against the garage's earthquake.

Two months after marching through Boston,
half the regiment was dead;
at the dedication,
William James could almost hear the bronze Negroes breathe.

The monument sticks like a fishbone
in the city's throat.
Its colonel is as lean
as a compass needle.

He has an angry wrenlike vigilance,
a greyhound's gentle tautness;
he seems to wince at pleasure
and suffocate for privacy.

He is out of bounds. He rejoices in man's lovely,
peculiar power to choose life and die —
when he leads his black soldiers to death,
he cannot bend his back.

On a thousand small-town New England greens,
the old white churches hold their air
of sparse, sincere rebellion; frayed flags
quilt the graveyards of the Grand Army of the Republic.

The stone statues of the abstract Union Soldier
grow slimmer and younger each year —
wasp-waisted, they doze over muskets,
and muse through their sideburns.

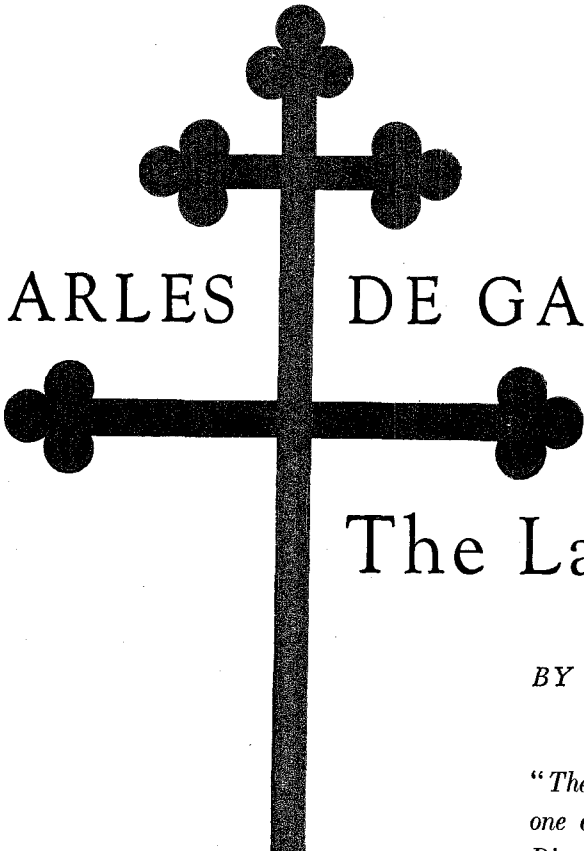
Shaw's father wanted no monument
except the ditch,
where his son's body was thrown
and lost with his "niggers."

The ditch is nearer.
There are no statues for the last war here;
on Boylston Street, a commercial photograph
showed Hiroshima boiling

over a Mosler Safe, "the Rock of Ages,"
that survived the blast. Space is nearer.
When I crouch to my television set,
the drained faces of Negro school children rise like balloons.

Colonel Shaw
is riding on his bubble,
he waits
for the blessed break.

The Aquarium is gone. Everywhere;
giant finned cars nose forward like fish;
a savage servility
slides by on grease.



CHARLES DE GAULLE

The Last Romantic

BY CURTIS CATE

LÉON NOËL, the former ambassador who is today president of the French Constitutional Court, enjoys recalling how one day during De Gaulle's exile from power he happened to be talking to some workers in an industrial suburb of Paris. Suddenly he switched the conversation to the General, whose admirer and friend he had long been. There was a moment of silence, and then, to his amazement, one of the workers pulled off his cap, and one after the other followed suit. It was as though the ghost of the "Grand Charles" had walked by in person, tearing from these free-thinking proletarians an unexpected, grudging gesture of respect.

This incident is typical of a career which has flouted every canon of political success in our vote-cajoling, demagogic age. Charles de Gaulle has always understood that the quest for immediate popularity and power is an essentially ephemeral pursuit and can at worst be a betrayal of a nation's trust. For a dozen years after World War II, he sat out the petty bickerings and intrigues of Paris parliamentarians. He lived in provincial simplicity on a colonel's meager pension in the little village of Colombey-les-Deux-Églises, not out of any love for the hermit's life but because he knew, with that mixture of prophetic genius and personal self-magnification which is so peculiarly his, that he must remain the undimmed mirror of his country's self-respect. Already in 1944, while the guns were still firing, he could announce to Pierre Bertaux, the Resistance leader: "I am retiring. I have a mission, and it is coming to an end. . . . France may still

"The facts may prove me wrong," Charles de Gaulle one day declared to his Finance Minister, Antoine Pinay, "but history will prove me right." To which M. Pinay replied: "But, mon Général, I thought history was written with facts." Today many of the facts are known, but President de Gaulle's ultimate historical destiny is as unpredictable as ever. CURTIS CATE, who represents the ATLANTIC in Europe, here probes the strengths and failings of one of the most complex Frenchmen of our times.

one day need an image that is pure. She must be left this image. If Joan of Arc had married, she would no longer have been Joan of Arc."

In these lapidary words, in which politics is implicitly treated as defiling and marriage as sullyng, is distilled the heroic, pathetic grandeur of a man whose philosophy owes as much to the inspiration of the classic French stage as to the mundane exigencies of twentieth-century politics. This philosophy is clearly the opposite of Dale Carnegie's: it is a gospel of heroic intransigency, not one of suppliant blandishment, and it is based on an ever-readiness to antagonize rather than on a relentless desire to please. To no other statesman of our time would it have occurred to preface a book on the art of leadership with this quotation from *Hamlet*: "Rightly to be great is . . . greatly to find quarrel in a straw." In his memoirs he recalls how Anthony Eden one day chided him on this singularly mulish gift: "Do you know that you have caused us more trouble than all the rest of our European allies?" "I do not doubt it," was the superb reply. "France is a great power."

It is characteristic of De Gaulle that he should have made a virtue of his notable lack of the usual political graces. He has none of the expansive charm of a Franklin Roosevelt nor the sweeping oratorical power of a Winston Churchill. He is better at writing speeches than making them, and his delivery, usually deliberate and unemphatic, is seldom more inspiring than a school-room lecture on the declension of Greek nouns. He lacks that personal bonhomie which is a prime political prerequisite in this democratic age, and he has, very likely, never slapped a back in his life. The statesman he most resembles, in his stiffness and in the intensity of his inner, prophetic vision, is doubtless Woodrow Wilson.

One of his classroom notebooks, preserved from the days when he was a nineteen-year-old cadet at the Military Academy of Saint-Cyr, contains this revealing quotation from a book, *Le Reveil de la Race*, written by an eccentric uncle: "In a camp surprised by a night attack, where each fights alone against the enemy, no one asks the rank of the one who raises the flag and utters the first rallying cry." Twenty years later, we find him, now an obscure major in the Defense Ministry, with his eyes still trained on the heights. "Nothing great is done without great men, and these are great because they willed it," he proclaims in *Le Fil de l'Épée*. "From adolescence on Disraeli accustomed himself to thinking like a Prime Minister. In Foch's classroom lessons the Generalissimo is already apparent."

What we encounter here is not simply a relentless ambition; it is a deliberate magnification of the ego, which has no French equivalent unless we go back to the Romantic Age, which made such a cult of what Sainte-Beuve called *l'exaltation du moi*. The turbulent France into which De Gaulle was born in 1890 seems to have impelled him early in his life toward the kind of inflated pride and inward-looking self-reliance typical of the Frenchmen of the chaotic post-Napoleonic years. Here was a country which had taken a disastrous second fling at being an empire, had lost a war, been amputated of a province; a land torn by the bitter feuds of monarchists and republicans, Catholics and anticlericals, militarists and pacifists, and held together by one aspiration: the reconquest of Alsace-Lorraine. Add to this the bitter disappointment an ardent young lieutenant must have felt at having to sit out most of the long-awaited War of Revenge in German prison camps; the disillusionment of having to witness the post-war repudiation of Clemenceau by his fellow politicians; the personal exasperation an ambitious military theorist must have suffered at having to endure the somnolence of the French general staff, entrenched behind the turrets of the Magi-

not Line, while the Germans adopted his own ideas of warfare, reoccupied the Rhineland, and undid every guarantee and protection France had fought and bled for in four terrible years of trench warfare — and it is possible to get a fair idea of the pressures which helped to forge one of the most exalted and determined egos of this century.

IN A report on his behavior which has been preserved at the École de Guerre in Paris, one of De Gaulle's instructors noted: "Looks like a king in exile." The author of this caustic comment could not have guessed that in less than a dozen years this haughty major would pick up the tattered mantle of French sovereignty and wrap himself in it as proudly and intransigently as any Bourbon proclaiming the divine right of kings. Nor could he foresee that once this mystic investiture had been accomplished, no power on earth could persuade him to relinquish it.

When, in August of 1944, De Gaulle made his triumphal entry into the Hôtel de Ville in Paris, one of his companions regretted that the windows were not open so that the General might receive the acclamations of the crowd massed outside to hail the re-establishment of the Republic. "It is unnecessary," the General answered calmly, "for the Republic has never ceased to exist. I was the Republic." Three years later he wrote to Léon Blum, Prime Minister for one month, to refuse the Médaille Militaire which the French government wished to confer on De Gaulle, as well as Roosevelt, Churchill, and Stalin, on the grounds that it was inconceivable that the French state, which he had "personified and directed" from June 18, 1940, to January 22, 1946, should decorate itself. Nor has the passage of time done anything to temper this monarchical pretension; in his televised speech of last January 29, which quelled the Algiers uprising, the old words crept back as naturally, as inevitably as though they were enunciating a self-evident truth: "By virtue of the mandate the French people have given me and of the national legitimacy I have incarnated for twenty years. . . ."

Taken literally, this can mean only one thing, and that is that the twenty-five governments which ruled France from February, 1946, to May, 1958, were illegitimate. And there can be little doubt that this is the General's intimate conviction. They were illegitimate because, though officially invested by parliamentary majorities and votes of confidence, they did not and could not faithfully express that exalted vocation, that "general will" which Charles de Gaulle is persuaded only he has the force of character, the perspicacity, and the prestige to define and implement.

To see in this simply a dictatorial pretension is to miss the pathetic irony in the conflict which lies at the heart of the General's political philosophy. For if Charles de Gaulle is destined to become a dictator, it can only be, as Molière would have depicted him, as a *Dictateur malgré lui*. There are two principles, two instincts, two natures within De Gaulle which have never been quite reconciled. On the one hand there is the man of letters, the son of an instructor of philosophy and history, who has a deep reverence for the literature of France and who believes, like Voltaire, in freedom of speech — that freedom of speech for which he offered a stirring apologia in his Bayeux speech of June, 1946. On the other hand there is the would-be man of action, the prophet, the "guide," as he designates himself in his memoirs, who, like Rousseau, bewails the crippling divisions of opinion which have so often paralyzed his country's politics, inhibited its foreign policy, and fatally undermined its prestige abroad.

The impatience the General has frequently displayed toward the French Assembly is not simply due to a personal unfamiliarity with and distaste for the rough-and-tumble of parliamentary life; it stems no less strongly from his deep-rooted conviction that it is here that France's "ferments of dispersion" find their most active and potentially destructive expression. It was for this reason that, immediately after the war, he adamantly opposed the re-establishment of an omnipotent French parliament. He rightly foresaw that in a country with such a spectrum of political opinion an omnipotent assembly was doomed to be impotent.

On this score we need have few doubts: the French Assembly's vote of last February which granted the government full powers to deal with the Algerian crisis was the logical outcome to a preordained development. It was, in fact, little more than a formality, for the French parliament had long ceased to be a really vital force in French politics; the legislature had surrendered to the executive. And we may be reasonably sure that should the Assembly ever dare to reassert its old prerogatives, De Gaulle would not hesitate to dissolve it and to call for new elections.

De Gaulle is too shrewd a judge of the temper of his people not to know that the suppression of freedom of expression in the press — it has already been seriously curtailed in the government-controlled radio and television — would plug a vital safety valve and provoke an explosion. But he is no less convinced that only he is endowed with sufficient elevation of vision to give the French that push, that "breath from the summits," as he calls it in his memoirs, which will pull them out of their national rut and forward and upward toward the fulfillment of that grandiose, cloud-

girt destiny he has not ceased to preach and prophesy.

ONE day, aboard the steamer *Caledonien*, which was carrying him from the French Antilles to Tahiti, the General offered his companions a rare glimpse into his youthful past: "When we were children," he reminisced, "we often played war. We had a fine collection of lead soldiers. My brothers would take different countries: Xavier had Italy; Pierre, Germany. Or they would swap around. Well, I, gentlemen, always had France!"

Charles de Gaulle's romance with France has undoubtedly been one of the great love affairs of this century, and it has exhibited all the blindness, the jealousy, the selfishness that a grand passion invariably engenders. During his twelve years of exile from power, he never once set foot on foreign soil, the only trips he made abroad being limited to French overseas possessions. It was not just that leaving the soil of France would have seemed to him a betrayal of his trust as the self-appointed guardian of French grandeur; but why be tempted to visit foreign countries when one has the good fortune to be a citizen of a universal land like France?

What foreigners have found unforgivable about this passion has been the General's consistent claim that France's greatness demands not only the acknowledgment of her traditional pre-eminence as the mistress of the mind, the arts, and of *haute couture*, but recognition, in every sense — politically, militarily, colonially — as a great power. Critics, both inside France and abroad, have ridiculed this pretension as a case of national megalomania, a pathetic effort to emulate the frog which, in La Fontaine's fable, wanted to blow itself up to the size of a bull. They have denounced the pretentiousness of the heavy franc; they have raved against the inanity of exploding a French atomic bomb, arguing, as Antoine Pinay argued against De Gaulle, that it represents an absurdly wasteful duplication of scientific effort, that any country with the money and the technicians, even Switzerland or Holland, could explode an atomic bomb if it so determined, and that the explosion, once it occurred, could only prove dramatically, conclusively, pathetically that "France is twenty-five years behind the United States." They might all just as well have been addressing a stone wall. For De Gaulle politics is not primarily the art of the possible; it is the art of the willed.

The General's view of France and the world is, indeed, no more than an amplification of his own personal creed. For him, life is essentially Darwinian. It is a never-ending struggle for the survival of the fittest, and the fittest are those pos-

sessed of the greatest will to assert themselves. "The iron rule of states," he writes in the third volume of his memoirs, "is to give nothing for nothing." No love is lost in this jungle of conflicting egotisms. Each state must, as in Machiavelli's *The Prince* (and De Gaulle is, in the profoundest sense, a Machiavellian), rely solely on itself for its survival and success. There is no use in counting on the friendship or generosity of any foreign country, not even of an ally like Britain, nor of a long-standing and generous friend like the United States, for the friendship or generosity that they may manifest is not disinterested and is exhibited first of all to promote their own various national interests.

It is an ancillary axiom with De Gaulle that different countries' interests vary, above all, according to the particular circumstances of their geography. There is a revealing sentence in his memoirs in which he remarks that the interests and policies of the United States, Britain, and France will never completely coincide; the United States, as a continent, always tending to think in terms of air power; Britain, as an island, in terms of naval power; and France, in terms of land power. This passing observation not only explains the General's persistent effort to get France accepted as a full-fledged member of the guiding triumvirate of the Western alliance; it also explains the emphasis he has placed on a *rapprochement* between France and Germany, a *rapprochement* which it would be a mistake to say he inaugurated, since it was inaugurated years ago by such eminent Europeans as Winston Churchill, Robert Schuman, and Jean Monnet, but which he has undoubtedly greatly furthered. This *rapprochement*, which may turn out to be De Gaulle's greatest contribution to the present international scene, has not been motivated by any sentimentality, or even by his admiration for the sterling qualities of Chancellor Adenauer, an ex-resister against Nazism like himself; it has been motivated quite simply by his realization that France and Germany, as the two most important territorial units of Western Europe, share the same fundamental vital interests, and thus are doomed, whether they like it or not, to live or die together.

It is the same line of reasoning which has led the General to anticipate the day when the United States will no longer wish to maintain an army in Europe; nor does he believe that it is healthy for a country like France to rely passively on others for its defense. It would be a miracle for the interests of the United States and of France always to coincide, and since at Suez the proof was dramatically afforded that they do not, France must be the mistress of her fleet in the Mediterranean.

Just as no human being becomes great without

constantly willing it, so no nation can become great, or even stay great, without a ceaseless exercise of the national will. It is because of the will to freedom of the people of Berlin that this bastion of liberty must be defended to the bitter end and that no concession must be made to Soviet pressure. It is on the collective will of the African peoples that the structure of the French Community reposes. Where, as in Algeria, a hostile will has manifested itself, it must be opposed by a counterwill, an Algerian will, which is nevertheless sympathetic to France. And if, as in France itself, no such will seems to exist, then it must be created and inculcated, if necessary, by artificial respiration.

SEVERAL months before his return to power in 1958, De Gaulle was visited by the journalist Jean-Raymond Tournoux. In the course of their conversation, the General recommended that his visitor ponder the passage in Roger Vailland's *La Loi* in which the retired officer and country landlord, Don Cesare, reflects on the "Portugalization" of his country:

One summer, on his way back from London and before taking the boat from Valencia to Naples, he had stopped off in Portugal. He had given much thought to the decline of this nation whose empire had once girdled the globe. He had come to know writers who wrote for no one; politicians who governed for the British; businessmen who were packing up their affairs in Brazil and living off small incomes in the towns and provinces, without aim in life. It had occurred to him that being born Portuguese was the worst of misfortunes. In Lisbon, for the first time, he had gotten to know a people who had lost interest.

Today, he thinks that the Italians, the French, and the English have lost interest, in their turn. Interest has emigrated toward the United States, Russia, China, India. He lives in a country that has disinterested itself, with the sole exception of the Northern provinces — but this is only an appearance, the Northern Italians, like the French, smothering their disinterest in the noise of their automobiles and scooters. The Italians and the French began to Portugalize themselves after the Second World War.

"For the moment," the General observed to Tournoux, in commenting on these paragraphs, "the French are thinking about their standard of living. This is not a national ambition. In the meantime, other peoples are thinking less about their standard of living, are conquering the world, and are conquering it without even having to fight for it. . . . The mainspring of a people is ambition," he continued. "France has successively had the ambition of the unity of its frontiers, the gospel of the Revolution, the domination of Europe, the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine, and finally, the

liberation. Today there is no collective ambition."

These words reveal an acute understanding of the dynamics of French history, and they conjure up that huge question mark which has long haunted the historical imagination of Charles de Gaulle: How is France to avoid such a "Portugualization" in its turn?

It is here that we first glimpse that gap between thought and action, between analysis and program, which has perhaps been the salient characteristic of the General's exalted experiment in romantic statesmanship. The analysis, here, as in virtually everything he has attempted, has been surer than the prescription; the diagnosis more pertinent than the cure. Try as he might, De Gaulle has never really managed to give this national ambition a clear definition or direction. For a while, together with his intellectual disciple, André Malraux, he toyed with the idea that as the Voltairian haven of the most unorthodox, heretical, and revolutionary ideas, France has the mission of providing a philosophical synthesis between East and West, between capitalist America and Communist Russia. But the tentative efforts that have been made, both after the war and, more recently, at the time of Khrushchev's visit to France, to implement this philosophy have done little to excite the imagination of the French people.

The General has also been much tempted by the idea that France has an African destiny. This is, almost certainly, a more realistic notion, and the Franco-African Community is, along with the new Constitution, one of De Gaulle's few concrete realizations since his return to power. But just what the future of this Community is likely to be is a mystery, and here, too, in the face of practical difficulties, the ideal has tended to dissolve in a mist of Gallic skepticism.

Still, the General is persuaded, the country must be galvanized, the national heart stimulated, the people exhorted, even if it is not quite clear what the exhortation is for. This is the explanation for that often vapid and pompous grandiloquence which has characterized many of his speeches, an oratorical style relying heavily on what an irreverent critic, Jean-François Revel, has aptly called the use of "hyperbolic truisms."

"We are the great, the only, the unique French people," he declares at Vichy on April 18, 1958. "France is on the march toward a great destiny," he informs the population of Nevers on April 17, 1959. "All France, the whole world is witness to the proof which Mostaganem has brought us today, that all the Frenchmen of Algeria are the same Frenchmen," he proclaims to his Algerian public on June 6, 1958. These rhetorical incantations are employed to make the people of France and of the French Community feel that in some

mysterious way they are embarked on an exalted enterprise and that in some glorious, though intangible, way, France is climbing out of the abyss and toward the "heights" — a favorite De Gaulle word. Though the precise geography of these heights is misty, what matters is momentum.

After the war there were Frenchmen, like Jean Monnet and Robert Schuman, who thought that the one cause which could enlist general enthusiasm in France and transcend the sterile doctrinal quarrels of the past was the creation of a United States of Europe. De Gaulle refused to lend his prestige to this undertaking, not only because of his military conviction that all patriotism is essentially local and that without patriotic fervor nothing worth while can be accomplished; not only because he saw in European integration a threatened leveling of all those national, provincial, and cultural diversities which have been the source of the peculiar richness of European civilization; but also because he detected in the establishment of a European executive and parliament a threat to that national sovereignty which he had so jealously and intransigently assumed in June of 1940, an inadmissible intrusion on his private, passionate love affair with France.

Had the General remained in power after 1946, it is quite conceivable that he would have done nothing to oppose the establishment of the Steel and Coal Community or, later, the European Common Market. As early as 1946 De Gaulle was talking about the need to "organize Europe" and, more specifically, to create a "Western bloc" comprising the present members of the Common Market, with the addition of Spain. The political and economic pressures resulting from the crippling divisions of Western Europe vis-à-vis the monolithic Soviet bloc would almost certainly have forced him along this path. Those who were apprehensive that he would take France out of NATO and the Common Market overlooked a cardinal tenet in his political philosophy — that France, or any nation, must respect its international treaties. It was because the Pétain government unilaterally abrogated the solemn wartime pledges made to Britain by its predecessor that De Gaulle raised the standard of revolt in 1940. He did not need to be told that if France were to repeat this performance in 1958 or 1959 by walking out of NATO or the Common Market, no one could ever take the word of a French government seriously again.

THE new Constitution which De Gaulle pushed through in the summer of 1958 has momentarily given France a more stable form of government. The Debré ministry, which has already lasted

longer than any of the twenty-five previous French governments, would, under the Constitution of the Fourth Republic, already have foundered. This longevity has given France a rank in the international councils of the world that it has not enjoyed since the days of Clemenceau and Poincaré; yet this standing is essentially precarious, simply because beneath a surface mask of tranquillity the French body politic is in a state of unrest which only the tall, commanding figure of Charles de Gaulle has kept under control. Now, as in former times, France is living from day to day.

The cause of this unrest is the problem of Algeria. We may well have to leave it to future historians to determine whether in the summer of 1958 it was still possible to wrench some peaceful settlement of the Algerian imbroglio with a minimum of bloodshed. But it already seems clear that the General complicated an arduous task by the hesitations he displayed in tackling the problem. Instead of forming a government primarily designed to deal with the Algerian crisis, he composed one which seemed more tailored for business as usual. The inclusion in it of such familiar hold-overs from the Fourth Republic as Guy Mollet and Pierre Pflimlin, the stubborn Alsatian whose ill-guarded suggestion of negotiating with the rebel organization had precipitated the Algiers *putsch*, destroyed any illusion that the new government — “one half graveyard, one half administration,” as André Malraux aptly described it — might represent a clean slate. It seemed designed to proclaim that the new regime wished not to break with the hated *système* but to perpetuate it.

The key Ministry of Defense was entrusted to a technocrat, Pierre Guillaumat, only too well known for his sympathies for Mendès-France, the French politician most hated by the army. This was an open challenge to the military rebels in Algiers, and it immediately aggravated the already difficult task of overcoming local resistance and of re-establishing the authority of the Paris government on the other side of the Mediterranean. To compensate for this appointment, De Gaulle was forced to offer the key Ministry of Information to Jacques Soustelle, one of the principal plotters of the May 13 uprising, who did not hesitate to use his office to give the General's Algerian policies an extremely tendentious and at times deliberately fallacious interpretation. In a similarly offhand manner, De Gaulle offered the premiership to Michel Debré, who has probably outdone Soustelle in trying to torpedo the General's efforts to obtain a negotiated settlement of the Algerian problem. The present administration has thus degenerated into a private civil war fought out between two clans, one faithful to De Gaulle and the other to Debré and the “ultras.”

This almost studied carelessness in the choice of his political associates is the General's cardinal failing as a statesman. Administrative questions and problems of execution are irksome to him. “I always take the most elevated point of view,” he one day explained to René Mayer, the former Premier. “It is the least encumbered.” “I never concern myself with the quartermasters. It's their job to follow,” he declared on another occasion. In itself, this unconcern would not be too damaging — for it is a fact that De Gaulle has managed to enlist two able Finance Ministers to help him — were it not accompanied by such a disdain for problems of human administration. It seems to be De Gaulle's conviction that the privilege of serving under his orders is enough to transform the most humdrum politician or unqualified bureaucrat into a loyal and effective leader of men. When Paul Delouvrier, a financial expert who had no qualifications for the job, was invited to become Delegate General in Algiers and dared to suggest that he was not big enough for the post, he was promptly silenced. “You will grow,” was the General's Olympian commandment.

IN FAILING to put together a government primarily designed to deal energetically with the Algerian crisis when he took office in 1958, the General no doubt feared, as he had feared in 1945, that a period of authoritarian rule would be denounced on all sides as a form of Gaullist dictatorship. Yet it now seems clear that it would have been wiser to have taken this risk than to allow the situation to drift along aimlessly in a strange twilight mood. Thanks to this indecision, the General allowed the enthusiasm generated on both sides of the Mediterranean in May and June of 1958 to congeal at a time when he could have demanded considerable sacrifices from his people for a more intensive prosecution of the war, as for a bolder pursuit of the peace. So slow and ineffective was he in imposing the authority of his government over the dissidents that he allowed General Salan, who had as many enemies as friends in Algiers, to remain in charge of the Algerian military apparatus for more than six months, and when he finally succeeded in removing this devious political general, he could find no one better to replace him than an Air Force general totally lacking in prestige.

De Gaulle's early trips to Algeria — the first that any French Prime Minister had dared to make to this turbulent land since Guy Mollet's disastrous reception of February, 1956 — served the essential purpose of demonstrating the unique prestige enjoyed by the “great white Marabout of peace,”

as the General was then known to many Algerian Muslims. His visits to the army in the field, whom he found full of bellicose ardor and fired with a positively missionary zeal for the building of a new Algeria in which Muslims would enjoy equal rights with Europeans, inevitably awoke a nostalgic echo in a man who has always regarded the French army as the chief instrument of France's glory and the guardian of its patriotic flame. He retained sufficient *sang-froid* to avoid, save in one speech, endorsing the cabalistic slogan "*Algérie Française*," thus clearly intimating that he had serious reservations about the feasibility of turning Algeria into a land of ten million Frenchmen. At the same time, he met the apostles of integration more than halfway by declaring that Algeria's Muslims must become "equal-sharing Frenchmen" and by allowing them to advance their cause on the terrain of deeds. The Constitution of the Fifth Republic, which did not mention Algeria, made it clear by implication that Algeria's departments were simply a trans-Mediterranean extension of metropolitan France, a status which was confirmed when the population of Algeria was invited to take part in the September referendum and to elect some seventy deputies to the new National Assembly in Paris. The fact that two thirds of these had to be Muslims could not mask the truth that this was integration in everything but name.

The General's Algerian policy was henceforth in open contradiction with his African policy, which he had founded on the right of self-determination. Any attempt to adopt a policy other than that of integration was now bound to demand either a revision of the Constitution or, as has in fact happened, a bland disregard for the Constitution. Naturally, these measures were interpreted by the rebel leadership in Tunis as a victory for Jacques Soustelle and the partisans of a French Algeria, and they reacted to them, first by declaring a boycott of the September 28 referendum and then by establishing a provisional government in exile, a fateful move which was bound to hamstring all subsequent attempts to reach a meeting of minds between Tunis and Paris.

Everything De Gaulle has done since then has been a prolonged endeavor to escape the implications and to reverse the tides of this policy. His refusal to clarify his own position on the Algerian question created a vacuum in the election of November, 1958, into which rushed the vociferous champions of Algerian integration. Since the Sphinx would not speak, they would speak for it. The result was that incredible spectacle of a raggle-taggle caravan of genuine Gaullists, die-hard chauvinists, and carpetbagging camp followers who rode into the Assembly brandishing the tricolor of integration and noisily proclaiming their

eternal love of General de Gaulle, and the no less incredible dismay evinced by the General before the sweeping success of his own supporters.

As the General could not repudiate his own followers overnight, ten months had to pass before he could finally undertake to make it clear, as he did in a speech in September, 1959, that the future of Algeria must be settled by the Algerians themselves in a free vote. Even then, four more months and an abortive *putsch* in Algiers were needed to force him to come out definitely and to state what had been his conviction all along: that the Muslims are not Bretons or Alsations (a phrase he had used long before his return to power), that Algerian integration was a utopian hope, and that the only feasible solution was an Algeria associated with France. In retrospect, it seems clear that he missed a historic opportunity in the autumn of 1958, immediately after his impressive referendum triumph of September, in not inviting the Sultan of Morocco and Bourguiba of Tunisia to Paris to help lay the groundwork for a possible long-term solution of the Algerian problem along federal Swiss or Lebanese lines, which he could have taken to the country for approval in the elections of that November and which he might eventually have been able to negotiate with the rebel leaders in Tunis.

Such an initiative might well have precipitated an uprising in Algiers similar to that which was touched off last January by the removal of General Massu; but there can be little doubt today that the great mass of the French people and a sizable portion of the army would have reacted to such an event as they did last January — by lining up behind De Gaulle. The General would have gained a whole year that was dissipated in ambiguous statements and governmental cross-purposes, which have had the unfortunate result, with the Muslims in Algeria and with the F.L.N. leaders in Tunis, of gravely weakening his prestige and the belief in his liberal intentions.

NO CONCEIVABLE course of action could have been exempt of risk. It must also be said, in the General's defense, that the Arab rebels have done little to aid him in a thankless task. One of the tragedies of the Algerian conflict is that it has been unable to produce a Makarios, still less a Bourguiba, invested with the prestige needed to channel the destructive forces of a savage revolt toward a feasible diplomatic or political solution; all it has brought forth is an insecure leadership, which has usually been too frightened to meet De Gaulle halfway or to renounce publicly its murderous vendetta with the rival Muslim independence movement of Messali Hadj, for fear of being

denounced as selling out to the enemy by the combatants in the field.

And so today the task of ending an interminable war is heaped more than ever on the lonely head of Charles de Gaulle. Destiny seems to have decreed that he must carry his country's cross to an end which is more likely to be bitter than glorious. This spectacle has in it some of the inexorability of Greek tragedy, as though the avenging Furies were not to be cheated of the vengeance they would wreak on this egregious mortal for his overweening ambition.

"This is my home," he writes in the last, lyrical pages of his memoirs, where he describes his post-war retreat to the little rustic village of Colombey-les-Deux-Églises. "In the tumult of men and events, solitude was my temptation. Now it is my friend. With what other should one content oneself when one has made a rendezvous with history?"

These solemn words were premature, for that exalted encounter is not yet finished. Nor can one say for sure just how it will end. But should it end in tragedy, it will be more than one man's lot; it will be that of an entire people. For, in his heroic failings as in his virtues, Charles de Gaulle is typical of France. He is the product of a hyper-intellectual country whose entire educational system for the past two generations has been geared to the hothouse cultivation of "thinking reeds."

It has been France's peculiar lot — not once, but twice in two decades — to have brought forth in the supreme hour of need not a leader of men, but a man of ideas; not a practical politician, like a Clemenceau or a Churchill, but a visionary seer; not a man of action, but a man of the mind, who by an awesome effort of will made himself into a man of the sword.

"Nothing enhances authority more than silence. . . . Prestige cannot exist without mystery," De Gaulle could write some thirty years ago. Though it was the example of the great Napoleon which inspired this reflection in *Le Fil de l'Épée*, it is clear that this is essentially a theatrical prescription for inspiring awe and hero worship. The General's predilection for lofty, sibylline statements, the deliberately Bourbonic pomp with which he has invested his presidential functions at the Elysée Palace, and above all, his systematic refusal to sully his hands with petty problems of human administration — all are characteristic expressions of a romantic's philosophy of government; a philosophy which probably owes less to the practical counsels offered in Cardinal Richelieu's *Political Testament* than to the heroic models of Corneille and Racine, whose stately Alexandrines De Gaulle is so fond of quoting.

Only too often, indeed, it has seemed as though for the General the art of political leadership

was not so much a matter of action as of representation, less a question of energetic decision than of dramatic presence. It is this tendency to view his office as essentially ceremonious and symbolic which has caused the General's numerous critics — and they include Frenchmen as experienced and astute as Pierre Mendès-France and the political economist Raymond Aron — to diagnose him as a master of political camouflage. For France's long-term problems, he has provided not genuine solutions but tranquilizing palliatives. The Algerian problem continues to fester, and in the bellicose climate it engenders, all sorts of evils and abuses continue virtually unchecked, from torture and intimidation in Algeria to utterly arbitrary seizures of critical newspapers and weeklies in Paris. The new Constitution is so full of ambiguities and contradictions that, though unquestionably an improvement over its predecessor, it is not expected to outlast the man for whom it was tailor-made. The French Community, which the General launched in a rather precipitous fashion and on the risky assumption that it could be established prior to and apart from a solution of the Algerian question, has all but burst apart at the seams.

Even France's economic and financial stability owes as much to the programs and initiatives undertaken by governments which immediately preceded De Gaulle's — notably Felix Gaillard's program as Finance Minister and Jean Monnet's trip to Washington in January of 1958 — as to the orthodox financial policies which Antoine Pinay imposed on a General who has always been socialistically inclined in his economic beliefs. So, too, the exploitation of the oil of the Sahara and the development of an atomic bomb owe their realization, at least in part, to earlier governments' initiatives. Only in the foreign, and particularly European, field — and this is the one area of government in which De Gaulle is truly interested — has the General given France's policy a personal impulse, direction, and steadfastness of purpose worthy of a Clemenceau or a Richelieu.

We can only hope that the Cassandras are being too somber in their pessimistic predictions. But often of an evening, when De Gaulle can escape to the sylvan quiet of his beloved Champagne, the suspicion may arise in the mind of this essentially diffident, introverted man that the motto he chose as a preface for his little gospel of leadership some thirty years ago ("Rightly to be great is . . . greatly to find quarrel in a straw") might one day be destined, by a cruel twist of fate, to receive a mocking echo in this no less Hamletian postscript:

The time is out of joint; O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!



"Family Group"

Henry Moore

THE COURAGE OF THE YOUNG

BY MILLICENT C. McINTOSH

President of Barnard College since 1952, MILLICENT C. McINTOSH started her career as a teacher, first at Rosemary Hall and then at Bryn Mawr. She was headmistress of the Brearley School for seventeen years before becoming Dean of Barnard College in 1947. Wife of a doctor and mother of five, she knows intimately the problems that challenge young married students today.

THE impulse to criticize the young in our complex, guilt-ridden age has attained a new intensity. To implement our complaints we have used the press, the modern magazine, the psychologist, and the academic survey. We have uttered and published many words of analysis, of despairing comment and complacent conclusion. Perhaps we should first try to understand the framework in which our children have grown up.

We seem to forget that we have lived through a revolution in manners and morals as well as in world politics. Those of us who were brought up in the first quarter of the century have our roots in a universe now obsolete. My own youth was spent in a world of secure values, social, political, and religious. We were trained to believe in progress, in the absolute nature of right and wrong, in our responsibility to work for social justice and peace. It was not until after World War I that we began to be aware of the weakening of the pillars on which our world was sustained.

One great disenchantment after another came to my "virtuous" and rather smug generation. The realization that the world had not been made safe for democracy by the war produced a tremendous disillusionment; this was enhanced by the loss of faith in the meaning of absolute right and wrong, as a result of the advancement of science and the Freudian ethic. Our carefully brought-up young people threw over the traces, abandoned

their religious beliefs, and took to hip flasks, raccoon coats, and jalopies. Our economy collapsed in 1929, and during the thirties many marriages ended in the divorce courts. The Depression, World War II, the development of the atomic bomb, and the rise of the Soviet Union to power — this desperate succession of events has brought the twentieth century to a terrible climax.

Into this world have been born our present teenagers, our college students, and our young married couples. There is little wonder that they look at life differently from the way we did. Will their behavior prove to be sound in building personality and family life, or will it result in emotional disaster and will their marriages end in divorce? Is it true that young people have few moral and religious ideals and that they are interested only in pleasure, security, and a comfortable life? Are they poorly educated, lacking in initiative, and unwilling to take responsibility in these difficult times?

Let us consider the last and the simplest of these questions. Young Americans from twenty to thirty are, in my opinion, better educated than their elders, even though they have not studied as much Latin and many of them cannot spell. They have read more about a wider variety of subjects; they have traveled more; they know more kinds of people and have a greater understanding of other economic and social groups and of other countries.

Sculpture from collection Museum of Modern Art, New York. A. Conger Goodyear Fund.

in European literature, of nothing, except by hearsay, in the century. They know classical philosophy, and at the least are acquainted with the Middle and Far East. They travel by airplane and on foot; they hitchhike (even the girls) throughout Europe; they live in youth hostels and rub elbows with young people from all over the world.

When the present undergraduate receives an A.B. degree in the United States, he has submitted to infinitely more rigorous standards than did his parents. It is often much harder for him to get into college; and in order to graduate, he has usually met a more stringent set of requirements — in foreign languages, in general education, in science, and in specialized or honors work in his major. At our best institutions the gentleman's C is not regarded with favor; if a boy begins to waste his college years in pleasant and idle living, he may be asked to leave or, at best, to stay out of college for a year, so that he can grow up to his academic potentialities.

What about the undergraduate's social attitudes during this period? Have he and his fellows a sense of responsibility toward other people, and do they show any desire to build a better world? Many people think No; I would say Yes, but their desire is very different from the complacent one felt by their parents, when young, to uplift the unfortunate.

Our children are not content with a legal framework which is designed to establish an equitable framework for society. To them it is intolerable that there should be people who are starving, or ill-clothed, or discriminated against because of their race or their economic background. There is ample evidence of their concern: in intercollegiate conferences, held on a far more mature level than we as students could ever attain; in student work camps in underprivileged areas over the world; in picket lines protesting injustice to Negro students at lunch counters in the South. It is doubtful whether many of my generation, caught in the grips of fraternity snobbishness, would have been willing to demand the right to exercise freedom from discrimination, or would have withdrawn from national organizations when this freedom was not given.

THE most striking changes in the mores of the young lie in the area of sex relations. The older generation are deeply concerned about these because they seem to threaten the basis of our society. They challenge our fixed standards of morality and establish new marriage patterns.

Perhaps we have not sufficiently understood the

origins of these changed modes of behavior. World War II at its close brought not peace of mind but increased agitation and insecurity. With the rapid post-war acceleration of our industrial output, improved standards of living made possible more automobiles, more alcohol, and more television sets for millions of families. The swift development of suburban life resulted in new communities, populated by people who had made money fast and who did not know how to use it responsibly. The continuation of the draft and the fearful impact of the Korean War brought to all young Americans an acute sense of insecurity about the future.

From this background of increasing materialism and underlying fear, it was inevitable that drastic changes should emerge in the behavior of the rising generation. The parents who had grown up between 1910 and 1940 did little to discipline or aid their children. Their philosophy of parenthood has often been characterized by extreme permissiveness, induced by their reactions to their own strict upbringing and by current teachings of child psychology. The schools throughout the country have been of very little help, because in the last twenty-five years they have emphasized individual growth and development rather than discipline of the student in accordance with academic requirements and standards.

Who could blame a mother who, in the early fifties, saw eligible young men being snatched away by the draft and who encouraged her high school daughter to collect and hang on to a young man her own age or a little older? Who could blame the young people themselves? In many cases they were brought up in families where they were given no fine parental example and no teaching about moral or religious standards of personal behavior. Encouraged in both high school communities and in college by the ubiquitousness of alcohol, plenty of ready money, and the availability of motels, a number of young people inevitably went the limit and then decided that the simplest way out of their problems was to marry as soon as possible.

In our concern about this group, we often forget the many normal healthy young people who marry young for quite different reasons. Life has matured them early, and the world situation presses heavily upon them. The increase in college education for women has resulted in a new partnership between undergraduates, based on common intellectual interests. They have many more opportunities than we had to find a congenial mate while they are still students. And so they marry immediately after graduation, or sometimes before, setting up households and even having children before they finish their education.

What attitude can we take toward these changes that will be reasonable and helpful? I cannot be sorry that young people are taking life into their own hands and living it to the full. One may wish with Margaret Mead that they could have their college years free for study, discussion, and reading; that they would not so early, in such large numbers, assume the burdens of establishing homes and families. Especially for husbands and wives who are training for professions, exceptional hardships are clearly in the offing. But there is ample proof that married undergraduates do not allow their work to suffer because of their additional responsibilities. In 1939 at Barnard there were two married girls in the graduating class; last year there were 51 in a class of 305. A study of the married girls among the honors students, the fellowship recipients, and the Phi Beta Kappas would silence any skeptics who feel that marriage has adverse effects on academic achievement.

Those of us who know many young married college graduates are even more impressed by them than by the married undergraduates. Somehow, with small children, no domestic help, and very little money, these young couples manage supremely well. Even when one or both are still in graduate or professional school, they run their homes and meet their tuition fees on the funds their parents have given them to pay for their education. Or if they cannot count on parental allowances, they solve their financial problems by working part time. The wives often manage in an afternoon or two to continue with their studies or their professions. They are gay, vigorous, and resourceful; their cultural interests put their elders to shame, as anyone can testify who visits a classical record shop, goes to an exhibit of paintings, or attends an off-Broadway show. They read Camus, Berthold Brecht, and Kirkegaard; they exhaust the editions of contemporary poets. At the same time, their children are relaxed, friendly, healthy, and better disciplined than were our families. Their homes — and they themselves — are comfortable and attractive.

May we say, then, that, after all, the younger generation are building a new kind of marriage and a new morality? Even though we may not approve of many of their customs and patterns of behavior, we must recognize that they are more realistic, more honest, and actually more courageous than we were. Their sex ethics are founded on knowledge instead of ignorance; they are honest rather than hypocritical. Moreover, I know many individuals who have the highest possible personal standards, even though they may tolerate in their fellows deviations from these standards.

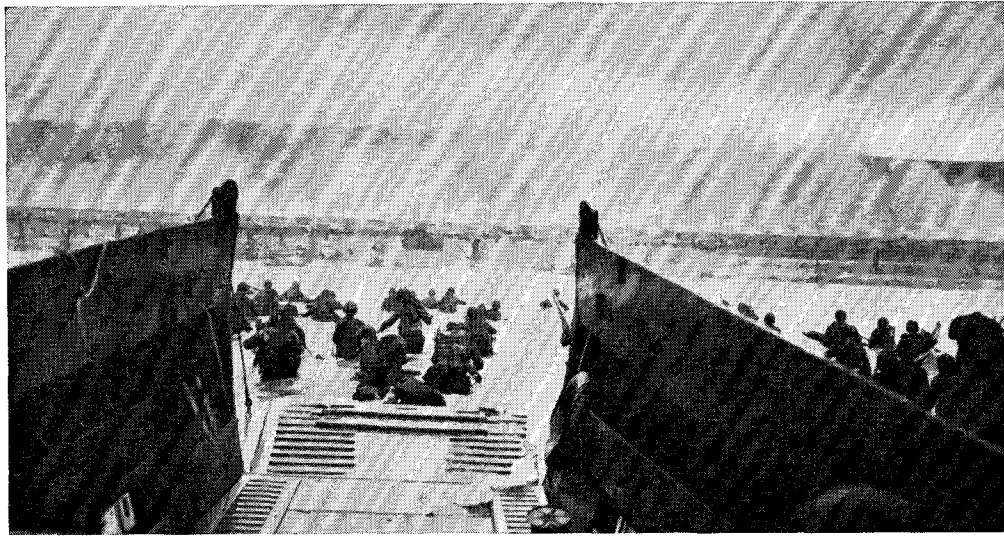
Many people who read current literature,

especially books written by the Beats and the Angry Young Men in England, are convinced that there is no interest among young people in a religious approach to life. The New York Times, in its review of Jack Kerouac's last book, quotes the author's autobiographical essay: "I Don't Know. I Don't Care. And It Doesn't Make Any Difference." Mr. Kerouac's own books deny this statement, however, in the restless search of his characters for something different, something more satisfying. They may not know, but they do care, and it does make a difference. And the most famous writer of the fifties, Camus, after facing all the weaknesses of human nature, came through with a deep conviction of the moral nature of man's struggle to realize himself.

So the undergraduate's new approach to religion is founded on disillusionment, on a realization of man's weakness and conflict, but on a determination to find his own solution of his relation to destiny and to God. Each student will do this in his own way; and I can only say that his problem is both more difficult and easier than ours was. We were walking along the edge of a chasm without knowing it was there. Today the young stand at the bottom, with no way to go but up. Instead of ignoring the instincts that can make for evil and disaster, they are willing to face them; but as Erich Fromm points out in his book *Man for Himself*, they know that the other-seeking, loving, idealistic part of them is equally real and cannot be denied. They have lived all their lives surrounded by the tragedies of human weakness and greed, but they are not afraid. They insist on meeting life on its own terms, and they expect no utopias and only such happiness as they can create within their own personal lives. They cannot tolerate injustice; and they can be quickly roused to indignation against those who profess one thing and do another.

Many of them have a strong religious faith, but they have little sympathy with narrow denominationalism. They are attracted by the mysticism of the East, and while some have found comfort and peace in ritual, they tend to discount the importance of dogma. Even those who are devout Christians or Jews are often unwilling to accept the assumption that their religion contains an exclusive revelation of man's relation to God. Most of all, belief must relate to the realities of life as they know it.

We must indeed feel humble in the face of what we have done to make the world impossible for the young. We may also be astonished by their ability to find their own way to build happy lives for themselves and for the world of which they soon will be the leaders.



First Wave at Omaha Beach

BY S. L. A. MARSHALL *When he was promoted to officer rank at eighteen, S. L. A. MARSHALL was the youngest shavetail in the United States Army during World War I. He rejoined the Army in 1942, became a combat historian with the rank of colonel; and the notes he made at the time of the Normandy landing are the source of this heroic reminder. Readers will remember his frank and ennobling book about Korea, THE RIVER AND THE GAUNTLET, which was the result of still a third tour of duty.*

UNLIKE what happens to other great battles, the passing of the years and the retelling of the story have softened the horror of Omaha Beach on D Day.

This fluke of history is doubly ironic since no other decisive battle has ever been so thoroughly reported for the official record. While the troops were still fighting in Normandy, what had happened to each unit in the landing had become known through the eyewitness testimony of all survivors. It was this research by the field historians which first determined where each company had hit the beach and by what route it had moved inland. Owing to the fact that every unit save one had been mislanded, it took this work to show the troops where they had fought.

How they fought and what they suffered were also determined in detail during the field research. As published today, the map data showing where the troops came ashore check exactly with the work done in the field; but the accompanying narrative describing their ordeal is a sanitized version of the original field notes.

This happened because the Army historians who wrote the first official book about Omaha

Beach, basing it on the field notes, did a calculated job of sifting and weighting the material. So saying does not imply that their judgment was wrong. Normandy was an American victory; it was their duty to trace the twists and turns of fortune by which success was won. But to follow that rule slights the story of Omaha as an epic human tragedy which in the early hours bordered on total disaster. On this two-division front landing, only six rifle companies were relatively effective as units. They did better than others mainly because they had the luck to touch down on a less deadly section of the beach. Three times that number were shattered or foundered before they could start to fight. Several contributed not a man or bullet to the battle for the high ground. But their ordeal has gone unmarked because its detail was largely ignored by history in the first place. The worst-fated companies were overlooked, the more wretched personal experiences were toned down, and disproportionate attention was paid to the little element of courageous success in a situation which was largely characterized by tragic failure.

The official accounts which came later took

Photograph courtesy of Wide World Photos.

their cue from this secondary source instead of searching the original documents. Even such an otherwise splendid and popular book on the great adventure as Cornelius Ryan's *The Longest Day* misses the essence of the Omaha story.

In everything that has been written about Omaha until now, there is less blood and iron than in the original field notes covering any battalion landing in the first wave. Doubt it? Then let's follow along with Able and Baker companies, 116th Infantry, 29th Division. Their story is lifted from my fading Normandy notebook, which covers the landing of every Omaha company.

ABLE COMPANY riding the tide in seven Higgins boats is still five thousand yards from the beach when first taken under artillery fire. The shells fall short. At one thousand yards, Boat No. 5 is hit dead on and foundered. Six men drown before help arrives. Second Lieutenant Edward Gearing and twenty others paddle around until picked up by naval craft, thereby missing the fight at the shore line. It's their lucky day. The other six boats ride unscathed to within one hundred yards of the shore, where a shell into Boat No. 3 kills two men. Another dozen drown, taking to the water as the boat sinks. That leaves five boats.

Lieutenant Edward Tidrick in Boat No. 2 cries out: "My God, we're coming in at the right spot, but look at it! No shingle, no wall, no shell holes, no cover. Nothing!"

His men are at the sides of the boat, straining for a view of the target. They stare but say nothing. At exactly 6:36 A.M. ramps are dropped along the boat line and the men jump off in water anywhere from waist deep to higher than a man's head. This is the signal awaited by the Germans atop the bluff. Already pounded by mortars, the floundering line is instantly swept by crossing machine-gun fires from both ends of the beach.

Able Company has planned to wade ashore in three files from each boat, center file going first, then flank files peeling off to right and left. The first men out try to do it but are ripped apart before they can make five yards. Even the lightly wounded die by drowning, doomed by the waterlogging of their overloaded packs. From Boat No. 1, all hands jump off in water over their heads. Most of them are carried down. Ten or so survivors get around the boat and clutch at its sides in an attempt to stay afloat. The same thing happens to the section in Boat No. 4. Half of its people are lost to the fire or tide before anyone gets ashore. All order has vanished from Able Company before it has fired a shot.

Already the sea runs red. Even among some of the lightly wounded who jumped into shallow water the hits prove fatal. Knocked down by a bullet in the arm or weakened by fear and shock, they are unable to rise again and are drowned by the onrushing tide. Other wounded men drag themselves ashore and, on finding the sands, lie quiet from total exhaustion, only to be overtaken and killed by the water. A few move safely through the bullet swarm to the beach, then find that they cannot hold there. They return to the water to use it for body cover. Faces turned upward, so that their nostrils are out of water, they creep toward the land at the same rate as the tide. That is how most of the survivors make it. The less rugged or less clever seek the cover of enemy obstacles moored along the upper half of the beach and are knocked off by machine-gun fire.

Within seven minutes after the ramps drop, Able Company is inert and leaderless. At Boat No. 2, Lieutenant Tidrick takes a bullet through the throat as he jumps from the ramp into the water. He staggers onto the sand and flops down ten feet from Private First Class Leo J. Nash. Nash sees the blood spurting and hears the strangled words gasped by Tidrick: "Advance with the wire cutters!" It's futile; Nash has no cutters. To give the order, Tidrick has raised himself up on his hands and made himself a target for an instant. Nash, burrowing into the sand, sees machine-gun bullets rip Tidrick from crown to pelvis. From the cliff above, the German gunners are shooting into the survivors as from a roof top.

Captain Taylor N. Fellers and Lieutenant Benjamin R. Kearfoot never make it. They had loaded with a section of thirty men in Boat No. 6 (Landing Craft, Assault, No. 1015). But exactly what happened to this boat and its human cargo was never to be known. No one saw the craft go down. How each man aboard it met death remains unreported. Half of the drowned bodies were later found along the beach. It is supposed that the others were claimed by the sea.

Along the beach, only one Able Company officer still lives — Lieutenant Elijah Nance, who is hit in the heel as he quits the boat and hit in the belly by a second bullet as he makes the sand. By the end of ten minutes, every sergeant is either dead or wounded. To the eyes of such men as Private Howard I. Grosser and Private First Class Gilbert G. Murdock, this clean sweep suggests that the Germans on the high ground have spotted all leaders and concentrated fire their way. Among the men who are still moving in with the tide, rifles, packs, and helmets have already been cast away in the interests of survival.

To the right of where Tidrick's boat is drifting with the tide, its coxswain lying dead next to the

shell-shattered wheel, the seventh craft, carrying a medical section with one officer and sixteen men, noses toward the beach. The ramp drops. In that instant, two machine guns concentrate their fire on the opening. Not a man is given time to jump. All aboard are cut down where they stand.

By the end of fifteen minutes, Able Company has still not fired a weapon. No orders are being given by anyone. No words are spoken. The few able-bodied survivors move or not as they see fit. Merely to stay alive is a full-time job. The fight has become a rescue operation in which nothing counts but the force of a strong example.

Above all others stands out the first-aid man, Thomas Breedin. Reaching the sands, he strips off pack, blouse, helmet, and boots. For a moment he stands there so that others on the strand will see him and get the same idea. Then he crawls into the water to pull in wounded men about to be overlapped by the tide. The deeper water is still spotted with tide walkers advancing at the same pace as the rising water. But now, owing to Breedin's example, the strongest among them become more conspicuous targets. Coming along, they pick up wounded comrades and float them to the shore raftwise. Machine-gun fire still rakes the water. Burst after burst spoils the rescue act, shooting the floating man from the hands of the walker or killing both together. But Breedin for this hour leads a charmed life and stays with his work indomitably.

By the end of one half hour, approximately two thirds of the company is forever gone. There is no precise casualty figure for that moment. There is for the Normandy landing as a whole no accurate figure for the first hour or first day. The circumstances precluded it. Whether more Able Company riflemen died from water than from fire is known only to heaven. All earthly evidence so indicates, but cannot prove it.

By the end of one hour, the survivors from the main body have crawled across the sand to the foot of the bluff, where there is a narrow sanctuary of defiladed space. There they lie all day, clean spent, unarmed, too shocked to feel hunger, incapable even of talking to one another. No one happens by to succor them, ask what has happened, provide water, or offer unwanted pity. D Day at Omaha afforded no time or space for such missions. Every landing company was overloaded by its own assault problems.

By the end of one hour and forty-five minutes, six survivors from the boat section on the extreme right shake loose and work their way to a shelf a few rods up the cliff. Four fall exhausted from the short climb and advance no farther. They stay there through the day, seeing no one else

from the company. The other two, Privates Jake Shefer and Thomas Lovejoy, join a group from the Second Ranger Battalion, which is assaulting Pointe du Hoc to the right of the company sector, and fight on with the Rangers through the day. Two men. Two rifles. Except for these, Able Company's contribution to the D Day fire fight is a cipher.

BAKER COMPANY, which is scheduled to land twenty-six minutes after Able and right on top of it, supporting and reinforcing, has had its full load of trouble on the way in. So rough is the sea during the journey that the men have to bail furiously with their helmets to keep the six boats from swamping. Thus preoccupied, they do not see the disaster which is overtaking Able until they are almost atop it. Then, what their eyes behold is either so limited or so staggering to the senses that control withers, the assault wave begins to dissolve, and disunity induced by fear virtually cancels the mission. A great cloud of smoke and dust raised by the mortar and machine-gun fire has almost closed a curtain around Able Company's ordeal. Outside the pall, nothing is to be seen but a line of corpses adrift, a few heads bobbing in the water and the crimson-running tide. But this is enough for the British coxswains. They raise the cry: "We can't go in there. We can't see the landmarks. We must pull off."

In the command boat, Captain Ettore V. Zappacosta pulls a Colt .45 and says: "By God, you'll take this boat straight in." His display of courage wins obedience, but it's still a fool's order. Such of Baker's boats as try to go straight in suffer Able's fate without helping the other company whatever. Thrice during the approach mortar shells break right next to Zappacosta's boat but by an irony leave it unscathed, thereby sparing the riders a few more moments of life. At seventy-five yards from the sand Zappacosta yells: "Drop the ramp!" The end goes down, and a storm of bullet fire comes in.

Zappacosta jumps first from the boat, reels ten yards through the elbow-high tide, and yells back: "I'm hit." He staggers on a few more steps. The aid man, Thomas Kensler, sees him bleeding from hip and shoulder. Kensler yells: "Try to make it in; I'm coming." But the captain falls face forward into the wave, and the weight of his equipment and soaked pack pin him to the bottom. Kensler jumps toward him and is shot dead while in the air. Lieutenant Tom Dallas of Charley Company, who has come along to make a reconnaissance, is the third man. He makes it to the edge of the sand. There a machine-gun burst blows his head apart before he can flatten.

Private First Class Robert L. Sales, who is lugging Zappacosta's radio (an SCR 300), is the fourth man to leave the boat, having waited long enough to see the others die. His boot heel catches on the edge of the ramp and he falls sprawling into the tide, losing the radio but saving his life. Every man who tries to follow him is either killed or wounded before reaching dry land. Sales alone gets to the beach unhit. To travel those few yards takes him two hours. First he crouches in the water, and waddling forward on his haunches just a few paces, collides with a floating log — driftwood. In that moment, a mortar shell explodes just above his head, knocking him groggy. He hugs the log to keep from going down, and somehow the effort seems to clear his head a little. Next thing he knows, one of Able Company's tide walkers hoists him aboard the log and, using his sheath knife, cuts away Sales's pack, boots, and assault jacket.

Feeling stronger, Sales returns to the water, and from behind the log, using it as cover, pushes toward the sand. Private Mack L. Smith of Baker Company, hit three times through the face, joins him there. An Able Company rifleman named Kemper, hit thrice in the right leg, also comes alongside. Together they follow the log until at last they roll it to the farthest reach of high tide. Then they flatten themselves behind it, staying there for hours after the flow has turned to ebb. The dead of both companies wash up to where they lie, and then wash back out to sea again. As a body drifts in close to them, Sales and companions, disregarding the fire, crawl from behind the log to take a look. If any one of them recognizes the face of a comrade, they join in dragging the body up onto the dry sand beyond the water's reach. The unfamiliar dead are left to the sea. So long as the tide is full, they stay with this unique task. Later, an unidentified first-aid man who comes wiggling along the beach dresses the wounds of Smith. Sales, as he finds strength, bandages Kemper. The three remain behind the log until night falls. There is nothing else to be reported of any member of Zappacosta's boat team.

Only one other Baker Company boat tries to come straight in to the beach. Somehow the boat founders. Somehow all of its people are killed — one British coxswain and about thirty American infantrymen. Where they fall, there is no one to take note of and report.

FRIGHTENED COXSWAINS in the other four craft take one quick look, instinctively draw back, and then veer right and left away from the Able

Company shambles. So doing, they dodge their duty while giving a break to their passengers. Such is the shock to the boat team leaders, and such their feeling of relief at the turning movement, that not one utters a protest. Lieutenant Leo A. Pingenot's coxswain swings the boat far rightward toward Pointe du Hoc; then, spying a small and deceptively peaceful-looking cove, heads directly for the land. Fifty yards out, Pingenot yells: "Drop the ramp!" The coxswain freezes on the rope, refusing to lower. Staff Sergeant Odell L. Padgett jumps him, throttles him, and bears him to the floor. Padgett's men lower the rope and jump for the water. In two minutes, they are all in up to their necks and struggling to avoid drowning. That quickly, Pingenot is already far out ahead of them. Padgett comes even with him, and together they cross onto dry land. The beach of the cove is heavily strewn with giant boulders. Bullets seem to be ping-pong off every rock.

Pingenot and Padgett dive behind the same rock. Then they glance back, but to their horror see not one person. Quite suddenly smoke has half blanked out the scene beyond the water's edge. Pingenot moans: "My God, the whole boat team is dead." Padgett sings out: "Hey, are you hit?" Back come many voices from beyond the smoke. "What's the rush?" "Take it easy!" "We'll get there." "Where's the fire?" "Who wants to know?" The men are still moving along, using the water as cover. Padgett's yell is their first information that anyone else has moved up front. They all make it to the shore, and they are twenty-eight strong at first. Pingenot and Padgett manage to stay ahead of them, coaxing and encouraging. Padgett keeps yelling: "Come on, goddam it, things are better up here!" But still they lose two men killed and three wounded in crossing the beach.

In the cove, the platoon latches on to a company of Rangers, fights all day as part of that company, and helps destroy the enemy entrenchments atop Pointe du Hoc. By sundown that mop-up is completed. The platoon bivouacs at the first hedgerow beyond the cliff.

The other Baker Company boat, which turns to the right, has far less luck. Staff Sergeant Robert M. Campbell, who leads the section, is the first man to jump out when the ramp goes down. He drops in drowning water, and his load of two bangalore torpedoes takes him straight to the bottom. So he jettisons the bangalores and then, surfacing, cuts away all equipment for good measure. Machine-gun fire brackets him, and he submerges again briefly. Never a strong swimmer, he heads back out to sea. For two hours he paddles around, two hundred or so yards from

the shore. Though he hears and sees nothing of the battle, he somehow gets the impression that the invasion has failed and that all other Americans are dead, wounded, or have been taken prisoner. Strength fast going, in despair he moves ashore rather than drown. Beyond the smoke he quickly finds the fire. So he grabs a helmet from a dead man's head, crawls on hands and knees to the sea wall, and there finds five of his men, two of them unwounded.

Like Campbell, Private First Class Jan J. Budziszewski is carried to the bottom by his load of two bangalores. He hugs them half a minute before realizing that he will either let loose or drown. Next, he shucks off his helmet and pack and drops his rifle. Then he surfaces. After swimming two hundred yards, he sees that he is moving in exactly the wrong direction. So he turns about and heads for the beach, where he crawls ashore "under a rain of bullets." In his path lies a dead Ranger. Budziszewski takes the dead man's helmet, rifle, and canteen and crawls on to the sea wall. The only survivor from Campbell's boat section to get off the beach, he spends his day walking to and fro along the foot of the bluff, looking for a friendly face. But he meets only strangers, and none shows any interest in him.

IN Lieutenant William B. Williams' boat, the coxswain steers sharp left and away from Zapacosta's sector. Not seeing the captain die, Williams doesn't know that command has now passed to him. Guiding on his own instinct, the coxswain moves along the coast six hundred yards, then puts the boat straight in. It's a good guess; he has found a little vacuum in the battle. The ramp drops on dry sand and the boat team jumps ashore. Yet it's a close thing. Mortar fire has dogged them all the way; and as the last rifleman clears the ramp, one shell lands dead center of the boat, blows it apart, and kills the coxswain. Momentarily, the beach is free of fire, but the men cannot cross it at a bound. Weak from seasickness and fear, they move at a crawl, dragging their equipment. By the end of twenty minutes, Williams and ten men are over the sand and resting in the lee of the sea wall. Five others are hit by machine-gun fire crossing the beach; six men, last seen while taking cover in a tidal pocket, are never heard from again. More mortar fire lands around the party as Williams leads it across the road beyond the sea wall. The men scatter. When the shelling lifts, three of them do not return. Williams leads the seven survivors up a trail toward the fortified village of Les Moulins

atop the bluff. He recognizes the ground and knows that he is taking on a tough target. Les Moulins is perched above a draw, up which winds a dirt road from the beach, designated on the invasion maps as Exit No. 3.

Williams and his crew of seven are the first Americans to approach it D Day morning. Machine-gun fire from a concrete pillbox sweeps over them as they near the brow of the hill, moving now at a crawl through thick grass. Williams says to the others: "Stay here; we're too big a target!" They hug earth, and he crawls forward alone, moving via a shallow gully. Without being detected, he gets to within twenty yards of the gun, obliquely downslope from it. He heaves a grenade; but he has held it just a bit too long and it explodes in air, just outside the embrasure. His second grenade hits the concrete wall and bounces right back on him. Three of its slugs hit him in the shoulders. Then, from out of the pillbox, a German potato masher sails down on him and explodes just a few feet away; five more fragments cut into him. He starts crawling back to his men; en route, three bullets from the machine gun rip his rump and right leg.

The seven are still there. Williams hands his map and compass to Staff Sergeant Frank M. Price, saying: "It's your job now. But go the other way — toward Vierville." Price starts to look at Williams' wounds, but Williams shakes him off, saying: "No, get moving." He then settles himself in a hole in the embankment, stays there all day, and at last gets medical attention just before midnight.

On leaving Williams, Price's first act is to hand map and compass (the symbols of leadership) to Technical Sergeant William Pearce, whose seniority the lieutenant has overlooked. They cross the draw, one man at a time, and some distance beyond come to a ravine; on the far side, they bump their first hedgerow, and as they look for an entrance, fire comes against them. Behind a second hedgerow, not more than thirty yards away, are seven Germans, five rifles and two burp guns. On exactly even terms, these two forces engage for the better part of an hour, apparently with no one's getting hit. Then Pearce settles the fight by crawling along a drainage ditch to the enemy flank. He kills the seven Germans with a Browning Automatic Rifle.

For Pearce and his friends, it is a first taste of battle; its success is giddy. Heads up, they walk along the road straight into Vierville, disregarding all precautions. They get away with it only because that village is already firmly in the hands of Lieutenant Walter Taylor of Baker Company and twenty men from his boat team.

Taylor is a luminous figure in the story of D

Day, one of the forty-seven immortals of Omaha who, by their dauntless initiative at widely separated points along the beach, saved the landing from total stagnation and disaster. Courage and luck are his in extraordinary measure.

When Baker Company's assault wave breaks up just short of the surf where Able Company is in ordeal, Taylor's coxswain swings his boat sharp left, then heads toward the shore about halfway between Zappacosta's boat and Williams'. Until a few seconds after the ramp drops, this bit of beach next to the village called Hamel-au-Prêtre is blessedly clear of fire. No mortar shells crown the start. Taylor leads his section crawling across the beach and over the sea wall, losing four men killed and two wounded (machine-gun fire) in this brief movement. Some yards off to his right, Taylor has seen Lieutenants Harold Donaldson and Emil Winkler shot dead. But there is no halt for reflection; Taylor leads the section by trail straight up the bluff and into Vierville, where his luck continues. In a two-hour fight he whips a German platoon without losing a man.

The village is quiet when Pearce joins him. Pearce says: "Williams is shot up back there and can't move."

Says Taylor: "I guess that makes me company commander."

Answers Pearce: "This is probably all of Baker Company." Pearce takes a head count; they number twenty-eight, including Taylor.

Says Taylor: "That ought to be enough. Follow me!"

Inland from Vierville about five hundred yards lies the Château de Vaumicel, imposing in its rock-walled massiveness, its hedgerow-bordered fields all entrenched and interconnected with artilleryproof tunnels. To every man but Taylor the target looks prohibitive. Still, they follow him. Fire stops them one hundred yards short of the château. The Germans are behind a hedgerow at mid-distance. Still feeling their way, Taylor's men flatten, open fire with rifles, and toss a few grenades, though the distance seems too great. By sheer chance, one grenade glances off the helmet of a German squatting in a foxhole. He jumps up, shouting: "*Kamerad! Kamerad!*" Thereupon twenty-four of the enemy walk from behind the hedgerow with their hands in the air. Taylor pares off one of his riflemen to march the prisoners back to the beach. The brief fight costs him three wounded. Within the château, he takes two more prisoners, a German doctor and his first-aid man. Taylor puts them on a "kind of a parole," leaving his three wounded in their keeping while moving his platoon to the first crossroads beyond the château.

Here he is stopped by the sudden arrival of three truckloads of German infantry, who deploy into the fields on both flanks of his position and start an envelopment. The manpower odds, about three to one against him, are too heavy. In the first trade of fire, lasting not more than two minutes, a rifleman lying beside Taylor is killed, three others are wounded, and the B.A.R. is shot from Pearce's hands. That leaves but twenty men and no automatic weapons.

Taylor yells: "Back to the château!" They go out, crawling as far as the first hedgerow; then they rise and trot along, supporting their wounded. Taylor is the last man out, having stayed behind to cover the withdrawal with his carbine until the hedgerows interdict fire against the others. So far, this small group has had no contact with any other part of the expedition, and for all its members know, the invasion may have failed.

They make it to the château. The enemy comes on and moves in close. The attacking fire builds up. But the stone walls are fire-slotted, and through the midday and early afternoon these ports well serve the American riflemen. The question is whether the ammunition will outlast the Germans. It is answered at sundown, just as the supply runs out, by the arrival of fifteen Rangers who join their fire with Taylor's, and the Germans fade back.

Already Taylor and his force are farther south than any element of the right flank in the Omaha expedition. But Taylor isn't satisfied. The battalion objective, as specified for the close of D Day, is still more than one half mile to the westward. He says to the others: "We've got to make it."

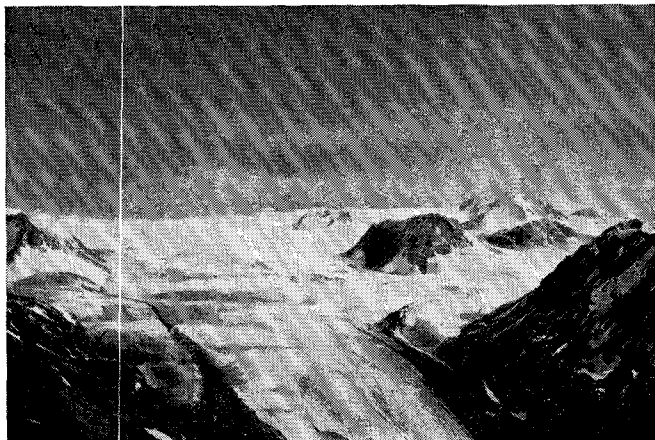
So he leads them forth, once again serving as first scout, eighteen of his own riflemen and fifteen Rangers following in column. One man is killed by a bullet getting away from Vaumicel. Dark closes over them. They prepare to bivouac. Having got almost to the village of Louvieres, they are by this time almost one half mile in front of anything else in the United States Army. There a runner reaches them with the message that the remnants of the battalion are assembling seven hundred yards closer to the sea; Taylor and party are directed to fall back on them. It is done.

Later, still under the spell, Price paid the perfect tribute to Taylor. He said: "We saw no sign of fear in him. Watching him made men of us. Marching or fighting, he was leading. We followed him because there was nothing else to do."

Thousands of Americans were spilled onto Omaha Beach. The high ground was won by a handful of men like Taylor who on that day burned with a flame bright beyond common understanding.

W. DOUGLAS BURDEN

SIWASHING



A lover of wilderness since boyhood, a hunter who has tested his endurance in the far reaches of Alaska, Mongolia, and Indochina, and a conservationist long identified with the American Museum of Natural History, W. DOUGLAS BURDEN has set down his adventures and reminiscences in his book LOOK TO THE WILDERNESS, which is to be published this month under the Atlantic-Little, Brown imprint.

ON THE KENAI

TRAILING a wounded bear through heavy alders on a steep Alaskan mountainside is not the most restful way of spending a summer evening, nor is it the best way of making preparations for a stormy night.

Henry Lucas, my Alaskan guide, and I had been tracking him for several hours before darkness forced us to give up. Then we struggled upward out of the engulfing tangle and into the open hills, where the wind was so strong we had to lean against it. In the dim light, it took a long time to find the scrubby mountain hemlocks we were looking for. They were not more than four feet high, stiff and unyielding from battling the mountain gales, but they provided enough wood for a campsite.

A mountainside usually varies only in degrees of steepness, but there was one spot between two hemlocks where the slope was sharply reduced. We tied a six-by-four strip of canvas between these two scrub trees, sloped it back, and set some rocks on it to hold it down. Then, with a sharp stone, we dug a little trench on the upper side to carry off the water. After that we started a fire.

Siwashing is the only way to travel in the hills. *Siwash* is an Alaskan term meaning "Indian," and siwashing is camping the way the Indians do—with nothing but rifle, fry pan, tea pail, salt, tea, and a little sour dough. Siwashing releases you from the necessity of returning to any fixed

campsite. You are free to go where you please, to move as the spirit moves you. You need only drop down far enough from the summits to find wood for a campfire. Then, in the morning, you climb again and spend the day on top of the world. And of course, you have to live off the country.

But every night the contest begins anew, for the tougher you are, the less fire you need. And as the protecting warmth dwindles with the dying embers and the chill enters your bones, you lie there pretending to be asleep and hoping the other man will rouse up to put on more wood.

Henry told me that when he was siwashing with the great guide Andy Simons, he became tired of keeping fire for him, so finally one night he got up very quietly, walked off over the dark mountainside for a quarter of a mile, and built himself a new fire. He was just getting himself cozily fixed before a fine bright flame when Andy moved in and lay down without saying a word. After that, Henry admitted defeat, just as I already had.

A wild roaring from the summits filled the air. The wind struck in blasts and scattered the embers from the fire. It was cold, for the wind came directly off the great Kenai snow fields that stretched for a vast area along the divide.

Smoke and ashes whirled into our eyes. Henry cooked a bannock in the fry pan, a mess of sour

dough with grease, water, and salt added to taste. He could not see what he was doing, and it came out thoroughly charred, but we ate it anyway, with our eyes closed against the smoke.

Now the rain poured down. We had no blankets and no extra clothing. Henry said, "Maybe fire go out." He reached out to collect all the wood we had gathered and set it around us under the canvas. It did not do much good because the old canvas leaked. Henry said, "Siwashing no good tonight."

I replied, "No, no good."

"Too bad," he said, "we lose bear."

"Yes," I said, "I've been wondering about him. Do you think he will recover?"

"I don't know," replied Henry. "Bear plenty tough. Him headed straight down for glacier. Maybe try to cross."

The canvas snapped in the gusts. Henry put more wood on the fire. Occasionally it flared up in spite of the rain, and I could see Henry's lean, dark, sensitive face and his quick-moving eyes looking into it. No matter what happened, Henry never complained. A good man, I thought.

By lying feet to head, there was just room for both of us under the canvas. For a long time I lay there, trying not to roll downhill. Finally I took a stick of wood and wedged it in against me on the low side. For a while I slept, but the storm lashed us with still greater fury. Our canvas strip formed an eddy that sucked the smoke in on top of us. Feeling suddenly choked, I jumped up and ran out into the rain to get some fresh air in my lungs. Henry came out too; even he could not stand it. Then, with hunting knife in hand, I dived back under the canvas and slit a hole in it near the bottom and stuck my head out into the rain. "No," I thought, "siwashing no good tonight."

TOWARD dawn the wind abated, and I pulled my head in. Water had been trickling down my neck all night, and I was soaked and cold, tired and stiff. I looked at Henry. He was sleeping, curled up in a ball, and there, tucked under one ear for a pillow, was our dingy little sack of salt.

Breakfast was another charred bannock and tea in a tin cup that burned the lips and was too hot to hold. We were submerged in a blanket of driving cloud. Directly below us was Skilak Lake, totally invisible. To the southwest was Skilak Glacier and the great snow fields of the Harding Range, along which we hoped to find bear and the beautiful Alaskan white sheep.

It had taken us nearly a week to reach our present position. From Kenai Lake above the town of Seward we had had to run some eighteen miles

of rapids to Skilak, a wild ride down foaming canyons, past whirlpools of black water. In two and a half hours we had been hurled out upon the heaving gray of Skilak Lake. A bad wind beat down from the glacier gorge. It came at us out of a wind funnel and threatened to swamp our little boat. So we made for shore, where we spent the night in a deserted Indian hut. Known locally as a "bribery," it was built of poles and bark and shaped like two lean-tos facing each other with a smoke hole between. We found it warm and comfortable. After that, we rowed for many miles across the lumpy glacial waters of Skilak Lake. Then we worked up into the lower hills, where we had been hunting hard without success. Now we were headed for the high country.

Misery makes one move. Even after hot tea, we were still congealed and needed to warm up with exercise. Besides, there is always hope of better things elsewhere. So, in spite of rain and wind, we struck camp and headed off into a wet bank of cloud. We each carried a small pack with tumpline, a climbing stick, and I had a telescope and my Mannlicher held by a strap across the chest. The wall of gray-white mist made us feel blind. Our altitude was about three thousand feet, and we decided to move higher in the hope of a break in the weather. About ten o'clock there was a sudden rift in the clouds, and we saw a patch of blue. Nearby ridges began to unfold as the clouds dispersed. The brief views were unbelievably intriguing. A hole would form in the clouds; we would look down and see a bear half a mile away in the valley, a sudden, magnificent spectacle; and a moment later, the cloud blindness would be upon us again.

Gradually, however, there were more and more apertures of captivating beauty. After three hours, we came into a great basin, a rugged, sheer-walled cirque, where we saw nine rams feeding at the base of the wall; four more were just below the top of the mountain; five others lying down at the very summit, surveying the entire range. My telescope soon showed that the five on the top were veterans.

They were a long way off, and we were travel-worn and hungry, but those superb creatures demanded a supreme effort. To reach them, we had to drop down into the bottom of a chasm before tackling the main wall. The descent was easy via a steep snow-filled gully. Henry took a run and a jump and glissaded in a squatting position down the steep slope with his climb stick thrust under one arm into the snow to control his speed. I followed. At the base we cupped our hands and drank some snow water. It tasted flat. When we were about halfway up, a severe snowstorm came over the summit with sudden

fury. It was right in our faces and so thick we could not see twenty feet. The flakes were so enormous and wet that in ten minutes there was an inch of snow and Henry and I were both as white as the mountainside. However, the sudden cold freshened us, and the snow muffled the sound we made on the rock slides, so we gained the top under cover of its all-concealing blanket and with intense excitement began scouting for our rams.

Creeping about in a blinding snowstorm on top of a mountain looking for game gives you an eerie and ghostly feeling. You gaze out in all directions into a misty vault of wind-driven snow. Even the rocks beneath your feet are a deadly, shadowless, even white. You could easily walk over a precipice. The sky seems to be above you and below and on all sides. After about ten minutes of fumbling in the storm, we nearly stepped upon a pair of rock ptarmigan that relied to the last second on their concealing coloration. They rose like thunderbirds and immediately dived into the white void at our right. I wondered in such blindness how they could make a safe landing. With zero ceiling, what instinct would allow them to reach ground again unharmed? I wondered also if the rams had heard the warning sound.

Soon afterwards we saw fresh track of our rams. They had been disturbed either by the ptarmigan, by an eddy of scent, or by some intuitive awareness of danger. It would have been useless to follow them; nothing to do but wait until the storm cleared. Meanwhile, we ate some bannock left over from breakfast. Though leaden and soggy and tasteless, it was at least a filler. By the time we had finished, the clouds were dispersing. Immediately we rose and circled a nearby peak, only to look back and see our rams trot right by where we had just had lunch. Though too far for a shot, they loomed larger than ever.

As soon as they disappeared, we took after them. Then, for a few minutes, the clouds obliterated everything. When they passed, the rams had completely gone, but the whole sky cleared. To one side we could suddenly look down on Skilak Glacier, seven miles away. It lay like a great sprawling monster wedging a path for itself between the hills. On the other side, through Rocky Pass, Skilak Lake yawned into view. It was a sheet of molten metal. Then valleys opened under our feet with long green slopes below the snow line, and here and there small blue lakes appeared, beautiful glacial tarns, nestling in the rugged hills.

At last the sun came out in full force, and since the tracks showed that the sheep had taken off at full speed, we found a cozy spot sheltered from

the wind and stretched out for a good rest. It was an utterly glorious location. In front of us stretched an endless panorama of snow and ice. It was the great ice field rolling up to the horizon in a gigantic arc like the curvature of the earth. Here and there nunataks pierced its virgin sheet with their black spearlike heads. It was a wintry scene, clear and cold, and the wind off the ice seemed to sweep to the very marrow of our bones.

Henry, when traveling, did not speak, but I sensed that the spirit and beauty of the mountains touched him too. It was good to share these feelings, and I suddenly realized why he preferred to lead the primitive life of a trapper. He truly loved the wilderness.

AFTER a while, we changed our socks and aired our feet. Since we had not taken off our shoe pacs all night, it was restful to be rid of them for a while. Then the crusty remains of the much-abused bannock reappeared from the bottom of Henry's pack, and we munched on it again. It was so beaten that, after sampling it, Henry said briefly, "Better get some meat." With that, we started out again to look for a ram, but we kept going too long, and darkness descended. While in the open hills, it was not too difficult to travel at night, for it was never really pitch-black, but once down among the alders and the long grass, looking for a spot to camp, we were in plenty of trouble. We had come into a mighty hollow with the dark mountains frowning down on every side. We stumbled and fell and waded an icy stream, and at intervals Henry, the silent one, roared angry threats at any brown bear that might be concealed in the willow scrub. An unfortunate porcupine fell victim to Henry's stick. Finally, in the thick blackness of the alders, we set up our canvas and cooked porky for supper. We skinned him and roasted the meat on sticks over the embers: a porcupine is reasonably tasty if he has not been feeding too much on spruce. This one went quite well.

In the middle of the night I woke up with a start. I reached for my rifle, listening intently. The fire was almost out, nothing but the dimmest embers remained, and though the alders hemmed us in on every side, a congealing wind crept in off the ice. I had taken off my shoe pacs and was using them as a pillow. Suddenly some instinctive fright made me rise up in stocking feet. As I did so, rifle in hand, there was a fearful woof a few feet away, and a bear catapulted off through the alders. My heart pounded. The bear's violent crashings aroused Henry but didn't bother him. He said that bears came into camp quite often

when the fire went down. I had no idea whether he was a brown or a black, but whatever he was, he was evidently more startled than I. We could hear him smashing through the underbrush for a long way. After that, we built up the fire and chatted for a while. Then we stretched out again in the glowing warmth and went to sleep.

We had now arrived in the very heart of the hunting country. The time had come to go after the sheep in earnest. Besides, our sour dough was gone and meat was essential. At dawn we started off again. A few hours later we sighted a large band of ewes and lambs with some young rams. Against the dark-brown and greens of the valley bottoms, their whiteness stood out in bold relief. Henry examined the sheep through the telescope. As he closed it with a series of sharp clicks he said, "We get one." They were headed for a nearby pass. The wind was in our favor, so it was a simple matter to post ourselves in their path, behind a large boulder.

While waiting, we heard the guttural, rasping call of a raven. It was good to hear him, and I enjoyed it, for he is a lonely wayfarer, a dweller of the waste spaces of the world. Winter and summer he adheres to his solitary haunts. Where humans move in, the raven moves out. As usual, he was without company, sending his bleak and dismal cry down the valley. It was a cry of solitude, and it imparted to us a strong sense of his own incredible loneliness.

But there was little time for such thoughts. The beautiful band of sheep had arrived in range. I selected a fat young ram and shot him through the neck. That night we roasted strips of mutton on hot slabs of rock; the meat, with salt added, tasted good. The weather turned momentarily warmer, and with thick, soft sheepskins to stretch out upon, we feasted and slept, and slept and feasted, and renewed our strength.

Next morning I saw for the first time an animal that is rarely encountered face to face. He was moving toward us with an ungainly gallop. It was a wolverine, the much-dreaded carcajou, a creature of immense strength and cunning and with such savagery and fighting ability he has been known to stand off a pack of wolves. Though relatively small, rarely weighing more than forty pounds, he is, above all animals, the one most hated by Indians and trappers. The wolverine belongs to the weasel family. He is a fine tree climber and a relentless destroyer, and God pity anything he takes the trail of. Deer, reindeer, and even moose succumb to his attacks. We sat on a rock and watched him come, a bobbing rascal in blackish-brown. Since the male wolverine occupies a very large hunting area and fights to the death any other male that intrudes on his do-

main, wolverines are always scarce, and in order to avoid extinction need all the protection that man can give. As a trapper, Henry wanted me to shoot him, but I refused, for this is the most fascinating and little known of all our wonderful predators. His hunchback gait was awkward and ungainly, lopsided yet tireless. He advanced through all types of terrain without change of pace and with a sense of power that seemed indestructible. His course brought him directly to us, and he did not notice our immobile figures until he was ten feet away. Obviously startled, he rose up on his hind legs with paws outstretched and swayed from side to side like a bear undecided whether to charge. Then he tried to make off at top speed and watch us over his shoulder at the same time, running headlong into everything in his path.

For several days thereafter we saw nothing but bear; I counted thirty-five. The ripe blueberries had brought them into the open. Two of them I shot for their fine, glossy, early-fall hides, but bear were not our primary concern. It was the sheep we wanted, and Henry was getting worried. We would look down into some new valley only to find it empty, or with a few ewes and lambs. Then Henry would say, "Where sheep go? What happen? Must be someplace." We would travel on again, deeper and deeper into the hills. Finally Henry decided that the big rams must be in the roughest country, beyond Iceberg Lake, so there we went.

After several hard days combing the many tributary valleys of Benjamin Creek, we arrived. It was very cold, and we spent an uncomfortable night with but a few hours' sleep. Then we climbed to the lower edge of the crags and followed a sheep trail for about four miles. Without the trail, walking would have been difficult, for we were in extremely rough country.

When we reached the summit of the range, all fatigue was drained from us by the sheer exhilaration of the view. It filled the heart and mind with the magnificence of our world. At our feet lay the great ice field, rising pure white until, in the distance, the blue sky joined the snow in a clear-cut line. Sailing out upon this expanse, two black fortresses of rock rose up like control towers from a battleship. They were bedded over in the bow with banks of wind-swept snow, and their flanks were mantled with dashes of spray.

Vast as it was, this gleaming sheet of snow was but a fractional remnant of the great Wisconsin Ice Age. The mountains we had been hunting had only recently emerged from a deep blanket of ice that had molded most of their contours into

smooth and rounded forms with U-shaped valleys and vast stretches of polished striated rock. The indelible imprint of titanic forces marked everything we saw, and the sense of time stretching in both directions made me realize that but one characteristic is universal and everlasting, and that is change, endless change, from one form to another, from one condition to another. These mountains which had so recently been a hostile, frozen land were now the home of sheep and bear and wolverine, of caribou and moose and fox; a complex community of living creatures. We stood at the knife edge of two worlds, the world of lifeless glacial ice and the throbbing warm-blooded world of mammals.

Turning to the north, I saw a great chain of mountains rising, peak upon peak, into the distance. Further to the north lay the Benjamin Valley, a pleasant green in the warm sunshine. To the northwest, the great volcanoes of the Alaska Range rose shining into the sun. They stretched endlessly westward into the great Aleutian chain. I looked across another lower range and down into Tustumena Lake, a bed of silver in the dark-green moose flats. Directly below us was Iceberg Lake, from which we had recently come, and the Kelley Glacier with cataracts of melting waters foaming from its mouth. For a moment their roaring filled the air. It rose and died and rose again on the wind. An eagle floated lazily over the basin. Nearby was a glacial cirque, a vertical gorge of rent and ice-battered rock. This was a glorious spot, and I could not help but wonder how long it would remain so.

The slopes facing the ice sheet were still to be explored, and this we now proceeded to do as the afternoon shadows gathered. Beneath us the mountainside plunged steeply down and tucked its feet under the glacier. Glancing over a sharp ledge, we looked down on bands of white sheep everywhere. They numbered ten to fifty in each band. Some had gouged out resting places in the talus and lay peacefully viewing the ice field in the evening sun, while others grazed slowly along, working their way up from lower levels. After many days of hard work, Henry and I had stumbled on a true hunter's paradise. In this far corner of the mountains the finest rams had secreted themselves. But, as usual, the biggest heads seemed to be in the most inaccessible spots. One mistake on our part, and all the sheep on that whole mountainside would be gone.

We decided to play it safe. Using a deep draw, in which to remain completely invisible, we dropped down fifteen hundred feet to find a place to siwash in the alders. If necessary, we would go without a fire and even without supper. Once we were in the alders, it was possible to survey the

whole mountainside while remaining unseen. From their protection, we looked up into a great amphitheater, and everywhere sprinkled over it were white dots. At the foot of some steep ledges were the biggest rams. We fastened the telescope on them. They were dream heads that we could only gaze at with hopeless longing. No other wild creature equals the noble appearance of a fine old mountain ram. His arched neck, his battering full-turn horns, gnarled and wrinkled with the passing years, proclaim him a creature that is truly the product of his wild and rock-bound home. His very bearing carries a sense of the greatness of the land he inhabits.

We saw many big heads, but all of them either so well positioned or so surrounded by lesser sheep that an approach was impossible. As the sun went down, most of the sheep began to change positions, but no opportunity for a stalk arose.

Finally, just as it was getting dark, two rams appeared above an outlying spur of alders. Here was our chance. Following a series of bear trails through the thick underbrush, we started after them. For fifteen minutes we climbed laboriously on hands and knees, Henry leading the way; and he managed to gauge it just right, for when we reached open ground, there were our rams about a hundred and sixty yards away.

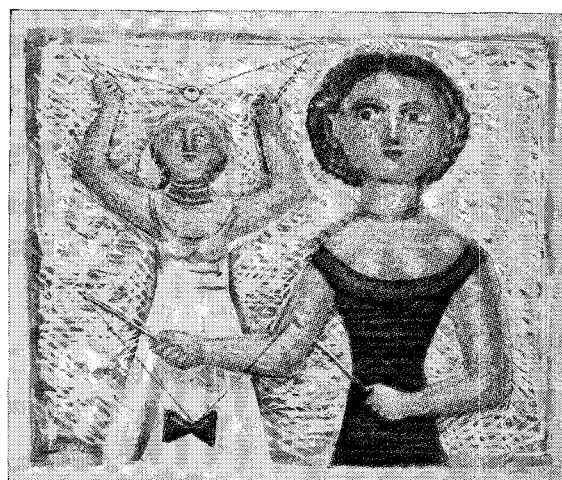
I waited for a full two minutes, until I had stopped panting. Then, setting the hair trigger, I fired at the nearest ram, which immediately crumpled up and rolled down the mountain toward us. His companion ran a considerable distance and paused. My hair trigger went off just as I was drawing a bead, and the shot was wild. However, the next time he stopped, he too was knocked down.

Before climbing up to them, we looked around. In the dim light I could see the sheep all over that mountainside on the move, all climbing, seeking escape from the death-dealing explosions that had shattered their peaceful home.

We made a hasty job of the skinning and slid back down through the alders. It was a happy siwash camp that night. There was hard work ahead, packing heads and pelts and bearskins over Rocky Pass and down to Skilak Lake, but our elation was great, and we felt satisfied.

We had got what we came for, sheep and bear, but more than that, I had learned what real travel is in a still-untouched wilderness — real travel, pioneer style, as the mountain men of our old West had known it. Best of all, I had come to sense deeply the ever-changing moods of our great northern frontier, the Alaskan mountains. I had absorbed something of their magnificence and grandeur. A little of their beauty and strength would remain a part of me to the end of my days.

CHILDHOOD



A Play by THORNTON WILDER

At the MacDowell Colony, where he had done much of his writing, THORNTON WILDER last summer became the first recipient of the Edward MacDowell Medal. After the award by the president of the association, James Johnson Sweeney, Mr. Wilder, to the delight of his audience, read this new play, taking each of the parts with inimitable enthusiasm. CHILDHOOD is the second in a cycle of one-act plays devoted to the Seven Ages of Man.

(Some low chairs at the edges of the arena. These at first represent some bushes in the yard of the children's home. At the back, the door to the house; the aisle through the audience serves as a path to the street. Enter from the house Caroline, twelve; Dodie, ten; and, with a rush, Billee, eight.)

DODIE. Sh! Sh! Don't let Mama hear you! Car'line, Car'line, play the game. Let's play the game.

CAROLINE. There's no time, silly. It takes time to play the game.

BILLEE. Play Goin' to China.

CAROLINE. Don't talk so loud; we don't want Mama to hear us. Papa'll be here soon, and we can't play the game when Papa's here.

DODIE. Well, let's play a little. We can play Going to a Hotel.

BILLEE (*clamorously*). I want to be Room Service. I want to be Room Service.

CAROLINE. You know Going to a Hotel takes hours. It's awful when you have to stop for something.

DODIE (*quickly*). Car'line, listen, I heard Mama telephoning Papa and the car's got to be fixed and Papa's got to come home by the bus, and maybe he'll never get here and we can play for a long time.

CAROLINE. Did she say that? Well, come behind the bushes and think.

(They squat on their haunches behind the bushes.)

BILLEE. Let's play Hospital and take everything out of Dodie.

CAROLINE. Let me think a minute.

MOTHER (*at the door*). Caroline! Dodie! (*Silence.*) Dodie, how often do I have to tell you to hang your coat up properly? Do you know what happened? It fell and got caught under the cupboard door and was dragged back and forth. I hope it's warm Sunday, because you can't wear that coat. Billee, stand out for a moment where I can see you. Are you ready for your father when he comes home? Come out of the bushes. Billee, come out. (*Billee, a stoic already, comes to the center of the stage and stands for inspection. Mother shakes her head in silence; then*) I simply despair. Look at you! What are you children doing anyway? Now, Caroline, you're not playing one of those games of yours? I absolutely forbid you to play that the house is on fire. You have nightmares all night long. Or those awful games about hospitals. Really, Caroline, why can't you play Shopping or Going to School? (*Silence.*) I declare. I give up, I really do. (*False exit.*) Now remember, it's Friday night, the end of the week, and you give your father a good big kiss when he comes home.

(She goes out. Billee rejoins his sisters.)

DODIE (*dramatic whisper*). Car'line, let's play Funeral! (*Climax.*) Car'line, let's play ORPHANS!

CAROLINE. We haven't time — *that* takes all day. Besides, I haven't got the black gloves.

Color lithograph by Massimo Campigli. Courtesy of the Print Department, Boston Public Library.

(Billee sees his father coming through the audience. Utter and final dismay.)

BILLEE. Look 't! Look!

DODIE. What?

ALL THREE. It's Papa! It's Papa!

(They fly into the house like frightened pigeons. Father enters jauntily through the audience. It's warm, and he carries his coat over his shoulder. Arriving at the center of the stage, he places his coat on the ground, whistles a signal call to his wife, and swinging an imaginary golf club, executes a mighty and very successful shot.)

FATHER. Two hundred and fifty yards!

MOTHER (enters, kisses him, and picks up the coat). Why, you're early, after all.

FATHER. Jerry drove me to the corner. Picked up a little flask for the weekend.

MOTHER. Well, I wish you wouldn't open your little flask when the children are around.

FATHER (preparing a difficult shot). Eleventh hole. . . . Where are the children?

MOTHER. They were here a minute ago. They're out playing somewhere. . . . Your coat on the ground! Really, you're as bad as Dodie.

FATHER. Well, you should teach the children — little trouble with the dandelions here — that it's their first duty . . . when their father comes home on Friday nights . . . (Shouts) Fore, you bastards! . . . to rush toward their father . . . to grovel . . . abject thanks to him who gave them life.

MOTHER (amused exasperation). Oh, stop that nonsense!

FATHER. On Friday nights . . . after a week of toil at the office . . . a man wants to see . . . (he swings) . . . his wives and children clinging to his knees, tears pouring down their cheeks. (He stands up very straight, holding an enormous silver cup.) Gentlemen, I accept this championship cup, but I wish also to give credit to my wife and children, who drove me out of the house every Sunday morning. . . . Where are the children? Caroline! Dodie!

MOTHER. Oh, they're hiding somewhere.

FATHER. Hiding? Hiding from their father?

MOTHER. They're playing one of those awful games of theirs. Listen to me, Fred: those games are morbid; they're dangerous.

FATHER. How do you mean, dangerous?

MOTHER. Really! No one told me when I was a bride that children are half crazy. I only hear fragments of the games, naturally, but do you realize that they like nothing better than to imagine us — away?

FATHER. Away?

MOTHER. Yes — dead!

FATHER (his eye on the shot). One . . . two . . . three! Well, you know what you said.

MOTHER. What did I say?

FATHER. Your dream.

MOTHER. Pshaw!

FATHER (softly, with the lowest insinuation). Your dream that . . . you and I . . . on a Mediterranean cruise. . . .

MOTHER. It was Hawaii.

FATHER. And that we were — ahem! — somehow . . . alone.

MOTHER. Well, I didn't imagine them dead! I imagined them with Mother . . . or Paul . . . or their Aunt Henrietta.

FATHER (piously). I hope so.

MOTHER. You're a brute, and everybody knows it. . . . It's Caroline. She's the one who starts it all. And afterwards she has those nightmares. Come in. You'll see the children at supper.

FATHER (looking upward). What has the weatherman predicted for tomorrow?

MOTHER (starting for the house). Floods. Torrents. You're going to stay home from the golf club and take care of the children. And I'm going to the Rocky Mountains . . . and to China.

FATHER. You'll be back by noon. What does Caroline say in her nightmares?

MOTHER. Oh! When she's awake, too. You and I are — away. Do you realize that that girl is mad about black gloves?

FATHER. Nonsense.

MOTHER. Caroline would be in constant mourning if she could manage it. Come in, come in. You'll see them at supper.

(She goes out. Father strolls to the end of the stage farthest from the house and calls.)

FATHER. Caroline! (Pause.) Dodie! (Pause.) Bill-eeee! (Silence. He broods aloud, his eyes on the distance.) No instrument has yet been discovered that can read what goes on in another's mind, asleep or awake. And I hope there never will be. But once in a while, it would help a lot. Is it wrong of me to wish that . . . just once . . . I could be an invisible witness to one of my children's dreams, to one of their games? (He calls again.) Caroline!

(We are in the game, which is a dream. The children enter as he calls them, but he does not see them and they do not see him. They come in and stand shoulder to shoulder as though they were about to sing a song before an audience. Caroline carries a child's suitcase and one of her mother's handbags; she is wearing black gloves. Dodie also has a suitcase and handbag, and no gloves.)

CAROLINE. Dodie! Hurry before they see us.

FATHER. Dodie!

DODIE. Where's Billee gone?

FATHER (being bumped into by Billee as he joins his sisters). Billee!

(Father enters the house. Mother glides out of the house and takes her place at the further end of the

stage and turns and faces the children. She is wearing a black hat, deep-black veil, and black gloves. Her air is one of mute acquiescent grief. Caroline glances frequently at her mother as though for prompting. A slight formal pause.)

CAROLINE. I guess, first, we have to say how sorry we are. (To Mother) Shall we begin? (Mother lowers her head slightly.) This first part is in church. Well, in a kind of church. And there's been a perfectly terrible accydent, an airplane accident.

DODIE (quickly). No, it was an automobile accident.

CAROLINE (ditto). It was an airplane.

DODIE (ditto). I don't want it to be an airplane.

BILLEE (fiercely). It was on a ship. It was a big shipwreck.

CAROLINE. Now, I'm not going to play this game unless you be quiet. It was an airplane accident. And. . . . They were on it, and they're not here any more.

BILLEE. They got dead.

CAROLINE (glaring at him). Don't say that word. You promised you wouldn't say that word. (Uncomfortable pause.) And we're very sad. And. . . .

DODIE (brightly). We didn't see it, though.

CAROLINE. And we'd have put on black dresses, only we haven't got any. But we want to thank Miss Wilkerson for coming today and for wearing black like she's wearing. (Mother again lowers her head.) Miss Wilkerson is the best teacher in Benjamin Franklin School, and she's the grownup we like best.

BILLEE (suddenly getting excited). That's not Miss Wilkerson. That's — I mean — look!

CAROLINE. I can't hear a word you're saying, and anyway, don't talk now!

BILLEE (too young to enter the dream; pulling at his sisters' sleeves urgently). That's not Miss Wilkerson. That's Mama!

DODIE. What's the matter with your eyes?

CAROLINE. Mama's not here any more. She went away.

BILLEE (staring at Mother, and beginning to doubt). It's . . . Mrs. Fenwick!

CAROLINE (low but strongly). No-o-o-o! (Resuming the ceremony.) It wasn't so sad about Grandma, because she was more'n a hundred anyway.

DODIE. And she used to say all the time, "I won't be with you always," and things like that, and how she'd give Mama her pearl pin.

BILLEE. I guess she's glad she isn't any more.

CAROLINE (uncertainly). So. . . .

DODIE (to Mother, with happy excitement). Are we orphans now — real orphans? (Mother, always with lowered eyes, nods slightly.) And we don't have to do things any more?

CAROLINE (severely). Dodie! Don't say every-

thing. (She consults her mother.) What do I say now? MOTHER (almost inaudibly). About your father. . . .

CAROLINE. Yes. Papa was a very fine man. And. . . .

DODIE (quickly). He used to swear bad words.

BILLEE (excitedly). All the time! He'd swear swearwords.

CAROLINE. Well, maybe a little.

DODIE. He *did*. I used to want to *die*.

CAROLINE. Well, nobody's perfect. (Slower.) He was all right, sometimes.

DODIE. He used to laugh too loud in front of people. And he didn't give Mama enough money to buy clothes. She had to go to town in rags, in terrible old rags.

BILLEE (always excited). Papa'd go like this (pumping his arms up and down in desperation): "I haven't got it! I haven't got it! You can't squeeze blood out of a stone."

DODIE. Yes, he did.

BILLEE. And Mama'd say: "I'm ashamed to go out in the street." It was awful. And then he'd say, "I'll have to mortgage, that's what I'll have to do."

CAROLINE. Billee! How can you say such an awful word? Don't you ever say that again. Papa wasn't perfect, but he would never have done a mortgage.

BILLEE. Well, that's what he said.

CAROLINE (emphatically). Most times Papa did his best. Everybody makes some mistakes.

DODIE (demurely). He used to drink some, too.

BILLEE (beside himself again). He used to drink oceans. And Mama'd say, "Don't you think you've had enough?" and he'd say, "Down the hatch!"

DODIE. Yes, he did. And "Just a hair of the dog that bit him." And Mama'd say, "Well, if you want to kill yourself before our eyes!" I used to want to die.

CAROLINE. Billee, don't get so excited; and you too, Dodie. Papa was a very fine man, and he tried. Only . . . only (reluctantly) he didn't ever say anything very inneresting.

DODIE. He was inneresting when he told about the automobile accydent he'd seen and all the blood.

BILLEE. Yes, he was. But he stopped in the middle when Mama said, "Not before the children."

DODIE. Yes, he stopped then.

CAROLINE. Anyway, we're very sad. And. . . . (She looks to her mother for prompting.)

MOTHER (almost inaudibly). Your mother. . . .

CAROLINE. Yes. About Mama.

BILLEE (hot indignation). Mama's almost never home. She's always shopping and having her hair made. And one time she was away years, to see Grandma in Boston.

DODIE. It was only five days, and Grandma was very sick.

BILLEE. No, it wasn't. It was years and years.

DODIE. Well, when she was away she didn't have to say Don't - Don't - Don't all the time, all day and night, Don't - Don't - Don't.

BILLEE (*tentatively defending her*). Sometimes she makes good things to eat.

DODIE. Beans and mash potatoes, and I just hate them. "Now, you eat every mouthful, or you don't leave the table." Ugh!

CAROLINE (*recalling them to the ceremony*). It wasn't her fault! Only she didn't understand children. I guess there's not one in a hundred hundred that understands children. (*To Mother*) Is that enough, Miss Wilkerson? I can't think of anything else to say. And we've got to hurry, or Uncle Paul will come to get us, or Aunt Henrietta, or somebody even worse. So can we go now?

MOTHER (*a whisper*). I think it would be nice, you know, if you said how you loved them, and how they loved you.

CAROLINE. Yes — uh. . .

DODIE. It was awful when they got huggy and kissy. And when we got back an hour late, from Mary Louise's picnic, and Mama said, "I was frantic! I was frantic! I didn't know what had become of you."

CAROLINE (*slowly*). She liked us best when we were sick and when I broke my arm.

DODIE. Yes. (*Exhausted pause.*) Miss Wilkerson; orphans don't have to be sad *all* the time, do they? (*Mother shakes her head slightly.*)

BILLEE. Do we get any money for being orphans?

CAROLINE. We won't need it. Papa used to keep an envelope behind the clock with money in it, for accidents and times like that. I have it here. (*She goes to Mother, like a hostess getting rid of a guest.*) Thank you for coming, Miss Wilkerson. We have to go now. And thank you for wearing black.

DODIE (*also shaking hands; conventionally*). Thank you very much.

(*Mother, with bowed head, glides into the house.*)

CAROLINE. Now be quiet, and I'll tell you what we're going to do. We've got to hurry, so don't interrupt me. We're orphans and we don't have anybody around us or near us and we're going to take a *bus*. (*Sensation.*) All over the world. We're going to be different persons and we're going to change our names. (*Gravely she opens her suitcase. She takes out and puts on a hat and fur neckpiece of her mother's. She looks adorable.*) I'm Mrs. Arizona. Miss Wilson, please get ready for the trip.

DODIE. Wha-a-t?

CAROLINE. *Miss Wilson!* Will you put your hat on, please.

DODIE. Oh! (*She puts on a hat from her suitcase.*)

I want to be married, too. I want to be Mrs. Wilson.

CAROLINE. You're too young. People would laugh at you. We'll be gone for years and years, and by and by, in China or somewhere, you can gradually be Mrs. Wilson.

BILLEE. I want to be somebody, too.

CAROLINE. You're only *eight!* If you don't cry all the time and say awful things, I'll give you a real name. Now we can start.

BILLEE. But aren't Papa and Mama coming? (*The girls turn and glare at him.*) Oh! They're dead. (*More glaring.*)

CAROLINE. All right. S-s-stay at home and go to s-s-school, if you want to. Papa and Mama are *happy*. Papa's playing golf and Mama's shopping. Are you ready, Miss Wilson?

DODIE. Yes, Mrs. Arizona, thank you.

CAROLINE. Don't run, but if we hurry we can each get a seat by the window.

(*Father enters, wearing a bus conductor's cap and big dark glasses. He casually arranges the chairs so as to indicate some of the seats of a long bus pointing toward the exit through the audience. The children form a line at the door of the bus, tickets in hand.*)

FATHER. Take your places in line, please. The first stop, ladies and gentlemen, will be Ashagorra-Kallapalla, where there will be twenty minutes for lunch. That's the place where you get to eat the famous heaven-fruit sandwich. (*He starts punching the tickets of some imaginary passengers who precede the children.*) That cat won't be happy, madam. That's our experience. (*Severely, palpating a passenger*) You haven't got mumps, have you? Well, I'd appreciate it if you sat at a distance from the other passengers.

BILLEE (*staggered*). But that's Papa!

DODIE. Don't be silly, Papa's away.

BILLEE. But it looks like Papa . . . and (*losing assurance*) it looks like Dr. Summers, too.

CAROLINE. Billy, I don't know what's the matter with you. Papa wouldn't be working as a bus conductor. Papa's a man that's got more money than that.

FATHER (*to Caroline*). Your ticket, please, madam.

CAROLINE. We want to go to all the places you're going to, please.

FATHER. But you mean this to be a round-trip ticket, don't you? You're coming back, aren't you?

CAROLINE (*none too sure; her eyes avoiding his*). Well, maybe I won't.

FATHER (*lowering his voice, confidentially*). I'll punch it on the side here. That'll mean you can use it, whenever you want, to come back here. (*Caroline takes her place on the bus. Mother glides in*

and takes her place in the line behind Billee. She is now wearing a brown hat and a deep-brown veil. Father punches Dodie's ticket.) Why, I think I've seen your face before, madam. Weren't you in that terrible automobile accident — blood all over the road, and everything?

DODIE (*embarrassed; low*). No, no, I wasn't.

FATHER. Well, I'm glad to hear that. (*Dodie takes her seat behind Caroline. To Billee, punching his ticket*) And what's your name, sir, if I may ask?

BILLEE. Billee.

CAROLINE (*officially*). His name is Mr. Wentworth.

FATHER. Mr. Wentworth. Good morning. (*Man to man, with a touch of severity*) No smoking in the first six rows, watch that, and (*significant whisper*) there'll be no liquor drinking on this bus. I hope that's understood. (*Billee, considerably intimidated, takes his place behind Dodie. During the following he sees Mother and stares at her in amazement. Father punches Mother's ticket, saying in sad condolence*) I hope you have a good trip, ma'am. I hope you have a good trip.

MOTHER (*a whisper*). Thank you. (*She takes a place in the last row.*)

CAROLINE (*rummaging in her handbag*). Would you like a candy bar, Miss Wilson . . . and Mr. Wentworth?

DODIE. Thank you, Mrs. Arizona, I would.

BILLEE. Look! LOOK! That's Mama!

DODIE. Stop poking me. It's not. It's not.

FATHER. Well, now, all aboard that's going to go. (*He climbs on the bus, takes his seat, tries his gears, then rises and addresses the passengers weightily.*) Before we start, there are some things I want to say about this trip. *Bus travel is not easy.* I think you'll know what I mean, Mrs. Arizona, when I say that it's like family life: we're all stuck in this vehicle together. We go through some pretty dangerous country, and I want you all to keep your heads. Like when we go through the Black Snake Indian territory, for instance. I've just heard they're getting a little — restless. And along the Kappikappi River, where all those lions and tigers are, and other things. Now, I'm a pretty good driver, but nobody's perfect and everybody can make a mistake once in a while. But I don't want any complaints afterward that you weren't warned. If anybody wants to get off this bus and go home, this is the moment to do it, and I'll give you your money back. (*Indicating Mother*) There's one passenger here I know can be counted on. She's made the trip before and she's a regular cracker-jack. Excuse me praising you to your face, ma'am, but I mean every word of it. Now, how many of you have been trained in first aid — will you hold up your hands? (*Billee and Mother raise their hands promptly. Caroline and Dodie look at one another uncer-*

tainly but do not raise their hands.) Well, we may have to hold some classes later — go to school, so to speak. Accidents are always likely to happen when we get to the tops of the mountains. So! I guess we're ready to start. When we start, we often have a word of prayer if there's a minister of the gospel on board. (*To Billee*) May I ask if you're a minister of the gospel, Mr. Wentworth?

BILLEE. N-no.

FATHER. Then we'll just have to *think* it. (*Lowering his voice, to Billee*) And, may I add, I hope that there won't be any bad language used on this bus. There are ladies present — and some very fine ladies, too, if I may say so. Well, here we go! Forward march.

CAROLINE (*to Dodie, confidentially*). If it's going to be so dangerous, I think we'd better move up a little nearer him.

(*They slip across the aisle and slide, side by side, into the second row behind Father. Billee has gone to the back of the car and stands staring at Mother.*)

BILLEE (*indicating the veil*). Do you ever take that off?

MOTHER (*softly, lowered eyes*). Sometimes I do.

CAROLINE. Billee! Don't disturb the lady. Come and sit by us.

MOTHER. Oh, he's not disturbing me at all. (*Soon he takes the seat beside her, and she puts her arm around him.*)

FATHER (*as he drives, talking to the girls over his shoulder*). It's hard work driving a bus, ladies. Did you ever think of that?

CAROLINE. Oh, yes. It must be hard.

FATHER. Sometimes I wonder why I do it. Mornings . . . leave my house and family and get on this bus. And it's no fun, believe me. (*Jerk.*) See that? Almost ran over that soldier. And — would you believe it? — I don't get much money for it.

CAROLINE (*breathless interest*). Don't they pay you a lot?

FATHER. Mrs. Arizona, I'm telling you the truth: sometimes I wonder if we're going to have enough to eat.

DODIE. Why, I think that's terrible!

FATHER. And if I can get enough clothes to wear. I see that's a nice furpiece you have on, Mrs. Arizona.

CAROLINE. Oh, this is *old*.

DODIE (*very earnestly*). But at your house you do have breakfast and lunch and supper, don't you?

FATHER. Miss Wilson, you're awfully kind to ask. So far we have. Sometimes it's just, you know, beans and things like that. Life's not easy, Mrs. Arizona. You must have noticed that.

BILLEE (*big alarm*). Mr. Bus Conductor, look 't. Look over there!

FATHER (*galvanized; all stare toward the left*).

Ladies and gentlemen, there are those goldarn Indians again! I want you to put your heads right down on the floor! Right down! (*All except Father crouch on the floor.*) I don't want any of them arrows to come in the windows and hit you. (*Father fires masterfully from the hip.*) They'll be sorry for this. BANG! BANG! That'll teach them. BANG! (*Billee rises and whirls, shooting splendidly in all directions.*) There! The danger's over, ladies and gentlemen. You can get in your seats now. I'll report that to the Man up There in Washington, D. C., you see if I don't. (*To Mother*) May I ask if you're all right back there?

MOTHER. Yes, thank you, Mr. Bus Conductor. I want to say that Mr. Wentworth behaved splendidly. I don't think that I'd be here except for him.

FATHER. Good! Minute I saw him I knew he had the old stuff in him! Ladies, I think you did A-number-one, too.

CAROLINE. Does that happen often, Mr. Bus Conductor?

FATHER. Well, you know what a man's life is like, Mrs. Arizona. Fight. Struggle. Survive. Struggle. Survive. Always was.

DODIE. What if — what if you *didn't* come back?

FATHER. Do you mean, if I died? We don't think of that, Miss Wilson. But when we come home Friday nights we like to see the look on the faces of our wives and children. Another week, and we're still there. And do you know what I do on my free days, Miss Wilson, after sitting cooped up behind this wheel?

DODIE (*sudden inspiration*). Play golf.

FATHER. You're bright, Miss Wilson, bright as a penny.

CAROLINE (*who has been glancing at Mother*). Mr. Bus Conductor, can I ask you why that lady — why she's so sad?

FATHER. You don't know?

CAROLINE. No.

FATHER (*lowering his voice*). She just got some bad news. Her children left the house.

CAROLINE. Did they?

FATHER. Don't mention it to her, will you?

CAROLINE (*insecurely*). Why did they do that?

FATHER. Well, children are funny. Funny. Now I come to think of it, it'd be nice if, a little later, you went back and sort of comforted her. Like Mr. Wentworth's doing.

DODIE. Wasn't she good to them?

FATHER. What's that?

DODIE. Wasn't she a good mother?

FATHER. Well, let me ask you a question: is there any such thing as a good mother or a good father? Look at me: I do the best I can for my family — things to eat, you know, and dresses and shoes. I see you've got some real pretty shoes on, ladies.

But, well, *children don't understand*, and that's all you can say about it. Do you know what one of my daughters said to me last week? She said she wished she was an orphan. Hard. Very hard.

CAROLINE (*struggling*). Lots of times parents don't understand children, either.

FATHER (*abruptly breaking the mood*). But now, ladies and gentlemen, I have a treat for you. (*Stops the bus and points dramatically to the front right. All gaze in awe.*) Isn't that a sight! The Mississippi River! Isn't that a lot of water!

MOTHER (*after a moment's gaze, with increasing concern*). But — but — Mr. Bus Conductor!

FATHER (*looking back at her and sharing her anxiety*). Madam, I think I know what you're thinking, and it troubles me too. (*Mother has come halfway down the aisle, her eyes on the river.*) Ladies and gentlemen, the river's in flood. I don't think I've ever seen it so high. The question is: would it be safe to cross it today? Look yourselves — would that bridge hold?

MOTHER (*returning to her seat*). Mr. Bus Conductor, may I make a suggestion?

FATHER. You certainly may.

MOTHER. I suggest that you ask the passengers to raise their hands if they think it's best that we don't cross the Mississippi today.

FATHER. Very good idea! That'll mean we turn around and go back to where we came from. Now think it over, ladies and gentlemen. All who are ready to do that raise their hands. (*Mother and Billee raise their hands at once. Then Dodie. Finally, unhappily, Caroline. Father earnestly counts the twenty hands in the bus.*) All right! Everybody wants to go back. So, here we go. (*He starts the bus.*) Now, I'm going to go pretty fast, so sit square in your seats. (*After a pause, confidentially over his shoulder to Caroline*) I hope you really meant it when you put your hand up, Mrs. Arizona.

CAROLINE. Well. . . .

FATHER. You *do* have some folks waiting for you at home, don't you?

DODIE (*quickly*). Yes, we do.

CAROLINE (*slowly, near to tears*). But we didn't get to China or to that river where the lions and tigers are. It's too soon to go back to where I come from, where everybody says silly things they don't mean one bit, and where nobody treats you like a real person. And we didn't get to eat the famous heaven-fruit sandwich at that place.

DODIE (*embarrassed*). Car'line, you can do it another time. (*Caroline's lowered head shows that she doesn't believe this.*)

FATHER (*confidentially*). Mrs. Arizona, I'll honor that ticket *at any time*, and I'll be looking for you.

CAROLINE (*raises her eyes to him gravely; after a minute she says, also in a low voice*) Mr. Bus Conductor —

FATHER. Yes, Mrs. Arizona.

CAROLINE. Do you get paid just the same, even if you didn't go the whole way?

FATHER. I? Oh, don't you think of that, ma'am. We can tighten our belts. There's always something.

CAROLINE (*groping feverishly in her handbag, with a quick sob*). No! I haven't got a lot of money, but — here! Here's more'n two dollars, and you can buy a lot of things to eat with that.

FATHER (*quietly and slowly, his eyes on the road*). That's real thoughtful of you, Mrs. Arizona, and I thank you. But you put that away and keep it. I feel sure that this is going to be my good year. (*After a pause.*) Excuse me, may I put my hand on your hand a minute to show you how I appreciate what you did?

CAROLINE (*shy*). Yes, you may. (*He does so, very respectfully; then returns to his wheel.*)

DODIE. Car'line, what're you crying about?

CAROLINE. When . . . you try to do something for somebody . . . and. . .

FATHER (*very cheerful and loud*). Gee whillikers! My wife will be surprised to see me back home so soon. Poor old thing, she doesn't have many pleasures. Just a little shopping now and then. (*He tosses off a snatch of song*) "The son of a, son of a, son of a gambolier. . . ." I think this would be a good time to go back and say a nice word to that lady who's had a little disappointment in her home, don't you?

CAROLINE. Well, uh. . . . Come, Dodie. (*Caroline goes back and sits in front of Mother, talking to her over the back of the seat; Dodie stands beside her.*) The bus conductor says that everybody isn't in your house any more.

MOTHER (*lowered eyes*). Did he? That's true.

CAROLINE. They'll come back. I know they will.

MOTHER. Oh, do you think so?

CAROLINE. Children don't like being treated as children *all the time*. And I think it isn't worth while being born into the world if you have to do the same things every day.

DODIE. The reason I don't like grownups is that they don't ever think any inneresting thoughts. I guess they're so old that they just get tired of expecting anything to be different or exciting. So they just do the same old golfing and shopping.

CAROLINE (*suddenly seeing a landmark through the window*). Mr. Bus Conductor! Mr. Bus Conductor! Please, will you please stop at the next corner? This is where we have to get off. (*Under her voice, commandingly*) Come, Dodie, Billee. Come quick! (*They start up the aisle toward the bus exit, then turn back to Mother. Their farewells are their best party manners.*)

THE CHILDREN (*shaking hands with both parents*). I'm very glad to have met you. Thank you very much. I'm very glad to have met you.

FATHER (*as Mother joins him at the bus exit*). But you'll come on my bus again? We'll see you again?

CAROLINE (*to Dodie and Billee, low*). Now, run! (*They run into the house like rabbits. She stands at the bus door, with lowered eyes.*) Well . . . you see . . . you're just people in our game. You're not *really* alive. That's why we could talk to you. (*A quick glance at her father, then she looks down again.*) Besides, we've found that it's best not to make friends with grownups, because . . . in the end . . . they don't act fair to you. . . . But thank you; I'm very glad to have met you.

(*She goes into the house. Father takes off his cap and glasses, Mother her hat and veil. They place them on chairs. Father prepares to make a difficult golf stroke.*)

FATHER. Where are the children?

MOTHER. Oh, they're hiding somewhere, as usual.

FATHER. Hiding! Hiding from their father!

MOTHER. Or they're playing one of those awful games of theirs. Come in, come in. You'll see them at supper.

(*She goes into the house. Father stands at the end of the stage farthest from the house and calls.*)

FATHER. Caroline! Dodie! Billee-ee-ee!

(*Silence, of course. He goes into the house.*)

IDEAS

AND DOLLARS

IN ASIA

BY KINGSLEY MARTIN

KINGSLEY MARTIN became editor of the *NEW STATESMAN* in 1931, and in the intervening years he has made his magazine the most penetrating, caustic, and widely read weekly of critical content in Britain. He travels extensively, especially in Asia, and he here tells us how the United States can again win back the advantage it once held in the undeveloped countries.

IT USED to be said that you could do anything with bayonets except sit on them. Today you can do nothing with nuclear bombs except create an incalculable number of deaths. The story of Germany, with a whole series of military aggressions to its credit; the revolution in Turkey, supposedly the most reliable of American allies; the upheaval in South Korea, an American puppet state since the war ten years ago; and Eisenhower's abortive visit to Japan — all these prove that power does not convert nations, though modern weapons may destroy them. Khrushchev has grasped this fact and is now trying, so far vainly, to persuade the Chinese that the final war between capitalism and Communism is an ideological luxury that need not be deduced from Leninist texts. The Pentagon may also be convinced by recent events that if bombs do not convert, America must rely on dollars and ideas.

Khrushchev would not indulge in this damaging argument with Mao if he did not know that the future of Communism is at stake. Whatever his other misdeeds and prevarications, he is certainly sincere when he says, "Our supreme aim is to make socialism, as practiced by the Soviet Union, the economic system of the whole world" and "We declare war upon the United States in the peaceful field of trade." In short, the correct Communist weapon is the ruble, plus the propaganda that goes with it.

In this peaceful war, the Communist bloc starts with great initial advantages. These must be honestly faced if we are to understand why the vast American expenditure on foreign aid seems to have much less political impact than the smaller sum spent by the Soviet Union. In the five years between mid-1954 and mid-1959, Sino-Soviet aid to twenty countries totaled \$2.7 billion, three quarters of which was for economic purposes. In the same period, the same twenty countries received \$5.3 billion in economic aid from the United States. Thus, taking account only of those countries where there is direct competition between U.S. and Communist aid, Washington gives more than two and a half times what the Communists contribute.

Russia's first advantage is in having a philosophy about backward areas. The Soviets are not merely fighting a trade war. Khrushchev agrees with the Americans that rivalry in aid to the less developed peoples is the form that the war between Communism and capitalism now takes. There will be general agreement, too, that technology is rapidly uniting the world. But America has no clear theory of how to create One World out of the three great groups into which it is now divided. Every Communist child, on the other hand, is told that world unity is inevitable, that nearly half the world is now Communist, and that when the undeveloped areas have been won over

by the Communists, America and its satellites will be isolated and — peacefully or not — overwhelmed.

The Communist bloc has the advantage of being able to act swiftly and decisively as a unit, offering aid where it is most wanted and where it will earn the most gratitude and influence. It can switch to Iceland, Burma, and Egypt and cut off Yugoslavia, Israel, and Japan if it desires to reward or punish. This contrasts with the contradictions and conflicts within the Western camp. It must be added, as a factor understood much more readily in Djakarta and Rangoon than in London or Washington, that the fluctuations of world prices may, at a stroke, wipe out the benefits of capitalist aid, while Soviet barter agreements are not similarly affected. It is not America's fault that the value of the primary products which the West buys from underdeveloped areas fell by 7 per cent between 1956 and 1958, while the value of the industrial products sold to these areas increased by 5 per cent. It is easy for the Communist to argue that the West takes away all that it gives.

THE Communists have been denouncing colonialism and imperialism ever since World War I; Asians have long been conditioned to assume that Russia stands for anticolonialism, while aid from the West can be given only for imperialist reasons. The new Asian nations exist because the Japanese ignominiously threw out the British, Dutch, and French from Malay, Burma, Indonesia, and Vietnam. The British were quick enough to realize that the nationalist movements in Britain's former colonies would not tolerate a return to their former status. America started with an anti-imperialist reputation in Asia and fulfilled its democratic promises by giving the Philippines its freedom. Abraham Lincoln and Roosevelt were heroic names, symbols of liberation and democracy. America, in the eyes of the new Asia, threw away this advantage by continuing to back the Kuomintang after it had lost popular support and was notoriously little more than a family affair making vast fortunes out of American aid. General Marshall understood this; if he had been able to bring the civil war to an end, the new China would perhaps not have been rigidly hostile to the West. In any case, it is clear that wherever in Asia the new forces of nationalism were supported by the West, the result was to create independent and anti-Communist governments, whereas in China and North Vietnam, nationalism was submerged in Communism.

The new nationalism demanded not only freedom from foreign occupation and domination

but also plans to increase living standards, which would in time be comparable to those of the West. It took the West a long time to discover that the new regimes would welcome foreign investment only insofar as it would increase their own prosperity and independence, and that they would not be satisfied with gifts which might feed some hungry bellies but would not help the planning of a socialist economy. It is very difficult for Americans to realize that aid in Asia involves support for a measure of state planning and control which in the United States would be called socialism.

Colonialism is inseparably associated with racial discrimination — indeed, with subjugation and slavery. This is Communism's strongest card everywhere. Every news item about Little Rock, racial riots in Notting Hill, or Bantu repression in South Africa is worth more to the Communists than a fleet of bombers. Every European in Asia who shows that he regards Asians as wogs or natural inferiors is a Communist agent. Thousands of Asians now go to the U.S.S.R. annually; many of them come away disillusioned about freedom in Moscow, but they are never humiliated or made to feel inferior. In Soviet Central Asia the Asian visitor finds himself at home; in Tashkent or Turkistan he learns that Soviet peoples are encouraged to develop their national traditions, even if they have lost their political independence. Asians are necessarily impressed by the discovery of people very like themselves who only a few years ago lived in primitive conditions but who are now the center of a great industrial civilization.

Similarly, the Russians who are sent to bring aid to backward areas are accustomed to a standard of living not much better than that which they find in Asia. They see themselves not as outsiders engaged in charitable works but as fellow victims of capitalism, sharing in a common task and offering their help to create a new and independent society. It would not occur to them to complain of the food or accommodation, and they are expected to learn to speak fluently the languages of the countries to which they have been sent. It will be recalled that in *The Ugly American* one of the requirements suggested as necessary for any American about to serve in Asia is that he should master the language of the country where he is to work. Here, indeed, we enter upon a field of the utmost difficulty for Americans. Even the most devoted and unselfish of them take it for granted that their exile is to be brief and that while it lasts they will live largely on specially imported food and in a house with hot water, a bath and lavatory, and other basic Western amenities.

Americans carry their way of life with them. They talk as if it were the ideal for which all

mankind yearns. Insofar as it means more food and a better house, they are perfectly right. But much of the life they regard as good seems to many Buddhists and Hindus actively evil. A Burmese who returned after a year in the United States remarked that he felt sorry for the Americans; they spent a lot of money on people like himself, but the more he saw of the American way of life, the less he liked it. The bookstalls in Singapore, Rangoon, and Djakarta are stacked high with propagandist literature, some subsidized by the Americans, most of the rest by the Communists. The Communist literature describes the West as decadent and immoral; a world in which the rich batten on the poor, where colored people are treated as dirt, and where governments are preparing for war against the Communists and the colonial races. How much of this is read and believed, I do not know. But, side by side with the Communist pamphlets, brightly jacketed and attractive, American magazines precisely confirm Communist propaganda. Here are wonderful pictures of the Hollywood world, advertisements for hotels and clothes, which obviously only the rich can afford, side by side with photographs of strikers being clubbed and Africans being jailed or flogged. Good Western propaganda would show slums being pulled down and black and white children going to school together in the Southern states.

NOTHING has done the West more harm than the late Secretary Dulles' assumption, supported, it must be admitted, by countless speeches in Congress, that the reason for giving aid was military. I recall a conversation with a Middle East dictator who complained that he was starved for arms from the West. What, I asked, did he want them for? To fight against the Jews and, of course, their Western imperialist allies. Both had to be driven from the Arab world. It never remotely entered his head that his country could be involved in war against the Russians, much as he disliked Communism. The evil he knew was Western imperialism. What small country would voluntarily enter an alliance which could only lead to its own destruction? The Indonesians promptly threw out a foreign minister who made a bargain to accept American military aid, and the Burmese, who had been fighting Communism for twelve years, refused all American aid when "economic aid" became "military assistance." Nehru has been widely criticized in America for his policy of nonalignment, but no Indian government could have entered into any military arrangement which might again involve

India in a world war such as Britain had twice drawn India into without as much as a by-your-leave.

We may say that the Communist appeal to Asian countries has sounded like this: "We were a nation of poor exploited peasants like you only a generation ago; we hired the machinery and technical instruction we needed from America. We rid ourselves of this aid as soon as we could, and we are now the technical equals of the Americans. We do not offer you injections of money and food, which would be quickly used up, leaving you as poor as you were before. We offer you aid to make your nation independent and self-confident. No obligations are attached. We offer our aid cheaply, so that by your own efforts you can become as strong, and in the long run as rich, as we shall be when we do not have to waste any more money defending ourselves against the imperialists."

If the underdeveloped countries had taken this appeal at its face value and had received no alternative offer from America except aid as the price of military and economic dependence, there would be nothing more to say. The Communists would have won the battle. But the choice is not as simple as that. In the first place, the Communist bloc has not always lived up to its economic promises. The goods it has delivered have often been of poor quality, and more than one backward country has felt that it has been pressured into making a bad bargain with the Communists. It is true, too, that the Communist bloc has not been able to export as much economic aid as it has promised, that China today is itself the largest recipient of Soviet aid, and that Russia must improve its own people's standard of living. There are, therefore, sharp limits to the available Soviet surplus. But those who have studied this problem most closely point out that economic progress in the Communist bloc is now rapid and that Soviet technique in dealing with backward countries is clearly improving.

A far more important factor is that in technically backward countries Communist propaganda is by no means taken at its face value. Ever since the Russians started to bully the Yugoslavs, more thoughtful and informed Asians have wondered whether Russian aid did not in fact carry hidden strings. Such fears were redoubled in 1956 when the Russians suppressed the national revolt in Hungary, and in the last four years Asians have been increasingly anxious to balance Russian aid with Western aid. It is symptomatic that when delegations come to the West from Burma and other Asian countries, the capitals they most wish to visit are Belgrade and Tel Aviv, because in Yugoslavia and Israel they

see the possibility of socialism combined with freedom.

The tendency to fear that Communism may be a threat and not a symbol of liberation has been sharply increased since the Chinese violations of India's northern frontier. All the Communist advantages that I have listed will be wiped out at a blow if Asian opinion becomes convinced that Communism means aggression, not peace; servitude, not liberation; arrogance, not friendship. There are, after all, eighteen million Overseas Chinese in Southern Asia, and Indonesia is not the only country that fears their disloyalty. Thus, there is a new readiness to cooperate economically with the West if its aid is disinterestedly offered. In India, the key country, anti-Chinese feeling has made it possible for a new conservative party to talk of an alliance with America. But this, I must emphasize, represents only a small section of Indian opinion, and any attempt by America to coax India from the policy of nonalignment would lead to immediate reaction and the rapid growth of anti-American feeling.

All Asia was shocked by the U-2 flight, and American responsibility for the Paris breakdown was generally accepted. Peiping, which had never hidden its dislike of Khrushchev's "co-existence" policy, saw in the Summit collapse a triumphant confirmation of its belief that the imperialists will never disarm or make peace and that if a third world war happened, socialism would be the victor. To this Khrushchev replied in sharp terms, and *Pravda* and other Soviet papers echoed his arguments. Leninism, in the Soviet view, can be properly interpreted in support of the theory that capitalism will be defeated without the lunatic destruction of a world war. Thus, for the first time Moscow and Peiping are involved in ideological debate. But only the ignorant will assume that this is the equivalent of, or even the prelude to, a political split. It is mere wishful thinking to imagine that Russia and China are divided in their determination to undermine and defeat the West.

The effect of the U-2 flight on the one hand and of China's threatening pose on the other is to strengthen neutralism greatly throughout non-Communist Asia. It was John Foster Dulles' most dangerous error to regard neutralism as a leaning toward Communism and to assume that economic, military, political, and propagandist aid should be given to politicians like Kishi, who was a war criminal, or Syngman Rhee and Menderes, who represent the corrupt and decadent autocracies of the past. Such tools must always break in America's hands, since they do not represent the interests or the aspirations of the people. The revolt in Japan is not a victory for

Communism, although the Chinese, of course, interpret it as such, and so do some of the less informed in the West.

The demand in Japan is not for a Communist government but for an independent and peaceful one. The same may be said for the whole of non-Communist Asia. Therefore, American policy should be to support the forces in each Asian country that offer the best chance of popular support and to help them to create the balanced economy that every technically backward country needs for strength and stability. India is the key country; its vast peasantry will never willingly accept the regimentation of the Chinese communes. It also stubbornly resists necessary change. Breaking up great estates into even smaller fragments presents a problem that only cooperation will solve, and cooperation presents a difficult psychological and financial problem. The Ford Foundation's investigators were mistaken in thinking that India could concentrate on keeping its food supply; if it did, India could not buy the peasants' necessities or create a balanced economy.

Here, America can really come to India's aid. It is in a position — as Russia is not — to provide wheat, sugar, cotton, and fats, without which Indian poverty will not be relieved. In this, as in most other cases where large sums of money are involved, the program is most wisely carried out under the aegis of an international agency, even if, in fact, it is chiefly financed by America. The one organization I have never heard criticized in Asia is the Colombo Plan, by which Asian technicians become really qualified to deal with their own problems.

India is by far the largest and most important of the countries in which dollars and rubles compete. The *Economist*, in an authoritative supplement on India last March, said that the Western nations had to decide whether they were ready to undertake commitments that would "ensure that so far as it lies in their power, India's third plan will not fail for lack of adequate help from them." This time there must not be that "sense of the provisional," of readiness to "bail out," of merely "helping to turn the next corner" that had been a feature even of the West's decision to tide over India's financial crisis two years ago. The comparison is with America's decision in the Marshall Plan: "The decision to work co-operatively for a real solution, and to stay with the problem until it has been overcome."

How far is such a Marshall Plan possible for Asia? The European countries that accepted Marshall aid were able first to repair the ravages

of war and then to advance to a higher standard of life than they had had before. They even put themselves in a position to give, not to receive, aid, to join in a Marshall Plan for the undeveloped world.

The difference between European and Asian aid is quite simply that, even if the West should now decide to spend the prodigious sums of money which are regarded as necessary in Asia, the countries which receive the money will be quite unable to use it in productive enterprises. Marshall-aided countries had the skill and the know-how; when the immediate mess was cleared up, they also had the organization and the stability to make themselves independent and prosperous. In the case of Asian countries, the first necessity is to see how each backward area can be developed to a point at which it is able to develop itself. It is useless to vote a lump sum of money and expect countries with no technical experience or social stability thereby to grow rich and happy. The result of such a conception is likely to be what has occurred in Laos, where little or nothing has been spent on the development of the country or the needs of the common people, and much in equipping an army and military establishment. The inevitable result is that nationalist feeling turns against the benefactor, and the army, equipped by America, becomes the champion of a nationalist struggle against American domination. The only people left to be pro-American then are those who, fairly or dishonestly, have made a good thing out of contracts or bribes paid for by America. This does not mean that the country necessarily goes Communist, but that it demands independence although it lacks the economic, technical, and administrative capacity to stand on its own feet.

Mr. B. K. Nehru, commissioner general for economic affairs in India, has written well on this point in the *International Development Review*. He remarks that "the limitations to economic growth differ from country to country and area to area, and it is by no means always shortage of capital which restricts economic growth." The first need, therefore, is to create, in the varying circumstances of each country, conditions which make genuine advance possible. It is failure to recognize this, he says, that explains the "irrationality" in foreign aid programs. In order to get the priorities right, each country must be studied and treated as a separate project. The questions to be asked are how each economy is to be made self-supporting and how its further growth is to be

made "self-generating in the shortest possible time."

As a result of such a reassessment of the needs of each undeveloped country, a plan must be worked out and a sum of money allocated. It must be a joint plan between the West and those in the undeveloped country who are sincerely working for independence and general, as opposed to private, prosperity. The promised money must not be tied by political strings. Mr. B. K. Nehru speaks as if the proposal of the British Labor Party that each Western country should spend one per cent of its national income for this purpose might be sufficient; but the essential is that such a sum should, either through private or governmental channels, flow steadily into the receiving countries.

I should add that one of the great assets, if the West is capable of devising and carrying through such an Asian Marshall scheme, is that there are already all over Asia disinterested experts from America and other countries who have learned what Asia needs, usually from experience of working in United Nations agencies. It is interesting to speculate whether, if the West were to unite on a plan of this scale and push it with the energy that was behind the European Marshall Plan, Russia, which has collaborated in some United Nations projects, could afford to stand wholly aloof or opposed.

The basic mistake of the West is to accept Khrushchev's challenge on his own terms. We must cease to regard undeveloped countries as fields of battle, economic or military. The way to win in Asia is not to fight a war against Communism or to attempt to create a capitalist economy in countries where imperialism is no more popular than Communism. We should welcome every improvement in the living standards of ex-colonial countries. Independence and prosperity are good things in themselves. If the Russians have learned to follow the West's lead in giving aid to technically backward areas, so much the better. The improvement is a matter of rejoicing wherever it comes from. The job is to understand Asian problems and help Asians to solve them. As they grow in strength, so these nations will become less dependent on any outside power. They will be free of Communism; the conclusion is that they must also be free of imperialism. It is their weakness and poverty that are dangerous. They will not accept capitalism; they fear the regimentation and arrogance of Communism. Independent friends are better than unreliable satellites.

At the STELLING

by John Hearne

The author of three novels, JOHN HEARNE grew up and was educated in Jamaica, and in his writings he describes with dramatic force the people and customs of the islands of the Caribbean. He is now living in London and working on a new novel. His last book, THE EYE OF THE STORM, was published by Atlantic-Little, Brown.

Dis one is no boss fe' we, Dunnie," Son-Son say. "Dis one is boss fe' messenger and women in department office, but not fe' we."

"Shut your mouth," I tell him. "Since when a stupid, black nigger can like and don't like a boss in New Holland? What you goin' do? Retire and live 'pon your estate?" But I know say that Son-Son is right.

The two of we talk so at the back of the line; Son-Son carrying the chain, me with the level on the tripod. It is three mile to where the Catacuma run black past the stelling, and even the long light down the sky can't strike a shine from Catacuma water. You can smell Rooi Swamp, dark and sweet and wicked, like a woman in a bad house back in Zuyder Town. Nothing live in Rooi Swamp except snake; like nothing live in a bad woman. The new boss, Mister Cockburn, walk far ahead with the little assistant man, Mister Bailey. John stay close behind them, near to the rifle. The other rest of the gang file out upon the trail between them three and me and Son-Son. Mister Cockburn is brand-new from head to foot. New hat, new bush shirt, new denim pant, new boot. Him walk new.

"Mister Cockburn!" John call. "Look!"

I follow the point of John's finger and see the deer. It fat and promise tender, and it turn on the hoof tip like deer always do, with the four tip standing in a nickel and leaving enough bare to

make a cent change, before the spring into high grass. Mister Cockburn unship the rifle, and *pow!* — if we was all cow, then him shoot plenty grass for us to eat.

"Why him don't give John de rifle?" Son-Son say.

"Because de rifle is government," I tell him, "and Mister Cockburn is government. So it is him have a right to de rifle."

Mister Cockburn turn and walk back. He is a tall, high-mulatto man, young and full in body, with eyes not blue and not green but colored like the glass of a beer bottle. The big hat make him look like a soldier in the moving pictures.

"Blast this sun," he say, loud, to John. "I can't see a damn thing in the glare; it's right in my eyes." The sun is falling down the sky behind us, but maybe him think we can't see that too.

John don't answer but only nod once, and Mister Cockburn turn and walk on, and I know say that if I could see John's face, it would be all Carib buck. Sometimes you can see where the Indian lap with it, but other times it is all Indian and closed like a prison gate; and I know say, too, that it was this face Mister Cockburn did just see.

"Trouble dere, soon," Son-Son say, and him chin point to John and then to Mister Cockburn. "Why Mister Hamilton did have to get sick, eh, Dunnie? Dat was a boss to have."

"Whatever trouble to happen is John's trouble," I tell him. "John's trouble and Mister Cockburn's. Leave it. You is a poor naygur wid no schooling, five pickney, and a sick woman. Dat is trouble enough for you."

But in my heart I find agreement for what stupid Son-Son have to say. If I had only known what trouble —

No. Life don't come so. It only come one day at a time. Like it come every day since we lose Mister Hamilton and Mister Cockburn take we up to survey the Catacuma drainage area in Mister Hamilton's stead.

The first day we go on the savanna beyond the stelling, I know say that Mister Cockburn is frighten. Frighten and hiding his frighten from himself. The worst kind of frighten. You hear frighten in him voice when he shout at we to keep the chain straight and plant the markers where him tell us. You see frighten when him try to work us, and himself, one hour after midday, when even the alligators hide in the water. And you understand frighten when him try to run the camp at the stelling as if we was soldier and him was a general. But all that is because he is new, and it would pass but for John. Because of John everything remain bad. From the first day when John try to treat him as he treat Mister Hamilton.

You see, John and Mister Hamilton was like one thing, except that Mister Hamilton have schooling and come from a big family in Zuyder Town. But they each suck from a Carib woman, and from the first both their spirit take. When we have Mister Hamilton as boss, whatever John say we do, as if it was Mister Hamilton say it, and at night when Mister Hamilton lie off in the Berbice chair on the veranda and him and John talk, it sound like one mind with two tongue. Only when Mister Cockburn come back up the river with we, after Mister Hamilton take sick, we know say all that is change. For Mister Cockburn is frighten and must cut down John's pride, and from that day John don't touch the rifle and don't come to the veranda except to take orders and for Mister Cockburn to show that gang foreman is only gang foreman and that boss is always boss.

Son-Son say true, I think. Trouble is to come between John and Mister Cockburn. Poor John. Here, in the bush, him is a king, but in New Zuyder him is just another poor half-buck without a job and Mister Cockburn is boss, and some he cast down and some he raiseth up.

AHEAD of we, I see Mister Cockburn trying to step easy and smooth, as if we didn't just spend seven hours on the savanna. Him is trying hard,

but every often the new boot kick black dirt from the trail. That is all right, I think. Him will learn. Him don't know say that even John hold respect for the sun on the Catacuma. The sun down here on the savanna is like the centurion in the Bible who say to one man, Come, and he cometh, and to another, Go, and he goeth. Like it say Go to Mister Hamilton. For it was a man sick bad we take down to the mouth of the river that day after he fall down on the wharf at the stelling. And it was nearly a dead man we drive up the coast road one hundred mile to Zuyder Town. Afterward the government doctor tell Survey that he must stay in the office forevermore; and even Mister Hamilton, who think him love the bush and the swamp and the forest more than life itself, was grateful to the doctor for those words.

So it was it did happen with Mister Hamilton, and so it was Mister Cockburn come to we.

Three weeks we is on the Catacuma with Mister Cockburn, and every new day things stay worse than the last.

In the morning, when him come out with the rifle, him shout: "Dunnie! Take the corial across the river and put up these bottles." And he fling the empty rum and beer bottle down the slope to me and I get into the corial and paddle across the river and put the necks over seven sticks on the other bank. Then him and the little assistant, Mister Bailey, stay on the veranda and fire across the river, each spelling each, until the bottle is all broken.

And John, down by the river, in the soft morning light, standing in the corial we have half buried in the water, half drawn upon the bank, washing himself all over careful like an Indian and not looking to the veranda.

"John!" Mister Cockburn shout, and laugh bad. "Careful, eh, man. Mind a *perai* don't cut off your balls."

We have to stand in the corial because *perai* is bad on the Catacuma and will take off your heel and your toe if you stand in the river six inches from the bank. We always joke each other about it, but not the way Mister Cockburn joke John. That man know what him is doing and it is not nice to hear.

John say nothing. Him stand in the still-water catch of the corial that we half sink and wash him whole body like an Indian and wash him mouth out and listen to Mister Cockburn fire at the bottle across the river. Only we know how John need to hold that rifle. When it come to rifle and gun, him is all Indian, no African in it at all. Rifle to him is like woman to we. Him don't really hold a rifle, him make love with it. And I think how things go in Mister Hamilton's time, when him and John stand on the veranda

in the morning and take seven shots, break seven bottle, and out in the bush they feel shame if four shot fire and only three piece of game come back. Mister Hamilton is a man think hard all the time. And the question he ask! "Dunnie," he ask, "what do you see in your looking glass?" or "Do you know, Dunnie, that this country has had its images broken on the wheels of false assumptions? Arrogance and servility. Twin criminals pleading for the mercy of an early death." That is how Mister Hamilton talk late at night when him lie off in the big Berbice chair and share him mind with we.

AFTER three weeks on the Catacuma, Mister Cockburn and most of we go down the river, Mister Cockburn to take him plans to the department, and the rest of we because nothing to do when him is gone. All the way down the river John don't say a word. Him sit in the boat bows and stare down the black water as if it is a book giving him secret to remember. Mister Cockburn is loud and happy, for him feel, we know say now, who is boss, and him begin to lose him frighten spirit.

"Remember now," him say in the department yard at Zuyder Town. "Eight o'clock sharp on Tuesday morning. If one of you is five minutes late, the truck leaves without you. Plenty of men between here and the Catacuma glad to get work." We laugh and say, "Sure, boss, sure," because we know say that already him is not so new as him was and that him is only joking. Only John don't laugh, but walk out of the yard and down the street.

Monday night, John come to my house; I is living in a little place between the coolie cinema and the dockyard. "Dunnie," he say, "Dunnie, you have fifteen dollar?"

"Jesus," I say, "what you need fifteen dollar for, man? Dat is plenty, you know?"

"All right," he say. "You don't have it. I only ask."

Him turn, as if it was the time him ask and I don't have no watch.

"Hold on, hold on," I tell him. "I never say I don't have fifteen dollar. I just say, what you want it for?"

"Lend me. I don't have enough for what I want. As we pay off next month, you get it back. My word to God."

I go into the house.

"Thank you, Dunnie," John say when I bring him the fifteen dollar. "One day you will want something bad. Come to me then."

And him gone up the street so quick you scarcely see him pass under the light.

The next morning, in the truck going down to the boat at the Catacuma mouth, we see what John did want fifteen dollar for.

"You have a license for that?" Mister Cockburn ask him, hard and quick, when he see it.

"Yes," John say, and stow the new Johnson repeater with his gear up in the boat bows.

"All right," Mister Cockburn say. "I hope you do. I don't want any unlicensed guns in my camp."

Him and John was never born to get on.

We reach the stelling late afternoon. The bungalow stand on the bluff above the big tent where we sleep, and Zacchy, who we did leave to look to the camp, wait on the wharf, waving to us.

When we passing the gear from the boat, John grab his bundle by the string and swing it up. The string break and shirt, pant, and handkerchief fly out to float on the water. Them float, but the new carton of .32 ammunition fall out too, and we see it for a second, green in the black water as it slide to the bottom and the mud and the *perai*. Mister Bailey, the little assistant, look sorry, John look sick, and Mister Cockburn laugh a little up in the back of him nose. "Is that all you had?" him ask.

"Yes," John say. "I don't need no more than that for three weeks."

"Too bad," Mister Cockburn reply. "Too bad. Rotten luck. I might be able to spare you a few from stores."

Funny how a man who can stay decent with everybody always find one other who turn him bad.

Is another three weeks we stay up on the survey. We triangulate all the stretch between the Rooi Swamp and the first forest. Things is better this time. Mister Cockburn don't feel so rampageous to show what a hard boss him is. Everything is better except him and John. Whenever him and John speak, one voice is sharp and empty and the other voice is dead, and empty too. Every few day him give John two, three cartridge, and John go out and come back with two, three piece of game. A deer and a labba, maybe. Or a bush pig and an agouti. Whatever ammunition John get, him bring back meat to match. And you know, I think that rowel Mister Cockburn's spirit worse than anything else John do. Mister Cockburn is shooting good, too, and we is eating plenty meat, but him don't walk with the gun like John. Who could ever? Not even Mister Hamilton.

The last Saturday before we leave, John come to Mister Cockburn. It is afternoon and work done till Monday. Son-Son and me is getting the gears ready for a little cricket on the flat piece under the *kookorit* palms. The cricket gears keep in the big room with the other rest of stores and

we hear every word John and Mister Cockburn say.

"No, John," Mister Cockburn tell him. "We don't need any meat. We're leaving Tuesday morning. We have more than enough now." Him voice sleepy and deep from the Berbice chair.

"Sell me few rounds, Mister Cockburn," John say. "I will give you store price for a few rounds of .32."

"They're not mine to sell," Mister Cockburn say, and him is liking the whole business so damn much his voice don't even hold malice, as it always do for John. "You know every round of ammunition here belongs to Survey. I have to indent and account for every shot fired."

Him know, like we know, that Survey don't give a lime how much shot fire up in the bush so long as the men stay happy and get meat.

"You can't give three shot, Mister Cockburn?" John say. You know how bad John want to use the new repeater when you hear him beg.

"Sorry, John," Mister Cockburn say. "Have you checked the calking on the boat? I don't want us shipping any water when we're going down on Tuesday."

A little later all of we except John go out to play cricket. Mister Cockburn and Mister Bailey come too, and each take captain of a side. We play till the parrots come talking across the river to the *kookorits* and the sky turn to green and fire out on the savanna. When we come back to the camp John is gone. Him take the corial and gone.

"That damn buck," Mister Cockburn say to Mister Bailey. "Gone up the river to his cousins, I suppose. We won't see him until Monday morning now. You can take an Indian out of the bush, but God Almighty Himself can't take the bush out of the Indian."

Monday morning, we get up and John is there. Him is seated on the stelling and all you can see of him face is the teeth as him grin and the cheeks swell up and shiny with pleasure. Lay out on the stelling before him is seven piece of game. Three deer, a labba, and three bush pig. None of we ever see John look so. Him tired till him thin and gray, but happy and proud till him can't speak.

"Seven," him say at last and hold up him finger. "Seven shots, Dunnie. That's all I take. One day and seven shot."

"What's this?" a voice call from up the veranda and we look and see Mister Cockburn in the soft, white-man pajamas lean over to look at we on the stelling. "Is that you, John? Where the devil have you been?"

"I make a little trip, Mister Cockburn," John say. Him is so proud and feel so damn sweet him like even Mister Cockburn. "I make a little trip. I bring back something for you to take back to town. Come and make your choice, sir."

Mister Cockburn is off the veranda before the eye can blink, and we hear the fine red slipper go slap-slap on the path down the bluff. Him come to the wharf and stop short when him see the game. Then him look at John for a long time and turn away slow and make water over the stelling edge and come back, slow and steady.

"All right," him say, and him voice soft and feel bad in your ears, like you did stumble in the dark and put your hand into something you would walk round. "All right, John. Where did you get the ammunition? Who gave it to you, eh?" Him voice go up and break like a boy's voice when the first hairs begin to grow low down on him belly.

"Mister Cockburn," John say, so crazy proud that even now him want to like the man and share pride with him. "I did take the rounds, sir. From your room. Seven shot I take, Mister Cockburn, and look what I bring you back. Take that deer, sir, for yourself and your family. Town people never taste meat like that."

"You son of a bitch," Mister Cockburn reply. "You damned, impertinent, thieving son of a bitch. Bailey!" — and him voice scream until Mister Bailey come out to the veranda. "Bailey! Listen to this. We have a thief in the camp. This beauty here feels that the government owes him his ammunition."

"What else did you take?" Him voice sound as if a rope tie round him throat.

"What else I take?" John look as if him try to kiss a woman and she slap him face. "How I could take anything, Mister Cockburn? As if I am a thief. Seven little shot I take from the carton. You don't even remember how many rounds you did have left. How many you did have, eh? Tell me that."

"Don't back-chat me, you bloody thief!" Mister Cockburn yell. "This is your last job with Survey, you hear me? I'm going to fire your arse as soon as we get to the river mouth. And don't think this game is yours to give away. You shot it with government ammunition. With *stolen* government ammunition. Here! Dunnie, Son-Son, Zacchy! Get that stuff up to the house. Zacchy, gut them and hang them. I'll decide what to do with them later."

John stay as still as if him was dead. Only when we gather up the game and a kid deer drop one splash of dark stomach blood onto the boards him draw one long breath and shiver.

"Now," Mister Cockburn say, "get to hell out

of this! Up to the tent. You don't work for me any more. I'll take you downriver on Tuesday and that's all. And if I find one dollar missing from my wallet, I'm going to see you behind bars."

It is that day I know say how nothing so bad before but corruption and rottenness come worse after. None of we could forget John's face when we pick up him game. For we Negro, and for the white man and for the mulatto man, game is to eat sometimes, or it is play to shoot. But for the Indian, oh God, game that him kill true is life everlasting. It is manhood.

WHEN we come back early in the afternoon, with work done, we don't see John. But the corial still there, and the engine boat, and we know that him not far. Little later, when Zacchy cook, I fill a billy pot and go out to the *kookorits*. I find him there, in the grass.

"John," I say. "Don't tek it so. Mister Cockburn young and foolish and don't mean harm. Eat, John. By the time we reach river mouth tomorrow everyting will be well again. Do, John. Eat dis."

John look at me and it is one black Indian Carib face stare like statue into mine. All of him still, except the hands that hold the new rifle and polish, polish, polish with a rag until the barrel shine blue like a Chinee whore hair.

I come back to the stelling. Mister Cockburn and Mister Bailey lie into two deck chair under the tarpaulin, enjoying the afternoon breeze off the river. Work done, and they hold celebration with a bottle. The rest of the gang sit on the boards and drink too. Nothing sweeter than rum and river water.

"Mister Cockburn," I tell him, "I don't like how John stay. Him is hit hard, sah."

"Oh, sit down, Dunnie," him say. "Have a drink. That damned buck needs a lesson. I'll take him back when we reach Zuyder Town. It won't do him any harm to miss two days' pay."

So I sit, although I know say I shouldn't. I sit and I have one drink, and then two, and then one more. And the Catacuma run soft music round the piles of the stelling. All anybody can feel is that work done and we have one week in Zuyder Town before money need call we to the bush again.

Then as I go to the stelling edge to dip water in the mug I look up and see John. Him is coming down from the house, gliding on the path like Jesus across the Sea of Galilee, and I say, "Oh God, Mister Cockburn! Where you leave the ammunition, eh?"

But already it is too late to say that.

The first shot catch Mister Cockburn in the forehead and him drop back in the deck chair, peaceful and easy, like a man call gently from sleep who only half wake. And I shout, "Dive — oh, Mister Bailey!" and as I drop from the stelling into black Catacuma water, I feel something like a *marabunta* wasp sting between my legs and know say I must be the first thing John ever shoot to kill that him only wound.

I sink far down in that river and already, before it happen, I can feel *perai* chew at my fly button and tear off my cod, or alligator grab my leg to drag me to drowning. But God is good. When I come up the sun is still there and I strike out for the little island in the river opposite the stelling. The river is full of death that pass you by, but the stelling holds a walking death like the destruction of Apocalypse.

I make ground at the island and draw myself into the mud and the bush, and blood draw after me from between my legs. And when I look back at the stelling, I see Mister Cockburn lie down in him deck chair, as if fast asleep, and Mister Bailey lie on him face upon the boards, with him hands under him stomach, and Zacchy on him back with him arms flung wide like a baby, and three more of the gang, Will, Benjie, and Sim, all sprawl off on the boards, too, and a man more, the one we call Venezuela, fallen into the grass, and a last one, Christopher, walking like a chicken without a head until him drop close to Mister Bailey and cry out once before death hold him. The other seven gone. Them vanish. All except Son-Son, poor foolish Son-Son, who make across the flat where we play cricket, under the *kookorits* and straight to Rooi Swamp.

"Oh Jesus, John!" him bawl as him run. "Don't kill me, John! Don't kill me, John!"

And John standing on the path, with the repeater still as the finger of God in him hands, aim once at Son-Son, and I know say how, even at that distance, him could break Son-Son's back clean in the middle. But him lower the gun and shrug and watch Son-Son into the long grass of the savanna and into the swamp. Then him come down the path and look at the eight dead men.

"Dunnie!" him call. "I know you is over there. How you stay?"

I dig a grave for the living into the mud.

"Dunnie!" him call again. "You hurt bad? Answer me, man. I see you, you know? Look!"

A bullet bury itself one inch from my face and mud smack into my eye.

"Don't shoot me, John," I beg. "I lend you fifteen dollar, remember?"

"I finish shooting, Dunnie," him say. "You hurt bad?"

"No," I tell him the lie. "I all right."

"Good," him say from the stelling. "I will bring the corial come fetch you."

"No, John!" I plead with him. "Stay where you is. Stay there! You don't want kill me now, but I know say how demon guide a Carib hand sometimes and make that hand cut throats. Stay there, John!"

Him shrug again and squat beside Mister Cockburn's chair, and lift the fallen head and look at it and let the head fall again. And I wait. I wait and bleed and suffer, and watch John the way I would watch a bushmaster snake until dark fall. All night I lie there until God take pity and close my eye and mind.

When my mind come back to me, it is full day. John gone from the stelling and I can see him sit on the steps up at the house, watching the river. The dead stay same place where he drop them. Fever burn in me, but the leg stop bleed and I dip water from the river and drink.

THE day turn above my head until I hear a boat engine on the far side of the bend, and in a little bit a police launch come up midstream and make for the stelling. When they draw near, one man step to the bows with a boat hook, and then the rifle talk from the steps and the man yell, hold him wrist, and drop to the deck. Him twist and wriggle behind the cabin quicker than a lizard. I hear an Englishman's voice yell in the cabin and the man at the wheel find reverse before the yell come back from the savanna. The boat go downstream a little, then nose into the overhang of the bank, where John's rifle can't find them. I call out once and they come across to the island and take me off on the other side, away from the house. And is when I come on board that I see how police know so quick about what happen. For Son-Son, poor foolish old Son-Son, who I think still hide out in the swamp, is there. Him have on clothes not him own, and him is scratched and torn as if him had try to wrestle a jaguar.

And then I learn that Son-Son did run straight as a peccary pig, all night, twenty mile across Rooi Swamp where never any man had even put him foot before. Him did run until him drop down in the camp of a coolie rancher bringing cattle down to the coast, and they did take him from there down to the nearest police post. When him tell police, they put him in the jeep and drive like hell for the river mouth and the main station.

"Lord witness, Son-Son," I say, "you was born to hang. How you didn't meet death in Rooi Swamp, eh?"

Him just look frighten and tremble, and the sergeant laugh.

"Him didn't want to come upriver with we," he say. "Superintendent nearly have to tie him before him would step on the boat."

"Sergeant," the Superintendent say. Him was the Englishman I hear call out when John wound the policeman. "Sergeant, you take three men and move in on him from the side of the house. Spread out well. I'll take the front approach with the rest. Keep low, you understand."

"Don't do it, Super," I beg him. "Look how John stay in that house up there. River behind him and clear view before. Him will see you and you move one step. Don't do it."

Him look at me angry and the white eyebrow draw together in him red face.

"Do you think I'm going to leave him up there?" he say. "He's killed eight and already tried to kill one of my men."

"No, Super," I tell him. "John don't *try* to kill you. If him did try, then you would have take one dead man out of the river. Him only want to show you that him can sting."

But what use a poor black man talk to police. The sergeant and him three stand on the cabin roof, hold onto the bank, and drag themselves over. Then the Super with him five do the same. I can hear them through the grass like snakes on them stomach. John let them come a little way to the house, and then, with him first shot, him knock the Super's black cap off, and with him second, him plug the sergeant in the shoulder. The police rifles talk back for a while, and Son-Son look at me. When the police come back, I take care to say no word. The sergeant curse when the Super pour Dettol on the wound and beg the Super to let him go back and bring John down.

"We'll get him," the Super say. "He knows it. He knows he doesn't stand a chance."

But him voice can't reach John to tell him that, and when them try again one man come back with him big toe flat and bloody in the police boot. When I go out, though, and walk along the bank to the stelling and lay out the bodies decent and cover them with canvas from the launch, it could have been an empty house up there on the bluff.

Another hour pass and the police begin to fret, and I know say that them is going to try once more. I want to tell them don't go, but them is police and police don't like hear other men talk.

And is then, as we wait, that we hear a next engine, an outboard, and round the bend come a Survey boat, and long before it draw up beside the overhang, my eye know Mister Hamilton as him sit straight and calm in the bows.

"Dunnie, you old fool," him say and hold me by the shoulders. "Why didn't you stop it? You mean to say you couldn't see it coming?"

Him smile to show me that the words is to hide sorrow. Him is the same Mister Hamilton. Dress off in the white shirt and white stocking him always wear, with the big linen handkerchief spread upon him head under the hat and hanging down the neck back to guard him from sun.

"I came as soon as I could," him say to the Super. "As soon as the police in Zuyder rang Survey and told us what you had phoned through."

You can see the Super is glad to have one of him own sort to talk with. More glad, though, because it is Mister Hamilton, and Mister Hamilton's spirit make all trouble seem less.

"We might have to bomb him out," Super say. "I never have seen a man to shoot like that. Do you think he's sane, Hamilton?"

Mister Hamilton give a little smile that is not a smile. "He's sane now," he say. "If he wasn't, he'd have blown your head off."

"What's he going to do?" Super ask.

Mister Hamilton lift him shoulder and shake him head. Then him go up to the cabin top and jump on the bank and walk to the stelling. Not a sign from the house.

I follow him and move the canvas from all the staring dead faces and him look and look and pass him hand, tired and slow, across him face.

"How did it go, Dunny?" him ask.

I tell him.

"You couldn't have stopped him?"

"No," I say. "Him did have pride to restore. Who could have stop that? You, maybe, Mister Hamilton. But I doubt me if even you."

"All right," him say. "All right."

Him turn and start to walk to the house.

"Come back, man," Super shout from where him lie in the grass on the bank. Mister Hamilton just walk on regular and gentle.

John's first bullet open a white wound in the boards by Mister Hamilton's left foot. The next one do the same by the right. Him never look or pause; even him back, as I watch, don't stiffen. The third shot strike earth before him and kick dirt onto him shoe.

"John!" him call, and Mister Hamilton have a voice like a howler monkey when him want. "John, if you make a ricochet and kill me, I'm going to come up there and break your neck."

Him walk on, easy and slow, up the path, up the steps, and into the house.

I sit by the dead and wait.

Little bit pass and Mister Hamilton come back. Him is alone, with a basket in him hand. Him face still. Like the face of a mountain lake, back in the interior, where you feel but can't see the current and the fullness of water below.

"Shirley," him call to the Super, "bring the launch up to the stelling. You'll be more com-

fortable here than where you are. It's quite safe. He won't shoot if you don't rush him."

I look into the basket him bringing down from the house. It full of well-cooked labba. Enough there to feed five times the men that begin to gather on the stelling.

The Super look into the basket also, and I see a great bewilderment come into him face. "Good God!" him say. "What's all this? What's he doing?"

"Dunny," Mister Hamilton say to me, "there's a bottle of rum in my boat. And some bread and a packet of butter. Bring them over for me, will you? Go on," him tell Super, "have some. John thought you might be getting hungry."

I go to the Survey boat and fetch out the rum and the bread and the butter. I bring knife, also, and a plate and a mug for Mister Hamilton, and a billy full of river water for put into the rum. When everything come, him cut bread and butter it, and pour rum for Super and himself, and take a leg of labba. When him chew the food, him eat like John. The jaws of him mouth move sideways and not a crumb drop to waste. The rest of we watch him and Super, and then we cut into the labba too, and pour liquor from the bottle. The tarpaulin stretch above we and the tall day is beginning to die over the western savanna.

"Why did he do it?" Super say and look at the eight dead lay out under the canvas. "I don't understand it, Hamilton. Christ! He *must* be mad."

Him lean over beside Mister Hamilton and cut another piece of labba from the basket.

"What does he think he can do?" him ask again. "If he doesn't come down, I'm going to send downriver for grenades. We'll have to get him out somehow."

Mister Hamilton sit and eat and say nothing. Him signal to me and I pass him the bottle. Not much left into it, for we all take a drink. Mister Hamilton tilt out the last drop and I take the billy and go to the stelling edge and draw a little water for Mister Hamilton and bring it back. Him draw the drink and put the mug beside him. Then him step from under the tarpaulin and fling the empty bottle high over Catacuma water. And as the bottle turn and flash against the dying sun, I see it fall apart in the middle and broken glass falling like raindrops as John's bullet strike.

We all watch and wait, for now the whole world stand still and wait with we. Only the water make soft music round the stelling.

Then from up the house there is the sound of one shot. It come to us sudden and short and distant, as if something close it round.

"All right," Mister Hamilton say to the Super. "You better go and bring him down now."

THE CASE FOR COMEDY

BY JAMES THURBER

JAMES THURBER has in recent months turned his interest in comedy in the direction of the theater, and with much success. After a long and well-received tryout through the Middle West, a THURBER CARNIVAL was classified by VARIETY as a hit on Broadway, although friends in St. Louis had told Mr. Thurber that CARNIVAL was "too sophisticated for New York." In September he joined the cast of the show, playing the role of himself.



THE robin in my apple tree sings as cheerily now as if he were living in the Gay Nineties, when there never was a cakewalk or a band concert in the park that ended in a knife fight, the throwing of beer cans and bottles, the calling out of the National Guard, and the turning of fire hoses on youthful rioters. Through it all the robin sings, "Summaertime, and the living is easy," and I wish I could sit down and have a heart-to-heart talk with the merry moron. I would tell him that it is easy enough to be lighthearted if you have not got yourself involved in the Broadway theater. And if that cued him into "Give my regards to Broadway," I should probably make a pass at him with a fly swatter and order him out of the house, or the tree.

Editors, and other busy minds, keep asking me what I think about the future of the American theater. If they telephone me in the country to ask this question, I always say, with a sigh of relief, "Then you mean it's still alive!" Naturally, I worry about the fabulous invalid, which has got into a far worse state since the 1920s than I have. In 1928, Philip Barry's *Holiday* opened on Broadway on a Monday night in November, and there were four other openings that night, and twelve in all during the week.

Later the legitimate theater acquired a slow wasting ailment. It began to develop the nightmares and matineemares that now afflict the

drama. Once, last summer, when the robin woke me with his Gershwin tune, I lay there retitling certain plays to fit the temper and trend of the present day, and came up with these: *Abie's Irish Neurosis*, *The Bitter and Ache Man*, *Ned Macabre's Daughter*, *I Dismember Mama*, *They Slew What They Wanted*, *Toys in the Psychosomatic*, *The Glands Menagerie*, *Destroy Writes Again*, *The Manic Who Came to Dinner*, and, a title calculated to pop you out of bed and into a cold tub, *Oklahomosexual*.

It seems to me that this year's extensive arguments and debates about the morbid and decadent state of so-called serious modern drama skim the surface like skipping stones because they fail to take into consideration the dying out of humor and comedy, and the consequent process of dehumanization, both on stage and off. There were literally dozens of comedies to lighten the heart and quicken the step between, say, *The First Year* and *Life With Father*. These were comedies of American life, familial and familiar, but they seem like ancient history now, something to be discussed solemnly by a present-day Aristotle. They could be more cogently and amusingly discussed by a new Robert Benchley, but, alas, there isn't any.

The decline of humor and comedy in our time has had a multiplicity of causes, a principal one being the ideological beating they have taken from both the intellectual left and the political right. The latter came about through the in-

timidation of writers and playwrights under McCarthyism. The former is more complex. Humor has long been a target of leftist intellectuals, and the reason is simple enough in itself. Humor, as Lord Boothby has said, is the only solvent of terror and tension, and terror and tension are among the chief ideological weapons of Communism. The leftists have made a concerted attack on humor as an antisocial, antiracial, anti-labor, antiproletarian stereotype, and they have left no stereotype unused in their attack, from "no time for comedy" to the grim warnings that humor is a sickness, a sign of inferiority complex, a shield and not a weapon.

The modern morbid playwrights seem to have fallen for the fake argument that only tragedy is serious and has importance, whereas the truth is that comedy is just as important, and often more serious in its approach to truth, and, what few writers seem to realize or to admit, usually more difficult to write.

It is not a curious but a natural thing that arrogant intellectual critics condemn humor and comedy, for while they can write about Greek Old Comedy, Middle Comedy, and New Comedy with all the flourishes of pretension, they avoid a simple truth, succinctly expressed by the *Oxford Classical Dictionary* in its discussion of Middle Comedy. "Before long the realistic depiction of daily life became the chief aim in Comedy. Ordinary, commonplace life is no easy subject to treat interestingly on the stage; and Antiphanes contrasts the comic poet's more difficult lot with the tragedian's, whose plot is already familiar, and the *deus ex machina* at hand — the comic writer has no such resources."

THE history of stage comedy, in both Greece and Rome, begins with cheap and ludicrous effects. In Greek Old Comedy there were the padded costumes of the grotesque comedian, the paunch and the leather phallus. The Roman Plautus, in freely translating Greek New Comedy, stuck in gags to make his rough and restless audiences guffaw, so that in the beginning comedy was, to use a medical term, exogenous — that is, not arising from within the human being, but dragged in from the outside. The true balance of life and art, the saving of the human mind as well as of the theater, lies in what has long been known as tragicomedy, for humor and pathos, tears and laughter are, in the highest expression of human character and achievement, inseparable. Many dictionaries, including the OED, wrongly hyphenate tragicomedy, as if the two integral parts were warring elements that must be separated.

I think the first play that ever sent me out of the

American theater in a mood of elation and of high hope for our stage was *What Price Glory?* Amidst all the blood and slaughter there ran the recurring sound of congruous laughter. I still vividly remember the scene in which the outraged French father of an outraged daughter babbles his grievance for a full minute to the bewildered Captain Flagg, who then asks a French-speaking American lieutenant, "What did he say?"

"Rape," says the lieutenant.

That scene fairly shines with humanity when compared to an episode in the recent *There Was a Little Girl* in which the raped little girl solemnly asks her seducer if she had enjoyed the experience. And I can still recall the gleams of humor in R. C. Sherriff's *Journey's End*, as bitter a war play as any.

"What kind of soup is this, Sergeant?" asks Captain Stanhope.

"Yellow soup, sir," says the mess sergeant, apologetically.

Screen writers, as well as playwrights, seem reluctant, or unable, to use the devices of comedy out of fear of diluting suspense. A few years ago, in a movie about a bank clerk who stole a million dollars, crammed it into a suitcase, got into a taxi with his unaware and bewildered wife, and headed for an airport to flee the country, there came a scene in which he handed the driver a fifty-dollar bill and told him to "Step on it." Now I submit that the wife of an American male of modest income would have gone into a comedy scene at this point, but the writer or writers of the script must have been afraid that such an interlude would ruin the terror and tension, and terror and tension must be preserved nowadays, even at the expense of truth.

Katherine Hepburn recently said that our playwrights should "rise above their time," but, if they tried that, they would simply sink below themselves, or sit there staring at the blank paper in their typewriters. Separate molds turn out unvarying shapes. You can't make a Tennessee Ernie out of a Tennessee Williams, any more than you can turn a callin' back into a trough cleanin'. A callin' back, if you don't know, is a gatherin' of folks at the bedside of a dyin' man, to call him back. I hope this doesn't inspire one of the morbid playwrights to make a play in which the dyin' man drags all the other folks down with him.

It will be said, I suppose, that I couldn't write such a tragedy because of the limitation of my tools and the nature of my outlook. (Writers of comedy have outlook, whereas writers of tragedy have, according to them, insight.) It is true, I confess, that if a male character of my invention started across the stage to disrobe a virgin criminally (ah, euphemism to end euphemisms!), he

would probably catch his foot in the piano stool and end up playing *Button Up Your Overcoat* on the black keys. There are more ways than one, including, if you will, a Freudian stumble, to get from tragedy into tragicomedy. Several years ago a book reviewer in the New York Sunday *Times* wrote: "The tragedy of age is not that a man grows old, but that he stays young," and, indeed, there is the basis of a good tragedy in that half-truth. The other half might be stated, in a reverse Shavian paraphrase, "The trouble with youth is that it is wasted on the old." There is where the comedy would come in to form a genuine tragicomedy. At sixty-five, going on sixty-six, I think I can speak with a touch of authority.

MISS HEPBURN (to get back to her) is devoted to the great plays of Shakespeare, who didn't rise above his time, but merely above the ability of his contemporaries. He often wrote about a time worse than his own, such as the period of Macbeth. In that drama he could proclaim that life is a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing, but say it in a play told by a genius, full of soundness and fury, signifying many things. The distinguished Mr. Williams and his contemporaries are not so much expressers of their time as expressions of it, and, for that matter, aren't we all? The playwright of today likes to believe that he is throwing light upon his time, or upon some part of it, when his time is actually throwing light upon him. This, it seems to me, has always been the case, but it happens more intensely now, perhaps, than ever before. Moreover, there are two kinds of light, the glow that illumines and the glare that obscures, and the former seems to be dimming.

The American family, in spite of all its jitters and its loss of cohesion, still remains in most of its manifestations as familiar as ever, and it is our jumpy fancy to believe that all fathers are drunkards, all mothers kookies, and all children knife wielders planning to knock off their parents. Our loss of form in literature is, in large part, the result of an Oral Culture into which we began descending quite a while back. This is the age of the dragged-out interview, the endless discussion panels on television; an age in which photographers, calling on writers in their homes, stay around the house as long as the paper hanger or the roofer. Everything is tending to get longer and longer, and more and more shapeless. Telephone

calls last as long as half an hour, or even forty minutes by my own count; women, saying goodbye at front doors, linger longer than ever, saying, "Now I *must* go," and, eventually, "Now, I *really* must go." But nothing is accomplished simply any more. Writers of letters finish what they have to say on page two and then keep on going. Khrushchev talks for five hours at press conferences, and may even have got it up to ten by the time this survey appears. (Moral: Great oafs from little icons grow.)

As brevity is the soul of wit, form, it seems to me, is the heart of humor and the salvation of comedy. "You are a putter in, and I am a taker out," Scott Fitzgerald once wrote to Thomas Wolfe. Fitzgerald was not a master of comedy, but in his dedication to taking out, he stated the case for form as against flow. It is up to our writers, in this era of Oral Culture, to bring back respect for form and for the innate stature and dignity of comedy. We cannot, to be sure, evoke humorists, or writers of comedy, by prayer or pleading or argument, but we can, and must, hope for a renaissance of recognizable American comedy. The trend of the modern temper is toward gloom, resignation, and even surrender, and there is a great wailing of the word "Decadence!" on all sides. But for twenty-five hundred years decadence has come and decadence has gone. Reading Webster on the subject might make a newly arrived visitor from Mars believe that everything in art and literature came to a morose end as the nineteenth century closed out. It was a period of Decadence and of the Decadents, led by Baudelaire, Verlaine, and Mallarmé in France. Writes old Noah: "They cultivated the abnormal, artificial, and neurotic in subject and treatment, tending to the morbid or eccentric, and to the mystically sensuous and symbolic."

Well, we are still going on, and we have four decades left in this battered and bloody century. Walter Lippmann said last summer, in his first television appearance, that he did not believe the world is coming apart. It is heartening to know that he selected as the foremost leader of our time Sir Winston Churchill, a man also respected for his wit and humor, but one who, like Lincoln, had to survive suspicion and attack for his gift of comedy. I think it was Booth Tarkington who once said, "Sobersides looks at humor the way a duchess looks at bugs." It is high time that Sobersides came of age and realized that, like Emily Dickinson's hope, humor is a feathered thing that perches in the soul.



IN THE GARDEN OF THE HURRICANE'S EYE

BY JOHN CIARDI

In the garden of the hurricane's eye, a bird
wound tight to sun shook on a bough, shook out
blood-music from the heart-pump of the light;
and all the day's wood woke, trembling with song.
From vines like conflagrations of the air,
from weightless tops of green, from bearing boughs
nodding their fruits, and over meadows glazed
like birthday cakes candled with flickering flowers,
the morning wind of bird song swelled its way
into the waking thought of man and woman
wound in their mosses at the edge of time.

He lay carved dark and naked, one root-arm
Outflung across the moss, half-deep in moss.
She, on her side, lay folded in the sleep
between his arm and body, her breasts borne
against the brown withes of his ribs, her hair
spilled on his shoulder, one arm and one knee
locking her birth to his. Like vine on tree
she knit upon him. Like the sun-wound birds
her heart began. And like the morning song
that fluttered the flower-candles in the sun,
and stirred the leaping blazes of the vines,

she stirred in him and woke. A rainbow bent
to her first-opened eyes. Like light and shade
a smile played on her lips. She raised herself
slowly on one moss-printed elbow, leaning
between him and the light, and knew at once,
as she stared down at him, how he would wake.
She tested tremblingly with her slow eyes
the knottings of his body. He looked foolish
lying so far from knowledge, his mouth open.
His useless nipples like two hairy shells
slid sidewise on his sleep. She almost laughed —

Drawings by Emlen Elting, from ECCLESIASTES.

to be so knit with powers and vestiges
and still to sleep, while every sun-wound bird
shook the day's wood with song, and his own blood
ran like new singing rivers from his heart-hump
to the bronze blood-webbed gourd burl'd in his thighs.
This time she laughed aloud. It was that laugh
more than all bird song brought his eyes to rest
from their lost wander in themselves. His lids
blew back like mist. At the sky top he saw
the storm's clear eye look down, then look away.
He heard a wind move and the sea change sound.

She laughed again, but only in herself,
and touched him with a finger on one nipple.
His flung arm grew around her. Silently
she swelled upon it as upon the wood
of which she was the leaf, the fruit, and pod.
The laughter in her bloomed into a fire:
she was the vine blazed up the bird-swept trees,
he was the trunk and forest of all sleep
and waking, and one weather raged them both.
She clung against its rip, then fell away
backward from trunk to moss. The tree fell with her.

Out of its ripped roots rose the blood-webbed snake.

The birds had shut themselves. From broken boughs
the vines lashed like loose lines, their pennants torn.
The meadow-candles, doused, blew down and lay
like strings in mud. The man and woman lay
lashed to themselves, nearer than Paradise,
a weather in them Heaven wept to bear.
All she had wakened knowing, he would learn.
All he had wakened answering, she would be.
The weather killed and rested. Beetles baked
like gravel in the mud. The sucking sun
glued them to clay again. The eighth day burned.

All round them now inquiring angels passed,
and found no one tree, but the fruit of all
baked into clay with beetles, heads of birds,
and the torn vines of that dismasted sleep.
The woman looked up from between two rocks
and thought "Is this the end? Is there an end?"
The man said nothing but refused their alms,
salvaged what could be of spoiled fruit, dug roots
and brought them to her. "Is it time to go?"
she asked beside him, watching the light angels
strolling and taking note. He did not answer.

All night he lay beside her, silent. Silent
he woke and dug a cave back from their rocks.
Silent, he combed the wood among the angels.
And silent at the shore where they had moored
he scraped for mussels, slipped, gashed his arm open,
and left his first blood on the water. (Later,
an angel noted that the ship's reflection,
lying across the cove's glaze, must have touched
the bloodstain in its instant on the water,
for when they put to sea one jib was red.
And all the weathers of Heaven could not bleach it.)

That night he lay again without a word
half in the unfinished cave, his scarred arm left
like a new bone in moonlight, while his head
lay in the shadow he had dug. She, waking,
sat by him weeping softly for his blood,
then bent and kissed the scar — tenderly first;
then with a sobbing passion pressed her lips
into his flesh, so hard the scar broke blood.
He woke in pain, and it was then he spoke.
“Eve,” he said from his dark, and his red arm
locked round her till she moaned for her crushed breath.

The one-eyed moon lay on them openly
when they fell spent, apart. She knew his name
and said it to herself where she lay from him,
face up into the moon. “Adam,” she said,
as if a night bird knocked inside her heart;
and waited for that knock, knew it would come
one night as they lay locked. “Adam,” she said,
and like a moonglow edged back to his side.
“How dark he is,” she thought, “even the moon
leaves him half shadowy.” But when she lay
beside him, she, too, darkened and went out.

Then a branch moved, and both of them lay lit:

Before dawn he was waiting at the shore.
The sun rose through the rigging of the ship.
He heard their voices drifting on the water
and did not know what language they were speaking
but heard shouts of command, hurrying sounds
such as he had not heard them make before,
and knew that they were leaving. As he knew
that one, the tallest and the whitest Captain
of all that crew of Captains, would come to him
there on the shore before the ship hove round
into the weather and was gone. The ship

broke out a white jib, then a red. He smiled —
a sword-smile drawn on at the edge of battle —
his blood would sail there far as the sea wound
into God's eye. The weather God denied
would hoist one flag in Heaven, if no other.
He saw Him then: an eye in his mind's eye,
a calm raged round by storms. And at the center?
Was that it? to be locked in calm, but powerless
to calm what raged? To pity God the lusts
that hurled Him round, yet kept their distance from Him?
He bowed his head to knowledge. The Angel came.

White as a noon cloud swelling on the sea,
yet shot through by a flame of ice, the Angel
stood off the earth and breezes circled him
like sunset doves, their wings both red and white,
and neither, and all three in the same instant.
"The orders were to drive you from the Garden."
And he: "It was His eye moved and let in
the rage around it. Now, what garden is there
but what I make myself?" The Angel nodded,
and from his hawk-head one white feather fell.
The man watched it descend through all one age.

"You still may choose," God's bird said. "Come or stay.
This age is ended and the ship turns back."
Crouched at the fern-edge of the wood, the woman
shivered at the man's laugh. She watched him turn
full circle east to west and saw him roll
the world into his eye. She felt his look,
felt it approach; thought once their eyes had met,
but his passed on, and she crouched back afraid.
As if out of her fear, the whole wood started
its waterfall of bird song; leaf and fruit
came on at once; the meadows lit their candles.

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"Has He a garden not ringed round by rages?"
he said. And the Angel, suddenly man-faced:
"You stay then?" But the man felt his first power.
"I won't have words put into my mouth, not even
by a half-God in kindness. My words are not
'I stay' but 'You go.'" Sadly, the Hawk smiled:
"Take this, then," and he put a burning branch
into the man's hand. Then the ship was gone.
The man turned, flag in hand, and saw her risen

out of the ferns. And waved. And the brand burned.



LEWIS PERRY



Bliss Perry as Editor

MY OLDER BROTHER

This month marks the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Bliss Perry, who taught at Williams, Princeton, and Harvard, and who was, for nearly a decade, the seventh editor of the ATLANTIC. We turn to his younger brother, LEWIS PERRY, formerly principal of Phillips Exeter Academy, for this informal and happy portrait.

TO MOST people there will be a touch of humor in the thought that a man of more than eighty should be writing about his "older brother." Bliss Perry was born in November, 1860, just a hundred years ago. I am not talking about him as a former editor of the *Atlantic*, but as my older brother.

First, I must say something of our family. My father was a well-known political economist who taught at Williams College for thirty-eight years and brought up his family in the lovely village of Williamstown, Massachusetts. There were six of us, five boys and a girl. My sister was the oldest, then came Bliss. I was the youngest, sixteen years younger than Bliss, so you will understand my attitude of hero worship.

President Garfield, who was a Williams alumnus, was coming to the Williams commencement in 1881 when he was assassinated. That was the year Bliss graduated, and almost my first memory is of that commencement. (I was four years old.) Bliss went on to teach elocution at Williams, and at the same time took courses in writing and in English literature leading toward his master's degree. Although Bliss played on the Williams baseball team, I do not recall ever seeing him play; but I do remember him as a young teacher

at Williams. At the first faculty meeting Bliss attended, Dr. Carter, the president of the college, asked his opinion about some discussion which had come up between the undergraduates and the faculty. When Bliss had given his answer, my father remarked, "What my son Bliss has just said doesn't mean anything." This was my brother's academic start. But within the family it was different. We were a boisterous family, all talking at once. My father would hold up his hand when everybody was talking and say: "Quiet! Bliss is speaking." This seemed very unfair to the other members of the family.

At this time Bliss was a tall, rather handsome young man of very studious habits. He worked hard in the evenings on Old English and Anglo-Saxon, which he had never had in college, and this ambition for learning made a great impression on me. Soon, like all young scholars in the eighteen eighties, he felt that he should study in Germany, so for two years he worked abroad in order to get a background for his future teaching. I remember his return to Williamstown; it was a beautiful moonlight night in July, and I can see now the haystacks in my father's field. How thrilled I was that my big brother had come back to us!

At this point he made a start in his writing, and you can imagine the excitement in the family when his short stories began to appear in *Scribner's* magazine and when his first novel, *The Broughton House*, was published. The book was about life in Ashfield, Massachusetts, where my uncle, John Wadhams, was the minister of the Congregational Church. Bliss knew all the streams around Ashfield, for early in life he had become an ardent trout fisherman. Some of his most charming bits of writing, including his later book *Pools and Ripples*, were about fishing. Bliss seemed to sense my athletic interest in tennis and baseball but never asked me to go fishing with him. Perhaps if I had gone, we would not have been so intimate.

I am coming to a period now when my hero worship was more mature. After Bliss's return from abroad, he married Annie Bliss of New Haven, who was the daughter of our parents' closest friends. Soon Bliss bought some land from my father and built a house.

My father retired from teaching in 1892, and for the rest of his life lived each day thinking mostly about free trade and his sons. In his judgment we all could have been valedictorians if we had put our minds to it. My father was a scholar, Bliss was a scholar, but the rest of us, I fear, were not. Bliss was making a great impression with his teaching and had become an influence in the town and the college. President Carter of Williams and my father were never sympathetic toward one another. I remember my father saying once at the table, "President Carter is a very poor judge of men, but he thinks a great deal of you, Bliss!"

Then came the unexpected call to Princeton. At that time, I was a schoolboy at Lawrenceville and I thought it would be wonderful to have my big brother near me in New Jersey, but Father did not approve of Bliss's leaving Williamstown. "You have just been elected a deacon in the Congregational Church," said father; but Bliss slowly made up his mind to go, and it was a wise decision.

Princeton in the years 1893 to 1900 was as near a collegiate paradise as one could find, and in many ways this was the happiest period of Bliss's life. He built a home there and had a family of two daughters and a son. In the beginning of his tenure there, I was at Lawrenceville, only four miles away, and Bliss and his wife did everything possible to make a boy feel he belonged to a pretty nice family. There was much more social life there than at Williamstown, and he and his wife enjoyed going out to dinner and to the Sunday teas. Grover Cleveland came to Princeton to live in 1897, upon completion of his term of office as President; Woodrow Wilson was a young professor about Bliss's age; John Hibben and his wife were very congenial; and there were many others.

Mr. Cleveland seemed to have a particular liking for Bliss — perhaps because Bliss was a Democrat, perhaps because he was a fisherman. New York and Philadelphia were close by. There was a relaxed atmosphere. Many people had books and articles published, seemingly without strain. Bliss had the feeling that his courses were going well, and he enjoyed the congeniality of the place, especially in the spring, which reached its climax when everyone gathered out under the trees for the Senior Sing. At Princeton, in those days, everybody seemed to like everybody else. It may sound naïve, but that is the Princeton I remember.

I GRADUATED from Williams in 1898, and Bliss and his wife asked me to spend a year with them in Princeton while I was studying for my M.A. Could anything have been more wonderful for an enthusiastic young man than to have as his two teachers Woodrow Wilson and Bliss? Were there ever two better lecturers anywhere? I doubt it. Bliss was first of all a teacher. He demonstrated this at Williams, at Princeton, and at Harvard. His gift was such that if he referred to a certain book in a lecture, at the end of the hour you went to the library and got that book. I saw this happen over and over again.

One of my most delightful experiences at Princeton was Sunday supper with Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland. I was often invited to their home because one of my classmates at Williams was a nephew of Mr. Cleveland's. One night I said, "Tell me about Senator Murphy of New York." Mr. Cleveland said, "When I was governor of New York and running for President in 1884, Murphy called me up and told me that Benjamin Butler had some Massachusetts votes, and that he was going to be in Troy that night, and that he would get a closed carriage and bring Butler over to Albany to see him. I replied, 'What if they say that we got hold of Benjamin Butler and promised him something if I were elected?' 'In that case,' said Murphy, 'we will both of us swear that we never saw the damned old cuss!'" That was the New York senator.

The year 1898 to 1899 was a banner year for me and strengthened me in my desire to teach. I could not have had greater inspiration in the classroom, and I was living with my hero, finding him more wonderful than even I had thought. There were afternoons together on the golf links and the opportunity to read and study and to meet interesting people. One of the most characteristic qualities of Bliss was his desire to help young men in every way possible. This he did simply, modestly, and unobtrusively.

That was my case exactly in Princeton. Bliss saw what stage I was in in my intellectual development. He did not show disappointment or disapproval, nor would he give me much praise. I went along, studied hard, and did my work in the Seminar Room of the Princeton Library. The room was filled with books. There was a book called *History of English Literature in the Eighteenth Century* by Thomas Sargent Perry. Eight years later in Paris, there was a party in Bill James's room. I noticed an older man who seemed to be sitting by himself. I asked who he was. "Perry," I was told. I went over and introduced myself and said, "By any chance are you the Perry who wrote *History of English Literature in the Eighteenth Century*?" He arose and said, "Perry, you are a damn good man. You are the only one in Europe who knows I wrote such a book." We became friendly at once, a friendship which lasted until Mr. Perry died.

My sister-in-law graciously said that Bliss laughed more that year I was with them than in any other year of his life. For that I am very grateful to Bliss and my sister-in-law. Actually, Princeton was an ideal place for a young man like myself. There was a great deal of intellectual interest even before Woodrow Wilson became president of the university in 1902. Bliss was in Princeton at a good time, before the bitterness started, which came from Wilson's desire to do things too fast. I shall ever be thankful for that year.

The following year I was teaching at Lawrenceville, and the leisurely hours of reading for background were over forever; but another great decision lay before Bliss. In 1899 he was asked to become editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. To me, as a young man brought up in New England, this seemed to be a tremendous position. Bliss, however, could not leave Princeton at once, as he felt obligated to carry out his contract; so for a year he did double duty, giving three days a week, as I remember it, to the *Atlantic* and three days to his teaching at Princeton. It seemed to me miraculous that he could do both jobs, but fortunately the sleep lost did not bother Bliss, and I think he had a very happy and successful year. Certainly he gave that impression to his young brother, who, by the end of that period, was an instructor at Williams College.

Others must judge about my brother's success as editor of the *Atlantic*. In adding to the number of subscribers, he was not so successful as Ellery Sedgwick was later; but he did maintain the *Atlantic Monthly* at a high literary level. I think Bliss looked back on his work at the *Atlantic* with pleasure and with a feeling that he had not let the magazine down. My hero worship continued at this period, and I saw Bliss very often, as the

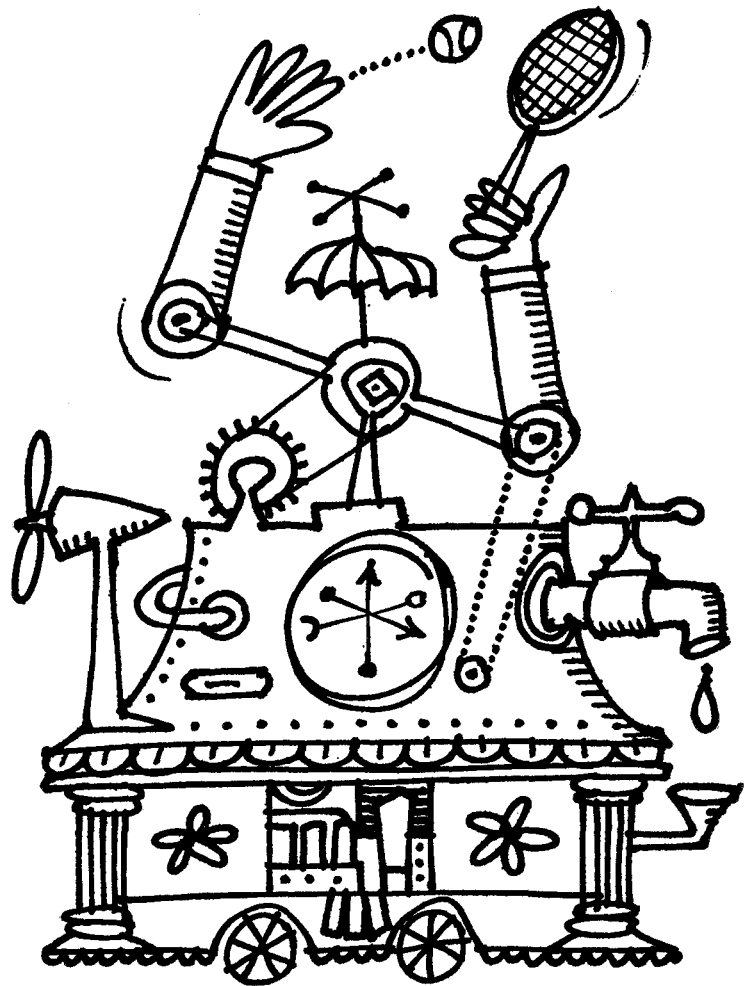
distance between Williamstown and Boston was not great.

When President Eliot asked Bliss to give certain lectures at Harvard, he was very glad to comply. Later he was elected professor at Harvard and gave all his time to teaching, which, after all, was an art in which he was supreme. Bliss never went into a class unprepared. No matter how familiar he was with a lecture on Stevenson or on Kipling, he would always excuse himself after dinner, go upstairs, and put in a couple of hours of preparation. Harvard was a teaching paradise as far as Bliss was concerned. He had freedom, and he had classes which appreciated what he was trying to do and were enthusiastic about what he had to offer. During my last years of teaching at Williams and the years of my principalship at Exeter, I saw a great deal of Bliss. That was one of the great joys of being in Exeter — I was so near my brother. As far as I know, there was nothing which deterred his enjoyment of his special work. The English department at Harvard was by no means unanimous in spirit, but Bliss seemed to be friendly with such different people as Kittredge and Barrett Wendell. He had a profound admiration for Mr. Eliot and Fritz Robinson. Much as he loved Princeton, Harvard was ideal for Bliss. The social associations which he made in Boston meant more to him than those he enjoyed at Princeton.

I saw him very often at the Tavern Club, at his home, and at the Saturday Club. For the latter club he had a kind of sentimental loyalty which most of the other members lacked. He wrote fine memorial papers for the club and several articles about it. He attended meetings long after he had resigned from Harvard.

My brother had very strong views about things, and we often disagreed; but I don't remember in all my life that we had anything which was magnified into a quarrel. We disagreed on prohibition because I never believed it would work. Bliss was an idealist. Sacco and Vanzetti and William Jennings Bryan were subjects of disagreement. In 1928, Bliss voted for Al Smith. How right he was! I was very much worried at the time and was not at my best. As I look back, I think of many foolish things I said. How Bliss kept his patience I do not know, but he always seemed to understand me.

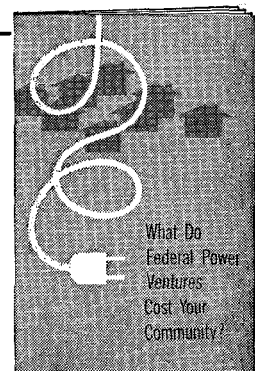
Much of what has been written about Bliss praises him as a teacher and as a writer. As a younger brother, I would say that, gifted as he was in those two respects, in character, in sympathy, and in judgment he was greater. Perhaps I am wrong, but the editor of the *Atlantic* wanted me to write something at this anniversary time about Bliss Perry as a man. As I get older, his picture becomes clearer and more unforgettable.



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THE GERMAN CONSCIENCE

BY TERENCE PRITTIE

London-born and a graduate of Oxford, TERENCE PRITTIE was a prisoner of war in Germany from 1944 to 1945. Following his release, he joined the staff of the MANCHESTER GUARDIAN and has been its correspondent in Germany ever since. The following is the second of two excerpts drawn from his new book, GERMANY DIVIDED, which has just been published by Atlantic-Little, Brown.

ONE of the most usual mistakes made about anti-Semitism in Germany is to suppose that it was invented by Hitler. Actually it is as old as the history of German Jewry. But the vital impetus was given to it by that spirit of rabid racial arrogance born in Bismarck's Germany out of three brilliantly successful wars and the foundation of the German Empire. Anti-Semitism was the inevitable adjunct of pan-Germanism.

One of the real evangelists of Nazi racialism died only in 1954, at the age of eighty and in complete obscurity. Adolf Lanz was a defrocked Roman Catholic priest who left the Church hurriedly in 1899 after an affair with a woman. As a priest he worked in the Abbey of Heiligenkreuz near Vienna. There he had a dream in which Knights Templars of the twelfth century appeared to him and told him what his task was to be: This was to propagate the gospel that the world is divided into two races engaged in a struggle to the death: on one hand, the blond Aryans represent the Forces of Light and could lead mankind back into an earthly Garden of Eden; on the other, the dark, malign subhumans (specifically including the Jews) represent the Forces of Darkness. It

is the mission of the Aryans to fetter and even liquidate them.

In 1905 Lanz founded a monthly journal called *Ostara*. Its third number was entitled "An Easter Message on the Mastery of the European Races." These were the Nordics. And the "subject races" included the dark-skinned peoples of the Mediterranean littoral, as well as "Asiatics," Jews, and "subhuman ape people." Up to 1914 about seventy numbers of *Ostara* were published, and the following are a few of the means which the paper recommended for making the dream of the Aryan world come true:

Abolition of the freedom of the press. This was necessary, Lanz pointed out, because the Aryans were in a minority. The Nazis started out from exactly the same premise.

Organization of human stud farms. Lanz maintained that the Aryan birth rate had to be stimulated. Hitler established stud farms by his *Lebensborn* experiment, in which S.S. men were coupled with blue-eyed, blonde volunteers of the right physique and blood groups. Their babies were "gifts to the Führer."

Prostitution as a means of polluting the subhumans:

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Contraceptives were to be encouraged for sub-humans, so that their birth rate would fall.

Sterilization and castration. Both were carried out by the Nazis.

Mass deportations and mass liquidations. Lanz wrote that all "inferior" races should be "banished to the jungle and live there with their gorilla and mandrill cousins."

Lanz selected the swastika as his emblem and hoisted a swastika flag on the tower of the ruined Werfenstein Castle in Austria in 1907. At about the same time he introduced "Heil" as the conventional greeting. And around 1909 Hitler began buying *Ostara* at a tobacconist's shop in Vienna's Felberstrasse and discussing its contents with his cronies in the café of the Goldener Kugel.

Lanz's repugnant ideas must have been immensely attractive to Hitler, socially and sexually frustrated and often out of work. But Lanz's "New Order of the Knights Templars" was only one of many similar societies which burgeoned during that era of German material prosperity and spiritual decline. Writers like Marr, Ammer, Lagarde, and Lange founded their own racist groups in the same period. It is very likely that the Bismarckian-Wilhelmian era has left more binding habits and traditions behind it than the interlude of Nazi rule. This, in turn, suggests that there was no valid reason at all why German anti-Semitism should have perished with Hitler in the ruins of the Reich Chancellery.

ANTI-SEMITISM was, in fact, slow to show its head again in post-war Germany. The reasons for this, however, were not moral but material. The tracking down of Nazis, which was bound to develop some of the attributes of a witch hunt, was carried out in the face of extreme difficulties. Whatever is said to the contrary today, the Nazis constituted something like an elite. The most damaging thing about the German community was that, with honorable exceptions, it did not merely tolerate Nazism but subscribed freely to it. After the war the elite of the Nazi movement itself, the S.S., organized a sort of freemasonry. They smuggled some of their members out of the country. They gave others forged passports and new names. They met S.S. criminals returning from Russian prisoner of war camps and told them where to seek legal advice. They organized their own tracing service. All the while, there were a great many wanted men in Germany. It paid them, and their friends, to lie low.

Any open admission of anti-Semitism was tantamount to inviting an inquiry into one's antecedents by Allied as well as by German authori-

ties. Under the cold compress of Allied occupation Germans remained the greatest conformists in the civilized world. Anti-Semitism had been pronounced wrong; very well, it *was* wrong. Those who wanted to indulge in it had to find discreet methods.

In April, 1950, the weekly Jewish paper, *Allgemeine*, in Düsseldorf, received leaflets through the mail telling all Jews to get out of Germany (there were only 20,000 remaining out of the pre-war Jewish community of 670,000). The Federal Chancellor, Konrad Adenauer, received an anonymous letter which termed the Nazi campaign to exterminate the Jews a failure, because some Jews had been left alive, and appealed for "a new leader to free Germany from the Jewish yoke."

But even two years later anti-Semitic manifestations were still not general. In Föhrenwald camp, south of Munich, certainly there was a shocking incident when the Bavarian police staged a raid in the belief that there was black-market traffic among the Jewish displaced persons there. Lorry loads of police drove into the camp with sirens screaming. The Jews, almost all of whom had lost relatives, or even all of their families, in the concentration camps, feared some gross repetition of their sufferings. Jewish women lay down on the road in front of the lorries and refused to move. The men formed to prevent the police from entering their huts. Jews were beaten, kicked, and cursed in such terms as "Stinking Yids!" and "We'll put you in the gas ovens yet!"

The incident showed what lurked just beneath the surface, even in the minds of the guardians of the law. But in 1952 the Federal Government signed a debts agreement with Israel by which it undertook to provide 3 billion marks worth of goods as the German contribution to resettling half a million Jews in Israel.

By 1954 the Jewish community had grown only to about 24,000. Its average age was the astonishingly high one of fifty-four. Not a single Jewish marriage had taken place in two years in the city of Bremen (population 400,000). Of 250 Jews in Hannover, only 13 were in the "marriage bracket," between the ages of twenty and thirty. There were only 150 Jews at German universities and technical colleges. But a B'nai B'rith team from New York found no basic lessening of anti-Semitism.

In 1954 and 1955, desecrations of Jewish cemeteries were on the increase, but not a single arrest was made on account of them, and the police always maintained that they were the work of "children playing" (one of their "games," in that case, being to carry off and then smash tombstones weighing four hundred pounds). A Hannover court ruled that tombstones from one Jew-

ish cemetery could be used as building material, as the cemetery was "in a poor state" and was "no longer an object of piety."

In Berlin, people were battered by uniformed thugs and told to "go back to the concentration camps" when they failed to stand up to sing the officially forbidden first verse of the old national anthem at a German party meeting. Abusive letters to Berlin Jews announced: "We are back again! Berlin will soon be rid of her Jews. Our hour has struck!" And the head of the Jewish old people's home in Berlin received this: "Germany will be purged of the Jews once more! Target date for the operation, February 27, 1956." Large sections of the Christian Democratic and Free Democratic Government parties opposed ratification of the Israeli Debt Agreement in Parliament, and it was passed only because one hundred and fifty opposition Social Democrats supported the government. In an interview given to the paper *Die Welt*, Dr. Adenauer said that the German people had overcome the hatred of the Jews engendered by the Nazis. But a public-opinion Gallup Poll showed that 55 per cent of those asked were friendly to the Jews, 22 per cent were neutral, and 22 per cent were still unfriendly. Had the proportion of the "unfriendly" ever been any larger?

It was probably in the realization that an acute psychological problem was not solved by the passage of a mere ten years that the Federal President, Professor Theodor Heuss, sent a message to the German people in which he urged them never to forget the sense of "collective shame" which they should feel for the deeds committed in their name by the Nazis. He urged, too, moral as well as material restitution, and his words carried so much weight that in a period of a few weeks the Jewish *Allgemeine* had letters from more than three hundred young Germans who wanted to go to Israel to learn about the country and work for nothing for their hosts there.

For the Federal President, it was only one of many obligations. It has been left to a man of humbler political origins and attributes to crusade for recognition of the sins of the past and for the promise of enlightenment in the future.

I FIRST met Erich Lueth in the early, darkest days of the post-Nazi era. As chief of the press office of the City and Land of Hamburg he faced a daunting task. He was overworked, underfed, and his city was in ruins. I was struck at that first meeting by the resolution and kindness of the man. With his slow, childlike smile, his soft, thoughtful speech, and his intense interest in

every human problem, Erich Lueth was the epitome of the best German virtues, of which there are many.

Lueth was working for the liberal Hamburg *Anzeiger* when the Nazis came into power in 1933. He lasted only a few weeks before being forbidden to take any further part in "publicistic activity." He took jobs in retail trade associations and as blurb writer for a firm which made sewing machines in Kaiserslautern. His brother, Herbert, was taken away to a concentration camp, and he himself twice narrowly escaped arrest by the Gestapo.

In 1943, Lueth was drafted into the army, in spite of extreme nearsightedness. Within a few days of the end of the war he was nearly in serious trouble for demanding that the Hitler salute should be abolished. The war ended just in time for him, taking him to an American prisoner of war camp, where he edited the *Ghedi Lagerpost*, with a circulation of 10,000. Within eighteen months he was press chief to the first post-war lord mayor of Hamburg, Rudolf Petersen.

Like many other Germans, Erich Lueth was horrified by the anti-Semitism of the Nazis; unlike all but a few, he tried to find out exactly what had been done to the Jews. In the early post-war years he made friends with such people as Rudolph Küstermeier, the editor of *Die Welt*; Dr. Gertrud Luckner, a leading member of the Roman Catholic relief society Caritas; Professor Franz Boehm, a member of the Bundestag; Hermann Maass, an evangelical clergyman. These were people who, like Lueth, believed that something had to be done to bring about a true reconciliation between the Germans and the Jews, and that otherwise the German people would relapse into their easy way of believing what they found convenient and rewriting their history in the comfortable legend of German innocence and high-mindedness.

In 1951 this group of people, with backing from a great many others, launched the campaign for "Peace with Israel." A series of leaflets was widely distributed throughout West Germany; long articles went into the *Telegraf*, the *Neue Zeitung*, and *Die Welt*; the Northwest German Radio put on a half-hour discussion of the theme. Big meetings were organized with the help of the newly formed Society for Christian-Jewish Cooperation, and at one of them in Berlin, Willy Brandt (later lord mayor) and Erich Lueth spoke before an audience of more than two thousand people. Money was collected, and was given freely, for Jewish charitable organizations, for the planting of olive and citrus trees in Israel, for the tending of Jewish cemeteries.

The ideas of the campaigners for "Peace with Israel" were simple enough. All Germans should

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be informed of the facts of the Nazi persecutions. They should be given figures too. Accordingly, one of the first of the leaflets set out the grisly tally: of 8,295,000 Jews once living in the parts of Europe which were occupied by the Germans, 6,093,000, or 73 per cent, died; over 90 per cent of the German Jews died; and over 80 per cent of the Jews of five other countries. Germans had to learn, too, what was being done in Israel and how Israel could be helped by them. Above all, German youth had to be brought into contact with Jewish youth, for in their mutual understanding lay the real hope for the future.

The first result achieved by Lueth and his friends was that the Federal Chancellor made a government statement on the Jewish question. "At last," as the group remarked in its pamphlet, "reconciliation with Israel." For the first two years of its existence there had been no government statement on the problem which involved the greatest stain on the German national character. The reaction to "Peace with Israel" among German youth was immediate. Subscriptions and letters poured in. A typical one came from Berlin: "I hope soon to work actively in your cause. You must propose new and practical steps which will help to an understanding with the Jews and in which we little people can help."

Three out of every hundred letters written to Lueth and his group were negative. Writers complained that Jews were securing compensation for their war losses but "decent" East German refugees were not; that the numbers of Jews murdered by the Nazis were exaggerated; that Germany owed the state of Israel nothing; that stories of Nazi persecutions were impossible because Germans were honest, kind, good. Most of these critical letters were anonymous.

In 1953 Erich Lueth paid his first visit to Israel, aware of the delicacy with which he had to deal with the feelings of those he met of the 70,000 German immigrants to Israel and the 350,000 other Europeans to whom Germany and Germans conjured up only horror or hatred. He traveled incognito, ashamed of doing so but knowing it was necessary. With him went four other Germans. Their prevailing impression was that German-Israeli relations had to be fostered with the greatest tact and not pressed ahead too fast.

Lueth and his friends went again in 1955, openly this time, learning Jewish views, bearing with harsh criticism, fully aware that they would not reap immediate success. They were asked a great many questions, nearly all of them roughly phrased. More than once they were told that a true reconciliation between Germans and Jews was impossible. Lueth was not discouraged. He went back to Israel in 1956 and 1958. He began to call it his

second homeland. He made many friends, a remarkable achievement.

In Germany Lueth led thousands of school children to the mass graves of the Nazis' victims at Belsen. He organized parties to visit Israel, urged quicker compensation to the survivors of the concentration camps, launched a long legal case — which he won — against the ex-Nazi film producer, Veit Harlan, organized meetings between German and Israeli children, wrote endless articles, and talked, talked, talked.

His greatest enemy was German forgetfulness; but in 1957 an unexpected ally came to his aid in the shape of the book and play *The Diary of Anne Frank*. The story of the thirteen-year-old Jewish girl who lived in hiding in an Amsterdam attic with her family and who died in Belsen after being caught by the Nazis hit the Germans in their weakest spot, their sentimentality. Theater audiences all over Germany watched the play in strained silence, left at the end like school children filing away from the grave of a dead playmate. Many wept openly. On the tenth anniversary of the relief of Belsen, and the first such anniversary after the showing of the play, five thousand children took part in the pilgrimage to the mass graves and laid flowers on them. One boy said, "These graves are as much a part of our history as the works of Goethe and Beethoven."

Some observers talked about an "Anne Frank movement," so strong were the feelings aroused by her story. But men like Lueth knew that a wave of sentiment might be only temporary. It was significant that German pity was expended on the young girl, not on her companions. A 1958 public-opinion poll showed that two thirds of the population thought that the figure of five to six million Jews murdered by the Nazis was too high; 37 per cent talked of gross exaggeration. Among countryfolk, only 60 per cent thought that marriage between a Jew and a Christian could be happy. Older people were especially unwilling to shed their anti-Jewish prejudices. Some parents prevailed on schoolteachers not to allow children from their classes to go to Belsen. The reason given was that it was morbid to do so.

BUT there were far more disturbing signs than these that anti-Jewish feeling was still very much alive in Germany. In 1958 and early in 1959, cases of anti-Semitic utterances and incidents multiplied. Here are just a very few of them:

An Offenburg schoolmaster, Ludwig Zind, said that too few Jews were gassed and that Hitler's anti-Jewish policies were amply justified. He was sentenced to one year's imprisonment, but he

appealed. When his appeal was rejected, Zind was not in court but actually on his way to the United Arab Republic, where he joined forces with other ex-Nazis working for President Nasser and against Israel. There is every reason to suspect that Zind was smuggled out of Germany by members of the S.S.

In Düsseldorf swastikas appeared on the walls and the three doors of the new Jewish synagogue; the old one was burned down in 1938. The police arrested one former Communist and imputed this act of vandalism to Communist agitators.

In Marburg violently anti-Semitic leaflets were distributed in and around the university, calling for the ejection of Jews from Palestine and asserting that "the Communist and capitalist worlds have given Palestine to the Jews in return for their part in causing the downfall of Germany."

In Lübeck the schoolmaster Lothar Stielau told his pupils that *The Diary of Anne Frank* was a forgery, that she and others had exploited Germany's defeat. He was suspended from his post by the Minister of Education of Land Schleswig-Holstein.

In Herford the tradesman Carl Krumsiek was charged with committing a breach of the peace in a restaurant. He told other guests that Hitler was quite right to send the Jews to the gas chambers, and that all surviving Jews should be killed either by shooting or poisoning.

Yet another public-opinion survey revealed that out of more than 1200 people questioned, 23 per cent were openly anti-Semitic, 15 per cent were slightly anti-Semitic, 41 per cent considered themselves to be tolerant, 15 per cent were neutral, and 6 per cent pro-Jewish. When asked what caused anti-Semitism, 53 per cent opted for "the characteristics of the Jews" and 12 per cent for the Jewish religion. Only 30 per cent agreed that the principal reason was anti-Semitic propaganda.

In Frankfurt the office of the World Jewish Congress received abusive anti-Semitic letters. One letter contained these passages: "One day we shall break every bone in the body of the Jewish bastard who denounced Professor Zind. As for the rest of you Jewish rabble, see to it that you get out of our Germany as quickly as possible! Otherwise you will share the same fate. You arrived here in a caftan, dirty and lousy, and you have cheated and robbed us of millions. Out with the Jews! Perish Judah!"

In Bonn the Federal Chancellor told a British television team early in 1959 that anti-Semitism had virtually ceased to exist in Germany, that acts of vandalism on Jewish property were the work of Communist agents, and that openly anti-Semitic expressions were used by only a few "loutish" members of society. This statement was utterly

disproved by the desecration of the Cologne synagogue on Christmas Day, 1959, and the sequence of anti-Semitic incidents which then took place.

A Jew whom I have known for some time past came back in 1952 to his home town, Berlin. He had been an exile in Africa since the Nazis came to power. He had purposely waited a long time, till after the end of the war and the foundation of a new German democratic state. "I wanted to be sure," he explained. "I meant to stay a long time, perhaps settle in Germany for good. But I shall go back to Africa again."

"Nothing has really been settled," he said. "But I am afraid that anti-Semitism is not dead. For it cannot really be dead until it has been replaced by a real understanding of what happened in the past. Instead, the past is simply put into the backs of people's minds, docketed, and left there."

In time laws will undoubtedly be passed in order to stifle outbreaks of anti-Semitic feeling. The press, the radio, even the film industry will try to help. Men who were nurtured on Nazi doctrine will gradually disappear from government service, will die out elsewhere in the community. But there still may not be a positive attitude on the part of the mass of the population toward the Jewish problem. For Germans will continue to be encouraged to forget their country's past, on the grounds that it is too terrible to live with and that people's nerves have suffered too much already. That is why Erich Lueth must go on with his self-appointed task — a sturdy, infinitely courageous crusader and a living testimony of mankind's reason to trust the Germans to find themselves in the long run.

During a memorable hour I listened to Lueth tell the story of the *Reichs Kristall* night of November 9, 1938. He described the columns of smoke rising from the burning synagogues; the pillaging of Jewish shops, when the mob smashed windows and grabbed the goods they wanted — in silence; the embarrassed inactivity of the police who watched this organized robbery; the terrible constraint of all those who watched, too, and hated themselves for not protesting. I listened to Lueth tell how one thing more than all others affected him while in Israel; on the arms of women working in the fields he could still see the tattooed numbers of their former concentration camps.

I listened to him say: "Never let your sons and daughters be deceived by that trite saying, 'Leave the grass to grow over these things.' Germans unborn must not inherit the blindness and the cowardice of our generation."

Never were men like Erich Lueth more needed by their country. For their problem is to set the German conscience at rest — by setting it first to work.

BOOKS AND MEN

ERNEST J. SIMMONS is an authority on Russian writing and a frequent visitor to the U.S.S.R. He did research there before World War II, and his monumental biography of Leo Tolstoy, as well as his fine critical work *RUSSIAN FICTION AND SOVIET IDEOLOGY*, is the result of working on firsthand sources. He is now completing a biography of Chekhov which promises to be as definitive as his life of Tolstoy.



TOLSTOY AND THE KREMLIN

BY ERNEST J. SIMMONS

FIFTY years ago, Leo Tolstoy lay dying in the stationmaster's house at Astapovo, a tiny railroad siding in the center of Russia. One of his children bent down to catch the almost inaudible last words of her aged father: "To seek, always to seek. . . ." Then this articulate voice of the conscience of humanity ceased forever. The press of every country anxiously waited for information concerning the illness of the world's foremost literary figure. Finally, the flash came: "Tolstoy is dead!" A hush fell over hundreds of thousands of people who had been patiently standing before the news centers throughout the cities and towns of Russia. Young and old removed their hats. Many wept.

Tolstoy's voice as the conscience of humanity has become a still, small one since 1910, although it resounded loudly once again among a group of distinguished thinkers, writers, and scholars, representing a dozen countries, who gathered recently in an international conference to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the great man's death. The setting was an austere hall of the ancient Benedictine monastery on the lovely little island of San Giorgio Maggiore, set like a bright jewel in the sun-drenched, shimmering green lagoon directly opposite the fabulous San Marco shore line of Venice. High up on the back wall of the conference room, an enormous canvas of the school of Tintoretto, depicting the mystic marriage of the Virgin, looked down piously on some fifty participants, who for days poured forth a torrent of words in four languages on the art and thought of a man whom the church, in his own day, had denounced as an "anathematized atheist and

anarchist revolutionist" and "an accursed and most disdained Russian Judas."

The universal deterrence of fear which contributes so profoundly to our anxieties over the state of the world today no doubt focused the thoughts of many of the conference participants on Tolstoy's conviction that the tendency to replace moral and spiritual progress with technical progress is one of the main calamities of modern life. Indeed, the presence of several eminent Soviet Tolstoyan scholars inevitably resulted in the introduction into the debate of Cold War overtones. Tolstoy's works are proudly acclaimed by the Soviet Union as being among the greatest in the country's artistic heritage. Millions of copies have been distributed over the years of Soviet power, and in 1958 the definitive ninety-volume jubilee edition of his writings was finished—certainly in completeness, textual accuracy, and scholarly annotations the most magnificent monument ever erected to the memory of a famous author. And now 1960 has been designated as the "year of Tolstoy" in the Soviet Union.

There can be no question of the reverence of Soviet people for Tolstoy, but the official position of the Communist Party in regard to him is compounded of praise and that familiar moral shuffling in ideological matters that is at once naïve and offensive to all who pursue historical truth. Since Lenin devoted several articles to Tolstoy, Lenin's position has necessarily established the line which subsequent official Soviet commentators have followed. Although Lenin was much more modest as a literary critic than Stalin,

Drawing by Ilya Repin.

he unhesitatingly placed Tolstoy among the greatest writers of fiction in the world. But he made the sharpest distinction between Tolstoy the artist and Tolstoy the thinker. Lenin called him "the mirror of the Russian revolution" and praised his stubborn struggle against the repressive measures of the regimes of Alexander III and Nicholas II. However, he contemptuously dismissed Tolstoy's basic doctrine of moral perfectibility and nonresistance to evil, and he blamed him for not realizing that the old order could be destroyed only by a class-conscious proletariat. Finally, he accused Tolstoy of helping to bring about the failure of the 1905 Revolution because of his quietist influence on the peasantry.

It is safe to assume that Tolstoy, had he lived, would have discerned no essential difference between the authoritarian government of the czars and that of the Kremlin. In fact, he frequently prophesied as much in his writings. Economic ideals, he said, could never be real ideals, and he saw that the mistake of the Marxists and of the whole materialistic school was in believing an economic cause to be at the root of all problems, whereas the life of humanity was really moved by the growth of consciousness and religion. Tolstoy abhorred the violence of revolution, and he declared that "socialists will never destroy poverty and the injustice of the inequality of capacities. The strongest and most intelligent will always make use of the weaker and more stupid. . . . Even if that takes place which Marx predicted, then the only thing that will happen is that despotism will be passed on." And with surprising prescience, he pointed out a further danger in a Communist revolution. The one sphere of human life which governmental power did not encroach upon — the domestic economic sphere — "thanks to the efforts of socialists and Communists, will be gradually encroached upon, so that labor and recreation, housing, dress, and food (if the hopes of the reformers are fulfilled) will all gradually be prescribed and allotted by the government."

Soviet critics today either ignore this insight of Tolstoy's on the future of Communism or else adopt Lenin's line of differentiating between the virtues of the artist and the faults of the philosopher. Occasionally they also profess to see in the novels an implicit faith in the triumph of a world-wide brotherhood of men, which they hope the reader will identify with the ultimate aims of Communism. To be sure, there is a certain identity in the final aim of a classless and stateless society. As one contemporary revolutionist put it to Tolstoy in his Marxian phraseology: "You use the tactic of love, and we use that of violence." But it was just this violence which

creates violence, the evil-begetting power of evil, that Tolstoy could not tolerate as a substitute for his eternal law — the "tactic of love."

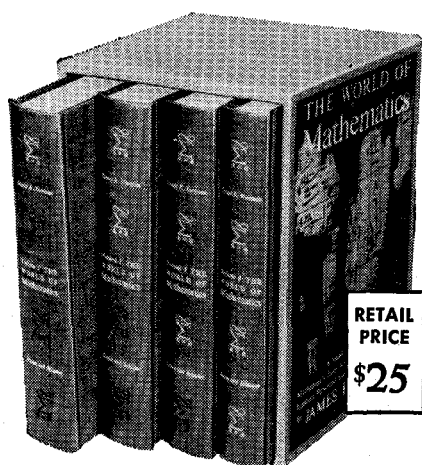
FOR different reasons, Western critics also tend to make an unfavorable distinction between Tolstoy as the supreme literary artist of *War and Peace* and *Anna Karenina* and the Tolstoy who, after his spiritual revelation in 1880, turned his back on art and became the cranky preacher of an uncompromising and impractical moral philosophy, a kind of latter-day prophet, tiresomely warning the world that, if his prescriptions for its social ills were not heeded, the very existence of civilization would be threatened.

However, Tolstoy did not actually turn his back on art after 1880. Many artistic works were still to come from his pen, including such memorable efforts as *The Death of Ivan Ilyich*, *Resurrection*, *Hadji Murad*, some of his best plays, and the superb moral tales. It is nonsense to imagine that the great literary artist of before 1880 suddenly transformed himself into a kind of intellectual crackpot once he began to seek the meaning of life. The truth, which had been his hero from the very beginning, remained his hero to the end. All the moral and spiritual searching and the intellectual and artistic direction of his being after 1880 are plainly indicated in his diaries, letters, and writings from his early youth. After his spiritual revelation, however, these factors underwent not a change but a significant development. When Turgenev, on his deathbed, pleaded with Tolstoy to return to the art which had made him, in the much-quoted phrase, the "great author of the Russian land," he did not understand that for Tolstoy the measure of true greatness was not what we are but what we strive to be in the ceaseless struggle to achieve moral perfection. Nor did Turgenev comprehend that the same magnificent qualities that made Tolstoy's art immortal — his sincerity and love of truth — were the very qualities that drove him on in his religious and social mission. No, the search had to continue, and in pursuing it Tolstoy won for himself a place among the foremost thinkers in the second half of the nineteenth century.

It is probably true that, if Tolstoy had not first written *War and Peace* and *Anna Karenina*, the numerous works that followed on his philosophy of life would never have received the attention they did in his own day. But a major reason for the success of these now forgotten religious, social, and moral tracts, such as *What I Believe*, *What Then Must We Do?*, and *The Kingdom of God Is Within You*, is that they contain much of the

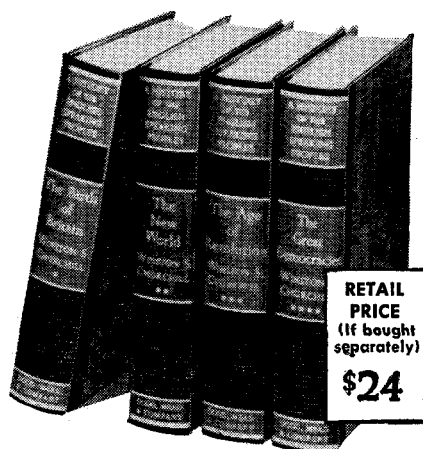
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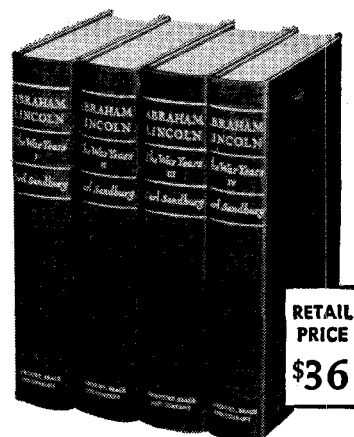
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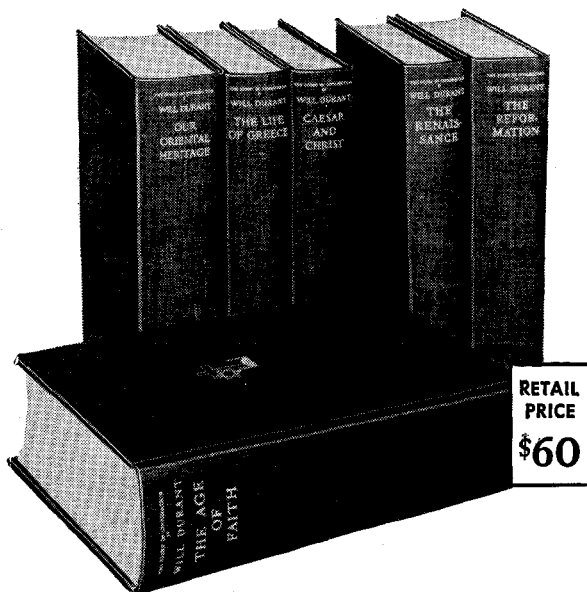
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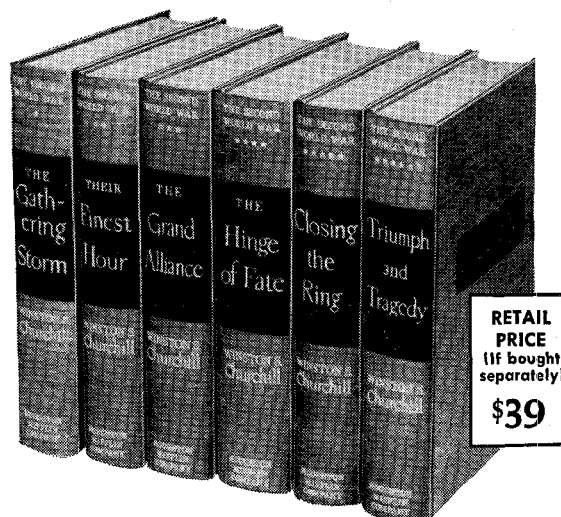
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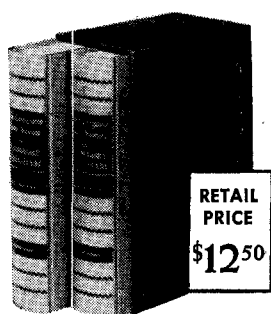
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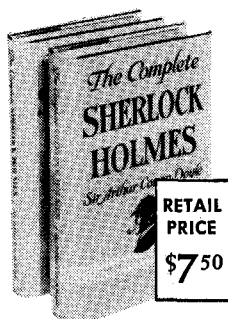
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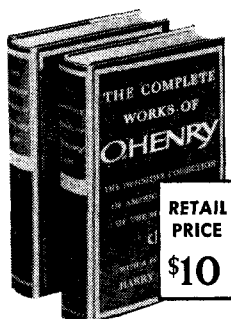
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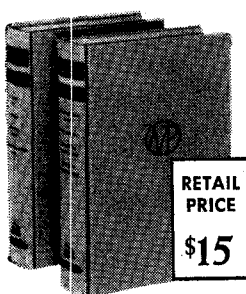
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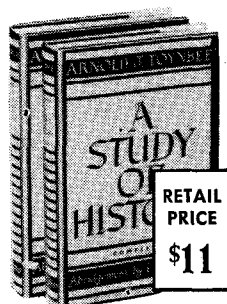
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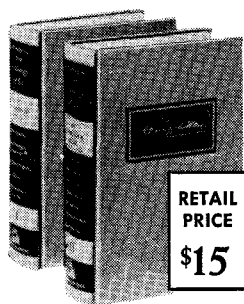
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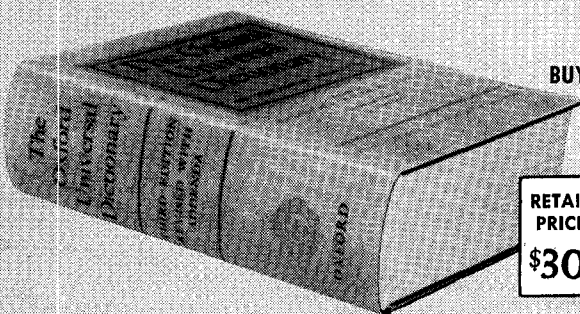
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rich art and vision of life of the master novelist. For the amazing persuasiveness of these works depends in large measure on Tolstoy's uncanny matter-of-fact imagination and that quality of his fiction which reveals a natural taste for the elemental universal activities of humanity. The ruthless realism that provided the matchless descriptions of mortal combat in *War and Peace* is the same realism that conveys the brilliant but grim pictures of life in the flophouses of the Moscow Khitrov Market in *What Then Must We Do?* And Tolstoy's agonizing search in *Confession*, *What I Believe*, and *The Kingdom of God Is Within You* for the moral law that will determine the future course of his life is simply an extension of the intense artistic search for the moral laws which guide the lives of the great characters of his novels.

As Sir Isaiah Berlin has pointed out, Tolstoy perceived with extraordinary clarity and penetration the multiplicity of reality, yet he persisted in placing his faith in one vast unitary whole. This led him to search for absolutes in a world of incomplete knowledge and imperfect men. And his inner need to achieve the ultimate in rational explanation often prompted him to push theory to the limits of absurdity, which he comes very close to doing in his views on history, education, and art. Yet the iconoclastic questions which his theories on these matters attempt to answer are nearly always profound and disturbing and compel the thoughtful reader to re-examine his own premises. This is certainly true of the theories of that undeservedly forgotten book *What Is Art?* For much of what he had to say in this treatise has a peculiar relevance nowadays, when so many so-called works of art would justify his findings in a very melancholy way.

It is not easy to quarrel with his belief that art is a human activity and, as such, must have a clear purpose and aim, discernible by the aid of reason and conscience. What distinguishes art from its counterfeit is its communication, its infectiousness; and the stronger the infection, the better is the art as art. But the one great quality that makes a work of art truly contagious, he argued, is its sincerity, which contributes most to its becoming a means of union among men. Counterfeit art he excoriated as pandering to the lowest taste, and with startling insight he predicted that it would eventually become the mass art of the future, shamelessly exploited for commercial gain, a hideous menace to human sanity and culture. With that maddening consistency which is as much the hallmark of pride as of humility, he relegated his own great works of fiction up to this point to the category of bad art, because they did not conform to the moral

purpose of his new theory. And when an admirer remonstrated with him for not employing his artistic powers to create more novels such as *War and Peace*, he replied: "Why, you know, that is just like the former admirers of some ancient French whore repeating to her, 'Oh, how adorably you used to sing chansonsettes and flip up your petticoats.'"

Soviet critics make much of the identity of their own position with Tolstoy's insistence that when art ceases to be art for all the people and caters only to the wealthy and educated, it ceases to be necessary and important and becomes an empty amusement. That art should be accessible to all was Tolstoy's contention, but he also demanded that the artist must be entirely free to "infect" his audience with any feeling whatever; freedom was the core of Tolstoy's total thinking about the human state of man.

THE European doctrine of natural law, which Tolstoy had become interested in as a young man, is the starting point of the philosophy that he developed in his old age—that is, all man's moral, aesthetic, and spiritual values are objective and eternal, and his inner harmony depends upon his correct relation to these values. In the 1880s this approach led him to discover in the Gospels that the purpose of life on earth is to serve not our lower, animal nature but the power which our higher nature recognizes its kinship to. There is a power in each of us, declared Tolstoy, which enables us to discern what is good. We are in touch with that power; our reason and conscience flow from it; and the purpose of our conscious life is to do its will—to do good.

Tolstoy based the practical application of this purpose of life on his famous five commandments: Do not be angry; Do not lust; Do not bind yourself by oaths; Resist not him that is evil; Be good to the just and the unjust. And his attempts to observe these commandments drove him into a comprehensive examination of the whole organization of modern society. He proved to his own satisfaction that institutionalized religion amounted to a belief in what one knows to be untrue. The Russian Church replied by excommunicating him. He next attacked all the institutions of government in terms of the five commandments. The result was the theoretical destruction of government: a man who will not submit his will to another, who loves all nations equally, and who will not use coercion or violence against either the just or the unjust—such a man can obviously take no part in war, be patriotic, serve in any capacity in government, or

hold property, since force is required to protect it. The Russian government, unwilling to risk international indignation by making a martyr of Tolstoy, contented itself with jailing his followers and forbidding his "treasonable" books and pamphlets to be circulated.

In effect, the task that Tolstoy undertook during the last years of his life was the establishment on earth of the kingdom of God, which for him meant the kingdom of truth and good. He did this by practical example and the advocacy of his writings, for, despite thousands of adherents who set up organizations to carry out his beliefs, he discouraged any church in his name, learned to detest Tolstoyans, and sadly admitted in the end that the spirit of stupidity as well as the spirit of God lived in every man. He did not demand that men be truthful and do good in order to achieve a personal immortality but because this was the fullest expression of their own personalities and the only way that peace and happiness could be achieved on earth. Organized government he deplored as a vast conspiracy against man, designed to exploit his labor, corrupt his soul, and murder him in the violence of war. He admitted that the ends he sought belonged to a distant millennium, but this did not discourage him from devoting all his extraordinary powers to denouncing nearly every aspect of modern society which he considered a violation of the natural rights of man.

It is perhaps ironical that Tolstoy's beliefs, derived primarily from the teachings of Christianity, as well as from other great religions, have frequently been dismissed as of no consequence precisely by the Christian West. In the East, and especially in India, Tolstoy's beliefs seem still to be very much alive. Gandhi regarded himself as a humble follower, and his tremendously effective civil disobedience campaign stemmed in large measure from Tolstoy's teaching. And Sarvodaya, the mass movement today headed by Vinoba Bhave, a disciple of Gandhi's, aims at the creation of a social order based on the Tolstoyan principle of love inspired by nonresistance or non-violence. Though Tolstoy felt that the Japanese imitation of Western civilization would bring about Japan's undoing, he prophesied a great future for the people of the Eastern world. In his "Letter to a Chinese" (1906) he wrote, "In our time a great revolution in the life of humanity will be accomplished, and in this revolution China ought to play a tremendous role at the head of the Eastern peoples."

On the other hand, Western critics ridiculed Tolstoy's more extreme beliefs. They laughed at the defense of chastity by this father of thirteen children in *The Kreutzer Sonata* and in the personal Afterword to that celebrated book, and they

cynically guessed that the grapes had turned sour for the old man. Even his wife, again fearing pregnancy by her husband of sixty-one, maliciously told visitors that this would be the *real* Afterword to *The Kreutzer Sonata*. Yet Tolstoy never believed that people, and least of all himself, could achieve his ideal of perfect chastity. When nearly seventy he frankly told a friend: "I was myself a husband last night, but that is no reason for abandoning the struggle. God may grant me not to be so again."

Perhaps the doctrine that more than any other damaged his reputation as a thinker was that of nonresistance, which for Tolstoy meant that no physical force must be used to compel any man to do what he does not want to do or to make him desist from doing what he likes. Few visitors to Yasnaya Polyana failed to confront him with the obvious conundrums that arose out of such an extreme position. This was especially true of Americans, whose practical-mindedness and lack of spiritual qualities he criticized, although he was devoted to certain American thinkers and writers, such as Emerson, Thoreau, Whitman, William Lloyd Garrison, and Henry George, and he won a number of eager disciples in America. But it was the casual, curious American tourists who annoyed him. "It is just as though they had learned about me in a Baedeker and had come to confirm it," he once remarked of two of them. William Jennings Bryan, however, he admired as an "intelligent and religious American," and when the Great Commoner confronted him on the problem of nonresistance with the stock argument, What would he do if he saw a bandit murdering or assaulting a child?, Tolstoy gave his stock answer, that in all his seventy-five years he had never met anywhere this fantastic brigand who would murder or outrage a child before his eyes, whereas in war millions of brigands kill with complete license.

IN REALITY, Tolstoy, though adamant about the theory and the ends of his faith, was anything but dogmatic about the means of achieving them. He realized that the goal he set was often perfection, and though he might be uncompromising about it as a goal, he never expected men to achieve it. Striving for perfection became the end. "We search for mind, powers, goodness, perfection in all this," he wrote in his diary, "but perfection is not given to man in anything."

It is perhaps only in this limited sense of his doctrines, this striving through individual effort to achieve a more perfect world, that Tolstoy's philosophy can have any meaning for us at this

time of international chaos. Like many thoughtful people today, he questioned whether human progress could be measured by its technical or scientific achievements or whether modern civilization in general was moving toward the greater good. Progress, he insisted, does not consist of an increase in knowledge or in the material improvement of life. There can be progress only in a greater understanding of the answers to the fundamental questions of life. A popular worship of scientific progress in a society still incapable of distinguishing between right and wrong represented a terrible danger to Tolstoy. "When the life of people is unmoral," he jotted down in his diary, "and their relations are not based on love, but on egoism, then all technical improvements, the increase of man's power over nature, steam, electricity, the telegraph, every machine, gun-powder, and dynamite, produce the impression of dangerous toys placed in the hands of children."

That governments, in their systematic organization of society, might logically strive to achieve righteousness, Tolstoy emphatically denied. When an American newspaper asked him in 1899 to comment on a proposal of the czar for a Summit conference of the great powers at the Hague to consider the question of disarmament in the interests of world peace, he replied: "My answer to your question is that peace can never be achieved by conferences or be decided by people who not only jabber, but who themselves go to war. . . . All such conferences can be summed up in a single dictum: All people are sons of God and brothers, and therefore they ought to love and not kill each other. Forgive my sharpness, but all these conferences invoke in me a strong feeling of disgust over the hypocrisy that is so obvious in them." The only tangible result of the Hague Conference was a series of conventions on the more humane conduct of war, and shortly after its conclusion the English plunged into a bloody struggle with the Boers.

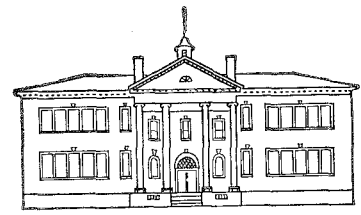
The power that corrupts, Tolstoy asserted, was just as capable of existing in a democracy or a socialist state as in an absolute monarchy. For him, political progress could not be measured in terms of democratic or socialist progress, for he saw in both the hypocrisy behind universal suffrage and the ever-present danger of power. His writings are full of warnings of the inevitability of both democratic and socialist states turning into monstrous dictatorships; of nonmilitary democracies becoming powerful military states; of civilized countries championing fiendish theories of racial superiority; and of all the amazing advances of science being turned into frightful instruments of war to kill millions of people more expeditiously. All this, he foretold, will be

achieved in the name of political, social, and scientific progress. And there will be no end of such progress, he warned, as long as humanity continues to worship the law of man as higher than the law of God.

Tolstoyism was in no sense the moral rearmament movement of its day, although some of its principles do bear a similarity to those of the Buchmanites. Any careful and systematic study of the whole of Tolstoy's thought reveals that he was fundamentally working within the concepts of nineteenth-century liberalism. Carried to its logical, and perhaps utopian, conclusion, such liberal thought inevitably results in the doctrine of Karl Marx or in the doctrine of Leo Tolstoy, for the end product of both is a classless and stateless society.

Marx sought to achieve his objective by revolutionary action, based on a materialistic approach to history which sanctioned the use of violence. Tolstoy believed that the whole history of the last two thousand years had essentially consisted of the moral development of the masses and the demoralization of governments. He placed his faith in the moral development of the masses as a final answer to the universal oppression of the many by the few. For him, the progressive movement toward a classless and stateless condition of mankind depended upon the growing moral perfection of every individual through strict observance of the supreme law of love and the consequent repudiation of every form of violence. The West, with its incomplete liberalism today, condemns Soviet Marxism, but it has also decided that Tolstoy, though he may have diagnosed the disease of society correctly, has prescribed a kind of incantation for a cure. His way of love and moral perfection, we say, is impractical. On the other hand, we must now decide how practical is a hydrogen-bomb war to end all wars — or civilization.

However much of an incantation his remedy may have been, there was nevertheless a certain strength in Tolstoy's unworldliness from which we can perhaps learn something, for it enabled him to stand above the turmoil of everyday life and reach beyond history, beyond time itself, to find universal answers to the problems of living. Nor did the seer of Yasnaya Polyana ever lose his wonderful optimism. Returning home one day after seeing a beautiful sunset, he wrote in his diary: "No, this world is not a joke, and not a vale of trials or a transition to a better, everlasting world, but this world here is one of the eternal worlds that is beautiful, joyous, which we can and must make more beautiful and more joyous for those living with us and for those who will live in it after us."



Teaching in the High Schools

ABILITY GROUPING IN THE HIGH SCHOOLS

BY CARL F. HANSEN

In this and the articles that follow, the ATLANTIC is attempting to focus national attention upon the present status of the teaching in our high schools and the efforts which are currently being made to improve it. We open the discussion with this invigorating article by CARL F. HANSEN, who has made such a notable record as the superintendent of schools in Washington, D. C.

MOST of the nation's comprehensive high schools have the problem of supplying a maximum educational challenge for students of wide differences in ability and preparation. With 87.9 per cent of all Americans of fourteen to seventeen years of age attending school during the year 1957-1958, the selective characteristic of the community high school is a thing of the past.

But the heterogeneity of admission to high school, which is a good thing, has generally been translated into heterogeneous pupil programing, which is a bad thing. As a result, the traditional academic subjects are often watered down and paced for the benefit of the slow learners.

If you think that this is not a fact, ask your son's algebra teacher how many students are enrolled in her class who are not ready for instruction in this subject. To illustrate, an algebra teacher in the Washington, D. C., school system asked me what she should do about ten pupils in one of her classes who tested at the sixth-grade level or below in arithmetic. "They try hard, and I try hard, too, but they simply can't do algebra. Shall I pass them or fail them?" I am afraid that in her effort to help them the teacher neglected the brighter pupils in the class and that she diluted the content so that the subject as taught was not algebra in the standard sense at

all. My observation has been that many an academic course bears little resemblance to the name given it because the heterogeneity of the class membership has required a simplification of the subject content.

The prevailing doctrine of universal education through high school is one of our nation's greatest contributions to the democratic ideal, but tragic consequences flow steadily from a flaw in the character of the educational planning that has accompanied its development. It is the unwillingness to systematize levels of academic instruction that, in part, impairs the quality of secondary education. To meet the needs of all the students — the bright, the average, the slow — the academic curriculum must be preplanned at different levels of difficulty.

In accordance with the desegregation policy adopted in 1954, Washington's ten comprehensive high schools are open to any student residing in a defined community, irrespective of race or social or economic status or achievement level, provided he has successfully finished the junior high school.

Under the four-track system adopted in 1956, each student expects, upon entering the high school of his neighborhood, to complete one of four curriculums: the honors, the regular college

preparatory, the general, or the basic. If he completes any one of the four, he will be eligible to receive the standard high school diploma.

How the four-track system provides for different academic abilities and interests can be better understood by an examination of the requirements of each curriculum plan.

1. *Honors.* For completion of this curriculum, the student must complete eighteen units, of which sixteen and a half are required. (A unit represents a year of study five days a week with extensive homework.) These are the honors requirements: English, four years; a foreign language, four years, beginning with the eighth grade; mathematics, three years, beginning in the eighth grade and including elementary and intermediate algebra, plane and solid geometry, and trigonometry; science, three years — biology, chemistry, and physics; and social studies, two and a half years — ancient and medieval history, United States history and government.

The honors student may major in the humanities or in science and mathematics by electing additional subjects in his specialty. He also, of course, may take such subjects as art, music, driver training, shop, or home economics, using his electives for this purpose.

The honors students now take in the eighth grade elementary algebra and their first year of foreign language, both being academic subjects traditionally scheduled for the ninth grade. There is reason to believe that these subjects can be introduced even earlier to honors students. Last year the eighth-grade honors classes made on the average much higher grades in city-wide elementary algebra tests than did the ninth-grade algebra students. We are now offering a modern foreign language to about 2000 able third-graders. As they move up through the four years of foreign language instruction planned for them in the elementary schools, the high school foreign language courses will be scheduled for the academically talented students at an even earlier period than our present eighth-grade placement.

We need to increase the content in all subjects, beginning in the earlier grades, in order to recover the ground lost to the postponement theory (more commonly known as the readiness theory), which in recent years has seduced many American educators into believing that it is better to put off teaching today what can be taught tomorrow. As more substance is infused into the educational blood stream, beginning with the kindergarten, the quality of the traditional high school subjects will be deepened. Ultimately, the work of the

eleventh and twelfth grades for the academically talented students will be comparable to that of the first two years of college study.

As the upper senior high school grades begin to include, for the honors and college preparatory students, most of the content of the first or second years of college, there should be a corresponding increase in the depth of college work, which has been adjusted downward for many students whose high school educations leave something to be desired.

To protect the quality of instruction, the honors curriculum is selective. A student is enrolled in this curriculum only if he has demonstrated ability to do superior work by his previous grades, by test scores, and by teacher judgment. Although the modern comprehensive high school is unselective, admission to programs within it may be selective, thus retaining the high-level academic flavor of the college preparatory school along with the good democratic characteristics of the comprehensive school. With an honors curriculum, no parent should find it necessary to send a child to a highly selective private school to obtain the needed intellectual challenge.

2. *Regular college preparatory.* This curriculum requires the completion of sixteen units, of which eleven and a half are required. These are English, four years, college preparatory level; a foreign language, two years; science, two years; mathematics, two years; and the social studies, one and a half years.

The student may major in the humanities, science, or mathematics and choose electives in art, music, journalism, shop, home economics, and driver education. Admission to this course must be approved by the principal after study of the student's qualifications for the program. Thus, as in the case of the honors program, admission is selective. While the program is designed as preparatory for college, it offers excellent general background for able students not planning college careers. If I could be, or wanted to be, fully authoritarian on this point, I would require every capable pupil, college bound or not, to choose this or the honors curriculum. The intellectual development most needed for general citizenship can best be attained through study of the great and significant disciplines taught at a demanding and invigorating level.

While most of our more capable students are in the honors or regular college preparatory curriculums, far too many able students complete their high school requirements in the easier general track. Last year, twelfth-grade tests showed that 365 seniors completed the general track program with scores that were as good as those of the upper 50 per cent of the national group with which

the test had been standardized. Because the four-track system necessitates discriminating study of the characteristics of all the students, it brings to light the usually unrevealed information that many capable students are underachieving and that maximum persuasion, short of authoritarian controls, should be used to motivate them to move up to the more difficult but richer curriculums.

3. *The general curriculum.* This curriculum requires sixteen units for graduation, of which seven and a half are required. These are English, four years; mathematics, one year; science, one year; social studies, one and a half years. The students in the general curriculum may elect majors in secretarial studies, retailing, clerical studies, book-keeping, the fine arts, and shop.

Before the development of the four-track program, this was the curriculum for all students. Around this limited center of required subjects, each pupil's program was developed in accordance with whether he was college bound or expected to terminate his education at high school level. The general curriculum is the widely prevailing system that James B. Conant supported in his 1959 report on *The American High School Today*. Recommending that every student should have an individualized program, he wrote, "There would be no classification of students according to clearly defined and labeled programs or tracks such as 'college preparatory.'" He justified his position mainly on the following premise: "A feeling of prestige is apt to be attached to those who are enrolled in an academic program if the school is rigidly divided into groups with different programs."

To develop much-needed prestige for scholarship in the comprehensive high schools is one of the major objectives of the honors and the college preparatory courses. For far too long, too many bright students have avoided the difficult courses because either it was not fashionable to be too eager intellectually or it was easier to get good grades in the less demanding subjects. It is hard to understand why, although academically talented children really want challenging and demanding classwork, the general curriculum, with its cafeteria-type election of subjects and its bargain-basement rummaging for good grades at reduced prices, continues to receive wide support.

Although the Washington curriculum plan retains the old-time general curriculum, around which individualized programs may be developed, the number who elect the stronger courses is increasing. Some who elect the general curriculum, moreover, are programmed for subjects in the more difficult tracks when they qualify. Thus an academically talented student may take honors English or mathematics or science, for example, even

though he does not want or is disqualified for the full sequence in the honors curriculum.

As the aspirations of pupils and parents are upgraded in this school system and skill in the use of the four-track system develops, it is likely that the time will come when few of the academically talented students will elect the general curriculum. We are beginning to believe that, having made the academic curriculums selective, we have caused a step-up in the tempo of effort in the grades preceding high school. Being allowed no longer to drift into the subjects of their choice, some pupils, with the help of their parents and teachers, seem to be working harder to get ready for admission to the honors and regular college preparatory courses.

4. *The basic curriculum.* This curriculum requires the completion of sixteen units, of which ten and a half are required. These are basic English, four years; basic arithmetic, one year; basic science, one year; basic social studies, two and a half years; basic business practice, one year; basic shop for boys and home economics for girls, one year.

This curriculum is for the academically delayed high school student, as indicated by standardized test scores in reading and mathematics, academic grades, and teacher opinion. Although the cut-off point is sixth grade or below in reading or mathematics tests, test scores alone are not an adequate index to placement in this curriculum. Teacher opinion is of first importance, because after long observation of the pupil in action, the teacher knows much better than either intelligence or achievement tests can show how the student can read or use mathematics or write and speak and what his drives and motivations are, the latter being of unusual importance in predicting the degree of difficulty he can face and master.

The two objectives of the basic curriculum are to upgrade the academic achievement of retarded pupils and to provide continued profitable education for those whose innate endowments, so far as they are reflected in performance, limit the range and difficulty of learning. If a student, for example, seems unable to learn to read beyond sixth-grade difficulty, he nevertheless can acquire much information in a horizontal study of appropriate materials in history, geography, business practices, science, arithmetic, and interpretation of current events. He needs the fullest capability he can muster in the use of the printed word, so that he can avoid the despair felt by the functional illiterate. I have in mind a painter who was afraid he would lose his job as soon as his employer found out he couldn't read the directions on the paint can.

Shunting these students onto a sidetrack of so-

called nonacademic education or forcing them to leave school is incredibly stupid and inhumane. There are many such students in the Washington high schools who need a carefully tailored academic program. In the fall of 1955, a study of achievement test scores of the tenth-graders made us aware of the fact that 1004 of 4155 who had taken standardized achievement tests the spring before were at or below the sixth-grade level in reading. Two had actually scored at the third-grade level, 75 at the fourth-grade, and 333 at the fifth-grade. In arithmetic, the number at these levels was even larger. Of 3979 pupils then in the tenth grade, 1798 tested at or below the sixth-grade level.

Multiple causes contributed to this set of facts. Among them were denial of necessary educational opportunity under the segregated system, unsatisfactory home and community conditions, and inherent intellectual incapacity. But these facts make necessary the establishment of a basic curriculum, unless we want to accept the view of one "educator" who told me, "These kids don't belong in high school. In my school they soon flunk out."

A KNOWLEDGE of the philosophical premises underlying the four-track system will contribute to a clearer understanding of its basic values and objectives.

1. The primary responsibility of the schools is to promote intelligent behavior. By intelligent behavior is meant acting with reason in the face of any problem. It is the difference between explosive trial-and-error responses to problems and controlled and ordered responses. It includes searching for and employing information in the solution of problems. It means being conscious of and aggressively pursuing new avenues of rewarding experiences.

The quality of intellectual behavior is relative to the individual's endowments. Except for the severely handicapped, it is a universal gift to be developed at the level of the individual's capacity to respond.

2. The basic academic subjects are indispensable to the formation of intelligent behavior. The subjects which contribute most to man's skill in being intelligent about himself and his surroundings are his native language, mathematics, science, and the humanities, which include literature, history, geography, studies of social behavior, and languages.

3. The school subjects which promote intelligent behavior should be required of all pupils, the bright, average, and slow, at the level of difficulty at which they are ready to respond. The

emphasis upon developing intelligent behavior, therefore, is inherent in each of the four tracks. The uniqueness of the four-track system is its emphasis upon academic subjects as the essential organizing principle, with differences in levels to meet differences in abilities and with electives to satisfy major interests.

4. Because the purpose of education is to upgrade human behavior, curriculum organization should encourage students, through their own efforts, to seek higher levels of opportunity. The climate should be favorable for such growth.

This should bring an end to the attitude sometimes found among high school youth that one should do by deliberate choice less than he is capable of doing as a means of reducing the competitive level and being in with his peers.

5. The curriculum ought to be selectively organized in coordination with the dominant disciplines. This simply means that the schools should selectively teach the systems of human knowledge as they are organized at any given time in history. It is not the function of the schools to assume the role of scholarship in a reorientation of human knowledge. As the scholars in any of the several fields may produce regroupings of knowledge, after experience has confirmed the soundness of such efforts the schools may sensibly change content and classification.

6. The four-track curriculum presupposes organized and systematic instruction in the basic subjects.

School is not life; it is an environment created for the purpose of organized instruction. Attempts to create the school in the image of life experiences have produced monstrous confusions, an illustration of which is a requisition submitted by a teacher for a kangaroo so that she could properly "teach Australia." The classroom, the school itself ought to be vital, life-related, and stimulating, but this is best achieved by the quality of instruction which makes subjects meaningful in relation to experience rather than by attempts to convert the classrooms into replicas of life environments.

While scientific evidence is not obtainable to prove that the four-track system is better than the individualized curriculum system it replaced, a fair number of reliable and impartial indexes of its success are available.

The first is that flexibility of placement is being achieved. An important result of tracking within a comprehensive high school is the preservation of the democratic advantage of keeping students of all possible abilities, purposes, backgrounds, and achievements together under one roof. One of the intensive philosophical debates which preceded

the final development of the four-track system was on the issue, "Should the academically talented and the slow student be assigned to special and separate schools?" The four-track answer was "No." The flexibility, the practicability, and the rightness of a school organization like the four-track system outweighed the doubtful advantages of separate schools for different academic objectives.

As to flexibility — that is, movement from track to track — we found, when the first four-track class graduated in 1959, that about one pupil in seven had changed tracks during his three senior high school years. This includes 127 who began as basic curriculum students and moved up to more difficult levels, proving that, with the advantage of track variation under the roof of a comprehensive high school, pupils can and do upgrade their achievements and qualify for more strenuous courses.

A second test is whether students have been, generally speaking, directed to the curriculum level most suited to their needs.

Placement by levels has required stricter, more thorough pupil study than was necessary under the old system. The making of programs was formerly largely up to the pupils, with all too little school counseling, and the pupil selections represented in the main personal preferences rather than an objective and intelligent making of choices within the limits imposed by the requirements of the curriculum levels.

Although counseling service must be increased in this school system, students are being assigned to their proper courses, and if they have the competitive spirit for self-improvement, they change over to more difficult curriculum levels.

An important end product of the four-track system is the forcing into the open of problems that had heretofore been less clearly defined and much less imposing in their demand for solution. Among these is how to adapt teaching techniques to the behaviorial characteristics of the fast and slow learners. When these students are in class together, their special needs are often overlooked. Special methods of instruction are rarely developed.

A related special need is the selection of curriculum content for the gifted and the slow. The formation of special groupings highlights the fact that the gifted need not more gross tonnage of materials but selected and carefully evaluated opportunities for creative learning. As for the slow learners, curriculum makers and textbook publishers generally have been curiously unconcerned about the preparation of suitable syllabuses. It must be said that the most difficult task is the selection of curriculum items and the formulation of teaching methods geared to the special char-

acteristics of learners at different levels of ability.

Another index of how the four-track system is working is the change in the achievement levels as shown by standardized testing. We have found that the four-track groups are improving achievements at better than a normal rate.

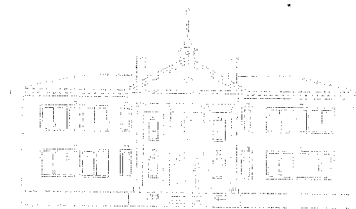
A comparison of the achievement scores of 275 students graduated from the honors curriculum in 1959 with those of the top 275 graduates in 1958 who had not followed the honors curriculum was made by a graduate student at the University of Maryland. Both groups were almost identical in potential for high school achievement, but the 1959 group excelled the 1958 group in the College Board examinations and in standardized tests in the social studies, use of English, science, and mathematics.

A broader measure of change in academic achievement was found in a comparison of the scores made by nearly 2500 of the 1959 graduates in comparable tests taken as ninth-graders and twelfth-graders. In two of the test sections, this group made much faster growth in achievement than would normally be expected. For example, the median percentile in social studies jumped from nineteen in 1956 to forty-two in 1959. Thus, in this test, this group more than doubled its median achievement index over a period of two years and eight months of instruction. In the test of correctness of expression, this same group of about 2500 graduates jumped their ninth-grade median percentile from fifty-four to seventy-two.

A higher than normal rate of growth in achievement was similarly recorded for nearly 2300 of the 1960 graduates who completed their work in the first three tracks.

In the main, then, higher than expected gains in achievement are indicated in the results of the standardized testing program. This progress is occurring subsequent to the establishment of the four-track system, the experience of desegregation, and the intensified effort here to improve academic achievements.

It would be difficult to prove that the four-track curriculum organization is the chief cause of the noticeable gains being registered here among high school students. My personal conviction is that the ability grouping system is making an important contribution to the improvement of education in this school system. My deep philosophical prejudice is in favor of an educational program that makes a maximum challenge a possibility for every high school student and yet preserves the democratic characteristics of the comprehensive high school. I believe that all American secondary schools are going to come, sooner or later, to something like the four-track system.



Teaching in the High School

MORE TIME TO TEACH

BY MELVIN W. BARNES

In his endeavor to give fresh stimulus and incentive to the teachers in the high schools of Oklahoma City, Superintendent of Schools MELVIN W. BARNES has set up various programs for his staff with results which we are proud to have him describe.

NO SCHOOL can be better than its teachers. In the last analysis, the quality of instruction a student gets depends on how he is taught. If teaching is the primary concern of our school systems, efforts toward improvement call for several courses of action: helping teachers to improve themselves, reorganizing subject matter, and experimenting with new methods that may produce better results.

A teacher cannot live long on hoarded intellectual capital. He must have the incentive to keep mentally in tune with what is new and changing. As long as he teaches, he needs the stimulation of other scholars in his subject field. Every school system should provide for the constant cultivation of intellect on the staff, and one means of doing so is the use of consultants.

During the last three years, the board of education in Oklahoma City has brought to its teachers some one hundred outstanding specialists from universities and public school systems throughout the country. This has been made possible through increasingly large appropriations for the program. Last June when school closed, more than five hundred teachers, counselors, and principals assembled for a two-week workshop under the leadership of twenty-five consultants. This hand-picked faculty worked with our staff on fifteen sets of problems that are faced in schools.

One consultant, for example, discussed with principals ways to change a high school's teaching

program. The study considered means of faculty self-training, the role of the principal in producing effective guidance, and the evaluation of teaching results. The problem of a group across the hall was the teaching of written expression.

Such work has to be done in the summer. The school year is too busy for this kind of planning and curriculum building. The number attending these summer workshops is remarkable, inasmuch as enrollment is voluntary and no credit is given. The main inducements are the prestige of the faculty and the desire for self-improvement.

No teacher, however competent, can be effective unless he has time to teach. Teaching requires time for preparation, time for classes, time for evaluation and for consultation. When asked, our staff said one of the major hindrances to better instruction was the load of clerical work. They saw fund drives, unnecessary bookkeeping, ticket sales, and minor interferences in classroom activity as hostile to significant learning. In attempting to protect time for classwork, we are trying assistant teachers to do noninstructional tasks, teachers' secretaries to keep records, post test scores, and mimeograph materials, and extensive use of IBM equipment to handle student enrollments, class rosters, attendance records, and certain kinds of report cards. Through a recent appropriation, the board of education considerably increased the capacity of our data-processing equipment in

order to relieve teachers of nonteaching duties.

One way to save the time of teachers and students is to furnish the instructional supplies and equipment that lend efficiency to teaching. Anyone can see that a school building needs repairs. But the need for teaching materials, books, films, and instructional aids is less easily detected. Some people think that all a classroom should have is one book for each child. But we know, for example, that a science teacher who wants to teach a lesson on seed dispersal can do more in ten minutes with a good film than he could in an hour by lecturing on the subject.

We have been making large increases in the budget for textbooks, library books, magazines, projectors, television receivers, films, and recordings. Such aids are the teacher's best friends. In television (we have two educational channels) we use a video tape recorder and a Kinescope. Both these instruments record television broadcasts electronically, the former on magnetic tape, the latter on movie film. Thus, good teaching can be saved for re-use. Our teachers are beginning to use many film clips.

In 1955, the board of education bought a Spitz planetarium as a teaching aid in astronomy. The astronomy teacher tailors his lecture to the needs of each individual class. More than five thousand students last semester went to the planetarium for lessons on subjects under study in their science courses.

Laymen can help with teaching. A group of our students strongly devoted to science hold a weekly evening seminar with research scientists as their guests. These students have come to have access to most of the laboratories, research instruments, and other resources in the community.

The improvement of teachers also depends on the principal's leadership. His personal value system is perhaps the most potent influence on the character of the instructional program. A good principal can work wonders with a mediocre staff, while laissez-faire leadership will soon spoil the best. In the selection and preparation of principals, we use a program of tests, observation, and experience. We give promising young people the experience to prepare them for leadership roles. For example, a young man who has recently come to us from a university staff is taking a year to prepare for a principalship. He was first assigned as assistant to the superintendent, and in this position he has had an opportunity to see the school system as a whole. Later he will transfer to the instructional department to assist in planning the program of the school, now under construction. When he joins the ranks of the principals, he will be expected to have an understanding of system-wide philosophy and organization.

The Oklahoma City schools are engaged in several research ventures concerned with the principalship. In one study, directed by Columbia University, twenty of our principals spent a week taking tests, solving on-the-job problems, and meeting the varied requirements of their jobs. The principals, while performing leadership tasks under the eye of a research team, were being evaluated. In a second investigation we are co-operating with Harvard University in a study of the role of the principal.

NEXT in importance to teachers is subject matter. What we teach is always becoming outmoded. Thus, we must be continually rearranging subject matter and supplanting worn topics with fresh content. In mathematics, science, and English we are writing our own texts, student study guides, and teachers' manuals, giving us a reconstructed program in each subject from the seventh to the twelfth grade. By developing our own basic materials, we are able to adapt forward-looking ideas to the varying levels of difficulty, interest, and ability of particular groups of students. The preparation of instructional books and guides is in the hands of selected teachers who, with consultant leadership, are employed during the summer months.

Perhaps the teaching of mathematics best illustrates the current reorientation in subject matter and its presentation. The chief aim of this reform is a concern for unifying the concepts of the discipline. The beginning algebra student typically learned many techniques, often on the level of tricks. For this reason, geometry was strange, because he was suddenly asked to prove everything. Algebra is now playing a large part in the development of geometry. If geometry is associated in a definite way with the algebra the student already knows, his understanding of geometry should come more quickly and be more deeply rooted than if the geometry were presented as an isolated body of knowledge.

Three-dimensional, or solid, geometry is considered along with two-dimensional geometry. The Commission on Mathematics of the College Entrance Examination Board is interested in the integration of geometry, algebra, and trigonometry, and has even recommended that these terms be dropped and that our high school courses be known as Elementary Mathematics, Intermediate Mathematics, and Advanced Mathematics.

While this idea of unification is supported today by both mathematicians and mathematics educators, one still has the right to raise the question as to whether unification will improve learning.

There is substantial reason for believing that it will. Those things are best remembered which are associated with other things. More importantly, unification and association also help in understanding.

In harmony with this philosophy, we have modified our mathematics program, offering new courses and providing for the acceleration of abler students. Our senior course, Mathematical Analysis, parallels a university course and thus permits a student to enter college with advanced standing.

To improve method, the rewritten courses have built-in techniques to promote discovery and inquiry in learners and to require self-dependent study. We agree with the committee reporting to President Eisenhower that one way to improve education is to provide "more student responsibility for self-education."

In science, as in mathematics, the revision of our program provides for new topics, new courses, and saves time for the student who can learn faster. We are completing a two-year tryout of a junior high school course called Scientific Geography which integrates world geography and earth science and which builds on the elementary school background. This course is taught by a daily thirty-minute lesson on television, followed by supplementary teaching. Especially for this course, two school auditoriums have been equipped with theater-type projecting devices that amplify a television picture on an eight by twelve foot screen. One advantage is that this teaching guarantees a systematic coverage of subject matter. Our evaluative studies show good results.

For several years we have used in experimental classes chemistry and physics courses recorded on film. Each course contains 160 thirty-minute lessons produced by university professors. Classroom follow-up and laboratory work are added to extend and reinforce teaching. Not only are the filmed courses used by students in Oklahoma City high schools, but they are also broadcast over the state to several hundred rural high school students. Since most of these students are in small schools lacking qualified science teachers, they mail their lessons and tests to the studio staff. We are not ready to say that these films are the best courses or the best way to teach, but we find that able students learn successfully from them and that the films also aid inexperienced teachers.

No account of curriculum revision in high schools these days can ignore foreign language. Because of the importance of beginning early, our teaching of French and Spanish starts in the third grade. For elementary schools we use television because of the shortage of qualified teachers. Having the use of two television channels, we are able to repeat the morning lessons in the afternoon,

so that a class has a choice of listening time. Various aids, including tapes, drill exercises, and helps from the studio, are supplied to the teacher.

In high schools, foreign language enrollments are steadily increasing. And students are taking language for a longer period of years. Much of their motivation comes from five language laboratories and the appeal of the conversational method now used in the introductory courses.

In teaching mathematics, science, and foreign language, we are aware that English plays an important part. We are seeking more effective written expression and a deeper understanding of literature. In the summer of 1958, three consultants assisted our English teachers with such teaching tasks as spelling, reading, and mechanics for all students. One of the consultants, a university professor of English, discussed the teaching of language skills recommended by the National Council of Teachers of English. For the next two weeks, a leader in the field of linguistics presented English from his point of view. These experiences and considerable additional study are resulting in a new, tentative teaching program for all high school grades.

Since it proves wise to encourage teachers to explore various techniques, we foster thoughtful suggestions for innovation. As teachers showed interest, we established several courses in Great Books. The use of the Socratic method, which limits leader participation to a certain mode of questioning, is an excellent hedge against the tendency of teachers to overtalk in class.

These varied efforts are working no miracles, but they are unquestionably strengthening the teaching in our schools.

PARTICIPATION in research almost automatically enlivens instruction and leads to more effective techniques. We noticed that a high school staff, when it became engaged in a regional study of guidance for specially talented students, showed an increased awareness of individual variation in learners. In another high school, a team teaching project has aroused general interest.

This team technique combines an experienced teacher, a new teacher, a student teacher, and a secretary in the instruction of a student group of approximately seventy. Team classes allow many techniques. For purposes of discussion, the group may be divided into small units. When a panel is reporting, all students may be together. For large group activities, a room with special equipment may be used. In their planning periods, the teachers consider their own skills and divide the classroom tasks accordingly.

Some purposes of the team idea are to find better ways to use the skills that teachers possess, to orient new teachers, and to spread good practices. No teacher is excellent in all phases of the teaching role. One may be good at presenting ideas, while another is best at reteaching the slower learners who missed some of the ideas in the first presentation. One is able to diagnose a learner's needs. Another does well in correcting written expression. Through observing one another and planning together, team teachers deepen their sensitivity to the complexities of teaching and learning.

When a school system engages in research, teaching comes out of its rut. Heightened morale and better instruction result.

Several of our fairly ambitious experiments, supported by grants from the Fund for the Advancement of Education, have used television. These have yielded an unexpected bonus in staff growth. Good teaching in a classroom is known to only a few, but good teaching on television is visible to everybody. Teachers who observe skillful performance learn from it.

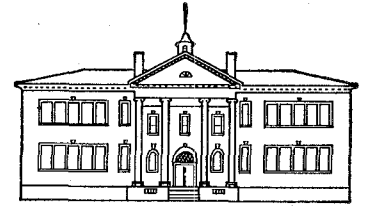
In the summer of 1957, the Oklahoma City board of education sent a teacher to work with a University of Illinois group on curriculum revision in mathematics. Upon his return he taught a new course on television for a few restricted classes. Fellow teachers, recognizing his superior competence, wrote a memo to the superintendent asking for an opportunity to work with the staff at the University of Illinois. The arrangements were made, and it was announced that the staff would be in town one Saturday a month to work with interested teachers. Without any effort to recruit for the program, on the first Saturday morning eighty-four teachers appeared. All followed the year's work through to completion. This gained

them no college credit and no reward except the satisfaction of becoming better teachers.

We believe that television may be the best means of quickly showing a whole staff new ways to teach. While the nature of the medium imposes certain limitations, it is possible for an imaginative instructor to teach inductively by using illustrations, problems, and case studies.

Somebody may ask, "How do you reconcile the use of television with your concern for teaching each student as an individual?" If we use television where it is appropriate, in large groups, for example, and in ways that provide a variety of experiences for those students who can learn from it, we can free a good many teachers to work with individuals. Of course, we must recognize also that some students learn better by television than others. If a student is not learning efficiently, he can be moved to classes where the usual classroom practices are employed. This is not difficult to do through the ordinary guidance procedures. Unless we differentiate teaching tasks and use wise guidance, television can result in mass, depersonalized education. But any tool or technique used in teaching is subject to abuse unless the user is careful to keep in mind both his goals and the nature of the teaching-learning process.

Changing schools is slow, hard work, since changes that make a real difference must occur in people. To date no one has found any technique that produces very rapid results. However, in Oklahoma City, as in hundreds of cities and towns, efforts to reform the American high school are making progress. Daily reports that tell of increased student performance, more serious purpose in learning, and better high school preparation indicate that both students and teachers are responding to the demands of the times.



Teaching in the High Schools

A NEW APPROACH TO FOREIGN LANGUAGES

BY CHARLES L. REID

Americans seem to have a congenital timidity in launching themselves in a foreign language, and this at a time when our world responsibilities demand the utmost clarity in communication. CHARLES L. REID, teacher of French in Scarsdale, New York, has had such extraordinary success in the teaching of gifted high school students that others will want to know how he does it.

THERE is a very real danger that democracy in education has been disastrously misinterpreted. It has been said that a college diploma is an essential passport into the fuller and wider adult life, and this seems indisputable. What *is* disputable is the capacity of all youngsters to take part in such a wider life. Our founding fathers, it may be assumed, never intended the Declaration of Independence to read that all men are created intellectually equal, and yet the massive structure of public education appears built on just that appalling error of thought. The really inferior student suffers even more severely than the gifted one from this immersion in a kind of intellectual melting pot. The superior student is stifled and bored, but the slow learner is likely to be forced into a veritable retreat from life by the cruelty of impossible competition.

The most encouraging sign at the moment is the increasing interest, on a national scale, in the program of Advanced Placement Teaching. This program, sponsored by the College Entrance Examination Board, offers to pupils capable of absorbing it secondary school work on a collegiate level in five fields: foreign languages, English, history, mathematics, and science. Unfortunately, the only thing common to such classes over the country is the examination which terminates each

course. The colleges do not agree on how much, if any, credit will be assigned candidates who achieve a given score on these examinations, and there are almost as many interpretations of what constitutes an Advanced Placement class as there are schools.

In my own experience, I have found that limiting the size of the class is the only practical way of making sure that all the pupils can do the equivalent of a year of college work. If the students are unable to understand French spoken at an ordinary conversational speed, or if they have not as yet graduated from partial translation to free and natural reading, they are obviously not yet ready to profit from lectures in French on literary techniques and trends or to prepare themselves to discuss a lengthy reading list. Nor, if they have not yet acquired a much better than average facility in speaking and writing the language, can they very well write an analysis of a poem or deliver orally an *explication de texte* in class. But ability is not enough; the student must also have a real desire to go far beyond the usual high school course and must have a high degree of maturity. A stiff placement examination must be given in order to decide with some accuracy which among the candidates show the most promise.

The teaching technique for the small class of

gifted pupils is both simpler and more complicated than that demanded by the usual larger group of less talented students. It is simpler because the gifted pupil can grasp a syntactical subtlety with a minimum of explanation from the teacher, because his greater ability to "stay taught" eliminates the endless repetition needed by the less able, and because the assignments can usually be made fairly flexible, to cover several days, or even weeks. More important than these differences, though, is the fact that these pupils require no motivation; they learn for the sheer joy of learning, which makes the work infinitely rewarding for the teacher. At the same time, teaching such a class is much more difficult, since the subject matter is more demanding and the pupils' thirst for knowledge more difficult to satisfy.

For example, the whole concept of the French *explication de texte* is new for the students, and the teacher cannot turn in the perfunctory performance which fatigue or other personal reasons might tempt him to give in other situations. In beginning this part of the work, I normally give the *explication* of the first two or three poems, and in so doing, show the pupils exactly what makes these poems romantic in form and thought. This doubling of purpose eliminates the two or three lectures ordinarily required for the presentation of romanticism, and the very fact that the students have themselves shared in the development helps to form the scholarly habits of thought which are the real object of the course. The first assignment, then, is to follow closely the method of analyzing a poem and to be prepared, on the fourth day, to read to the class an *explication* in French on which they will have been working at home. Each presentation is followed by my critique of content and language, and then by class discussion, of which the most difficult part is the elimination of the "*Je crois que*" which seems to preface almost every adolescent utterance. I have found that the average time spent in preparing their first *explication* is seven or eight hours, which would seem to prove the point that motivation is unnecessary.

When we move on to the theater and the novel, the method is again different. In the first place, most of the works must be handled as outside reading, since the reading list begins with *La Chanson de Roland* and ends with such contemporaries as Sartre and Camus. Here again, by combining assignments and making them very flexible, time can be saved and put to other uses. The pupils are told that they are to have finished this lengthy reading list by May and that they are to turn in a written criticism in French — not the usual book report — of at least twenty of the works at reasonable, but not fixed, intervals. These criticisms, which are carefully corrected for

thought, syntax, and style, replace the usual compositions, and thus release much more time for the reading in depth and discussion of the seven or eight plays which are handled in class.

It is in these discussions that the work becomes more difficult for the teacher, as the questions and answers on what took place and who said what and to whom are replaced with questions on why and how, questions designed to provoke discussion and argument, not to elicit factual responses. Moreover, the teacher who has prepared adequately for the class will relate the passage under discussion to such developments in art, music, and history as seem to him important and will instruct the class on these matters where necessary. Obviously there can be no question of fixed assignments when several days may well be spent on a single page.

Finally, at the end of the year each pupil prepares and reads aloud a research paper on some literary subject, so that each knows quite a lot about one subject and all share in the results of his studies. There are no assignments at all during the six weeks allotted to this work, and the pupils have complete liberty to organize their time and work as they wish. These papers, incidentally, almost always have the added value of educating the instructor too.

Unfortunately, the spread of the Advanced Placement movement has not been rapid. It is encouraging that the number of public schools offering such courses is increasing; but most of this work is being accomplished along the Northeastern seaboard, almost entirely in wealthy suburban towns. After all, lowering the pupil-teacher ratio from the usual twenty or twenty-two to one (this in the really good school systems; in the others, such a ratio might well represent utopia) to the fifteen or so to one required for the small special classes costs money, and over a period of years it costs a lot of money.

Money, however, is not the only reason for the concentration of this kind of education in one part of the country. Habit, custom, and heredity also play their part. The Eastern seacoast is in its culture and thought traditionally closer to Europe than is the West or even the Middle West. In the Scarsdale schools there are always, year by year, pupils from various parts of Europe and Asia whose parents are employed by the UN or engaged in various aspects of importing or exporting. Moreover, a large proportion of the parents are themselves trained in the liberal arts tradition, and for them it is as necessary that their children have a grounding in French literature as that they be able to solve an equation or interpret the behavior of a laboratory animal exposed to radiation.

There is another important deterrent to the spread of Advanced Placement courses: the lack of good teachers. A great number of the people engaged in the training of the young are not themselves educated people, and being unaware even of their ignorance, they are perfectly willing to accept their own formalized digest of a text which any literate pupil could read for himself as a substitute for that almost spiritual act of communion which constitutes real teaching. Our brave new world of pedagogy offers us year by year a dreary crop of persons who know all about teaching but know nothing really to teach. The colleges are producing today numbers of well-educated, scholarly people, but are these graduates going into public school teaching? Not very many of them, and those who do become teachers gravitate, understandably, to the few schools which offer them a decent, if modest, financial return.

This matter of qualified teachers is of the essence in any discussion of the training of gifted pupils. To cite but one example of what an inadequate teacher can do to a gifted child, on one of the Advanced Placement examinations the pupils were asked to discuss in French some family problem or situation which they had observed in the course of their readings. Most of the candidates selected *Le Cid*, *Madame Bovary*, or one of several appropriate selections from contemporary works. It certainly was not the fault of the candidates from one school that they all selected *Le Voyage de Monsieur Perrichon*. That venerable potboiler was as near as they had come to anything literary. Nor was it, in all fairness, necessarily the fault of the teacher; some blame attaches to whatever institution had taught her that *Perrichon* was literature.

Almost as important as money is the question of prestige. High school principals must be brought to realize, utopian as this may sound, that it is the academic disciplines which are the

primary concern of schools and that all else, including the sacred cow of organized sport, must of necessity be subordinated to them. No one can seriously object to a wholesome, reasonable participation in athletic competitions or body-building exercises, but such activities should have a place in the program only when the demands of the educational program have been satisfied. Can the students reasonably be expected to give a proper respect to the academic disciplines when the omission of classes at the behest of the football coach, the shortening of periods to permit the pep rallies or to allow for a lengthy assembly for "recognition of our athletes" all attest to the ignominious position of scholarship in many high schools?

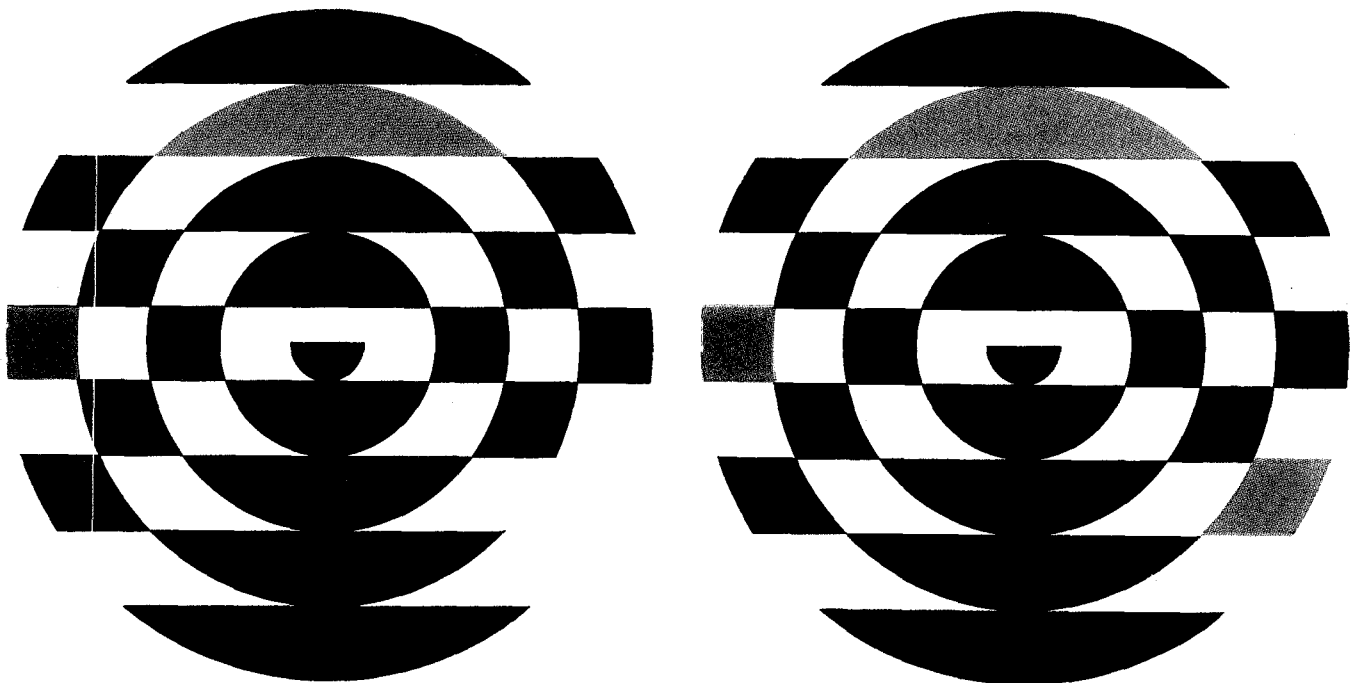
Moreover, the teacher of the gifted pupils must be given time to recover from the almost total fatigue which automatically follows two or three hours of successful teaching. The learning process is exhilarating for both pupil and teacher, but it is also a very real drain on the teacher's emotional and physical resources. If he is not tired mentally, nervously, and physically, he has not really been teaching but merely mouthing someone else's ideas. For the gifted pupil, then, to receive the best teaching, it must be made possible — and this again is an administrative problem — for his teacher to relax before the next class. That means that he should not have to do the countless clerical or police chores which actually take up so large a part of the working day of most public school teachers. If the schools really want a return to education, let them engage clerical workers for the nonteaching chores. What business executive is expected to count the items in the warehouses or superintend his employees' lunch hour?

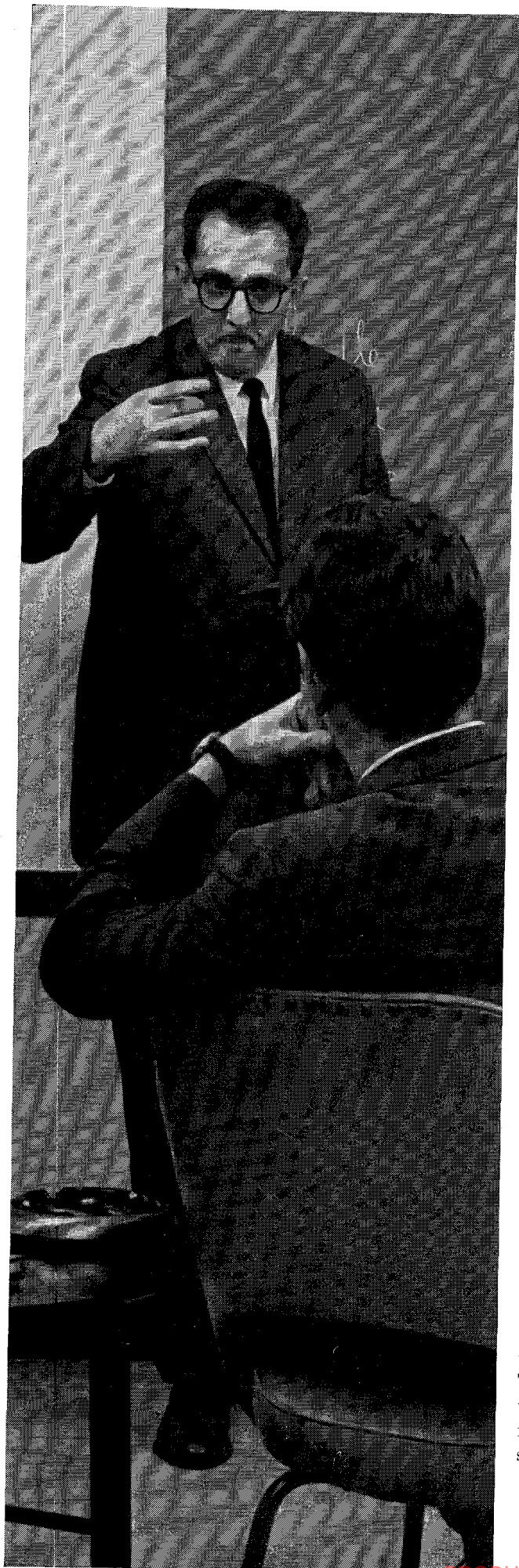
The gifted student has been cruelly, criminally ignored in the past in favor of his less able fellows. Infinitely more must be done if we are not to sell out completely those on whom the future of our civilization depends.

The problem of measuring similarity lies at the heart of many studies in medical research. Now IBM has developed a computer technique to help scientists uncover important similarities among disease symptoms. Charles Darwin spent 22 years analyzing the information he gathered on a single trip around the world. Ironically enough, the truth he sought was obscured by the mountains of data he had collected. In a modern attack on Darwin's dilemma, IBM mathematicians have found a way of using a computer to speed the search for similarities in great masses of information. The computer compares each item of data with every other. It creates a logical system of classification and often reveals elusive relationships. Doctors at a New York hospital are now using this method to study certain blood diseases and their complex symptom patterns. The same principle may be valuable in information retrieval systems of the future, which will provide easy access to millions of documents. By using computers and data processing systems to deal with gigantic data problems, scientists and businessmen alike can now find solutions that would otherwise remain hidden.

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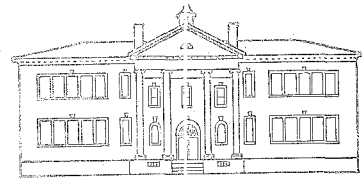
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Teaching in the High Schools

THE SCHOOLS WE DESERVE

BY BARNABY C. KEENEY

BARNABY C. KEENEY, *who became president of Brown University in 1955, rounds up the discussion with this vigorous statement of the capabilities the colleges would like to find in their entering freshmen.*

WE HAVE today some public schools that are as fine as any in the world, and we have others so bad that they almost defy description. This condition will continue as long as we have local government, for a community gets the kind of schools it deserves, just as it gets the kind of government it deserves. If a state supports its office of education properly, staffs it with men and women of high caliber, and provides it with the necessary legislation and money, that office of education will get good results. If towns and cities choose good school boards, take an active interest in their schools, and, through taxation, provide them with the funds necessary to secure first-rate teachers and equipment, they should have good schools. If the citizens of a town take an active interest in their schools and respect the teachers, and if these same citizens make it clear to their children that they consider a good education an imperative, then they will certainly get better schooling. But I do not think that parents whose children never see a hard-covered book in the house have any reason to expect well-educated children. Colleges and universities that do not concern themselves with the preparation of teachers do not deserve good students.

We shall not have the best schools possible until we live with the belief that nothing on earth is more important than education and that no one is more important than the teacher. We do not be-

have that way now. We are quite willing to pay the executives of our great corporations salaries in the hundreds of thousands of dollars; we are not willing to pay the schoolteacher as much as we pay the skilled laborer. We revere the television personality or the baseball player, but we do not admire the schoolteacher, who is so essential to our society. Young men and women who enter teaching in America cannot expect large salaries; they cannot expect social distinction; they rarely receive admiration, or even respect. The result is that we do not attract the very best of our young college graduates into public school teaching, except for those who are idealists. Schools can be made more comfortable, they can be supplied with more efficient equipment, but they will not be better educational institutions until the teachers are better than they are today.

The writers in this series have each stressed that a dependable school system should provide preparation on a variety of levels. We have prevented this for some time by insisting that all children be treated almost alike. More recently, as Dr. Hansen explains, the instruction for students of different abilities has been divided into different curriculums, called tracks. Whatever the track, all these students are being prepared, for no education is terminal. The school must be ready to prepare the ablest and most ambitious of its students for college, a goal far more likely to be attained now

than it was a generation ago. It must prepare others for special institutes or for junior colleges. It must prepare others to live competently at the level of their abilities. In all these curriculums the standards must be appropriately high and the students must be stretched to work to the best of their abilities.

What does preparation for college require? First of all, a sound knowledge of the fundamental subjects on which literacy and higher education are based. The student's imagination must be aroused, so that he is impelled to ask questions of his material and to perceive the areas of his ignorance or the incompleteness of his knowledge. He needs experience in the use of a library and a laboratory, each of which he must be curious to explore. Above all, he must be eager to develop his mind.

Firm standards are indispensable in judging the achievement of students, and students must be made aware that these standards are fair and desirable. Firm standards require that a distinction be made between success and failure, between excellence and mediocrity. Pretense that success has been achieved when it has not must be eliminated. No man or woman is uniformly successful in mature life; we must all expect a rather high percentage of failure in the things we attempt. A student must learn to expect failure as well as success and learn to make a clear distinction between the two. No useful purpose is served by pretending that a student has achieved excellence, or even proficiency, in a language when, in fact, he has not. The results of this pretense are apparent to any American who has traveled abroad and been baffled by a language that he "passed" in school or in college.

Instruction must be concise and well planned. It must be concise because repetition beyond the point of meaningful improvement is boring and destructive of interest. Every student, for example, must know the history of his own country, but he does not need to pedal through it in every other grade from the third on, unless he studies it in greater depth than is customary today. When a student is confronted for the fourth time with a chapter on Columbus or the signing of the Declaration of Independence, he not unnaturally assumes that he knows it all.

Instruction must be directed toward the subject. Every good teacher makes allowance for the differences in his students, and he approaches each student as an individual, but when instruction becomes "pupil oriented," to use the current jargon, it becomes undisciplined and disordered. Instruction must lead beyond knowledge to imagination: it should be provocative, so that the student constantly asks questions of himself and of his material

and speculates from what he knows to what he does not know. Only by asking questions can he prepare himself to go through and beyond college, as a seeker of understanding.

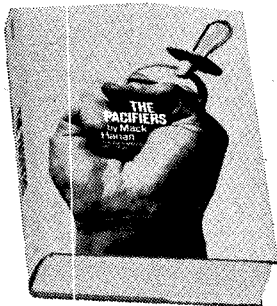
There is no valid reason why a good student preparing for a good college cannot go through elementary calculus in school, why he cannot have a sound course in physics or chemistry or biology which will not have to be done over again once he gets to college. He should know enough of the history of this country and of the world so that the college will not have to start him rereading his way through elementary history, and he should have a decent command of at least one, and preferably two foreign languages. He should be able to read and write English, and he ought to have read some first-rate examples of our literature. In most colleges, the freshman does *not* know these things today, and therefore his first two years are devoted to restudying subjects which he has already presented for admission, studying them at a level not much higher than the one purportedly required for admission.

Selection of students for one curriculum or another must be based upon ability to learn, not on ability to pay the cost of college, for we are coming into a period when any really able and ambitious students will find a way to finance college by scholarships and loans. Vocational courses should be based upon a general knowledge and understanding of what a person in that trade does, with sufficient emphasis on basic principles, so that the graduate will be flexible enough to change as the trade does.

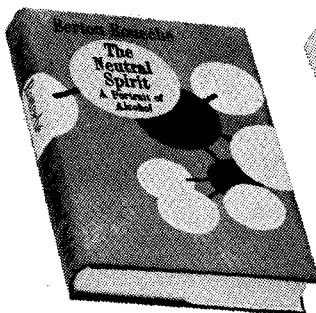
Instruction should produce an attitude of eagerness for learning and a willingness to regard learning as hard work; both of these are necessary, and they are not contradictory. All things that are worth while require hard work. The teachers alone cannot produce this attitude. They must have the unanimous support of the parents and of society. It is essential that we value learning and that we cherish the person who learns and the one who teaches.

We have failed to provide our schools with the means to achieve excellence, and at the same time have overburdened them with many activities which do not belong in the schools. As the influence of the family has declined, we have come to expect that our students will learn in school to do things that they used to learn at home, such as sewing, cooking, using the telephone, driving the car. All these things are necessary to a greater or lesser degree, but they tend to crowd out fundamental subjects in the curriculum, and for that reason, their inclusion is harmful.

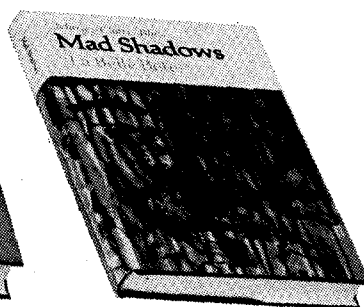
So much for what the school should do, but what does it need in order to do it? The first essential



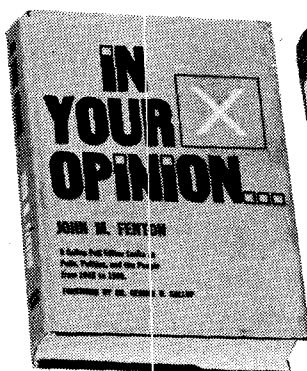
THE PACIFIERS by Mark Hanan. Tells what the six symbols used by advertising to flatter American egos actually reveal about our "dream world" culture. \$5.00



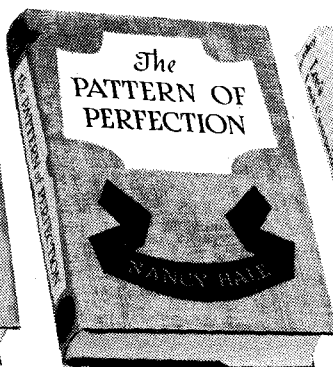
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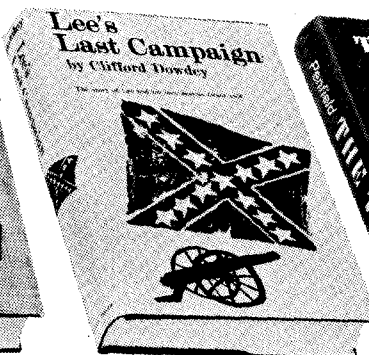
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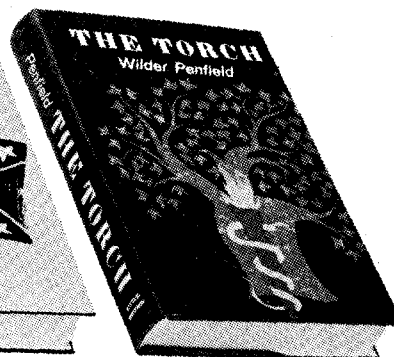
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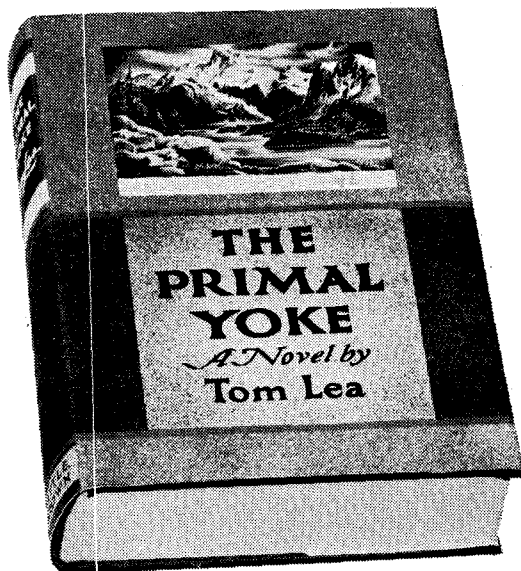
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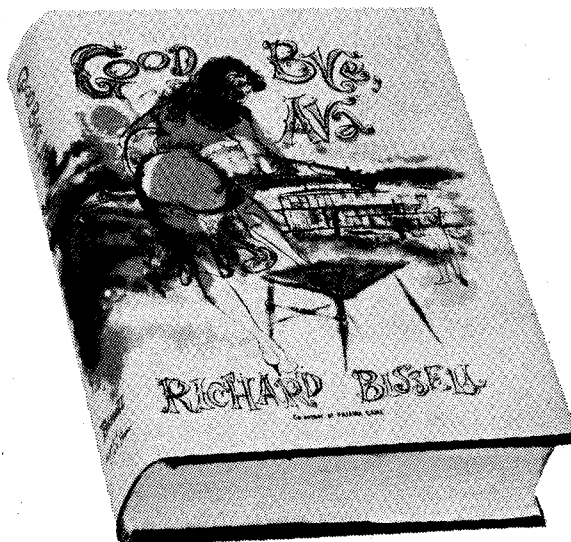
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is perhaps good leadership, both professional and lay, leadership capable of making plans and carrying them out — there is a difference. The school superintendent and the chairman of the school board should be as able as any people in the community. The second requirement is support, both financial support and moral support. The community must act as if there were nothing more important than educational facilities — not even garbage disposal or slum clearance. Appropriations for the schools should have the first call on the city's finances; the schools should not be given what is left over.

The next essential is equipment and plant. We hear a great deal about the frills in school construction, and truly there are such frills. It is unnecessary, for example, for every school to have a swimming pool, though indeed it is nice. It is necessary for every school to have an athletic field, for athletics and physical education are essential for adolescents. The school should be as beautiful as it can be made, for the appreciation of beauty is an important, though often neglected, aspect of the complete education. One of the most shocking things about many new schools is that they are constructed without adequate provision for a school library and books to put into it. Yet it is vital for the young to learn how to use a library, so that they may continue to learn after they leave school. Use of the library should be built into the curriculum, but it must be built into the plant first. We tend to confuse the newness and quality of the plant with the quality of the school. For example, in many Southern states it is asserted that the segregated schools for Negroes are better than the segregated schools for whites. They are better buildings because they are newer and better designed, and they replace buildings that were scandalous. They are not better schools, or even as good schools, for the teachers in them are segregated, too; they are, for the most part, Negroes who have been brought up to believe that they are inferior and are required to behave as if they were. This is not good preparation for teaching future citizens of America.

The greatest essential of a good school system is the teacher, and it is in the recruitment, preparation, and continuing improvement of our teachers, as Dr. Barnes has demonstrated, that we can make our greatest contribution to the betterment of our schools. We must make teaching an attractive occupation, through the respect and status that go with the position and through the tangible rewards that come from it. Then we must insist upon teachers who are extremely well educated in the subjects they teach and who have been prepared to teach by a careful and sensible program of teacher training and internship.

About twenty-five years ago, our colleges and universities of arts and sciences turned their backs upon the preparation of teachers for the public schools. They did so because of the disgust of their faculties with the emphasis on instruction in educational methods rather than in subject matter and because of an impatience with the luxurious growth of the profession of education. Many of the best colleges and universities are now returning to the business of preparing teachers for the schools and are beginning to do a very good job. One of the major changes in the situation today, as compared with that of ten years ago, is that the faculties of liberal arts and sciences are taking a strong interest in the improvement of teachers who are already on the job and in the preparation of new teachers for the future.

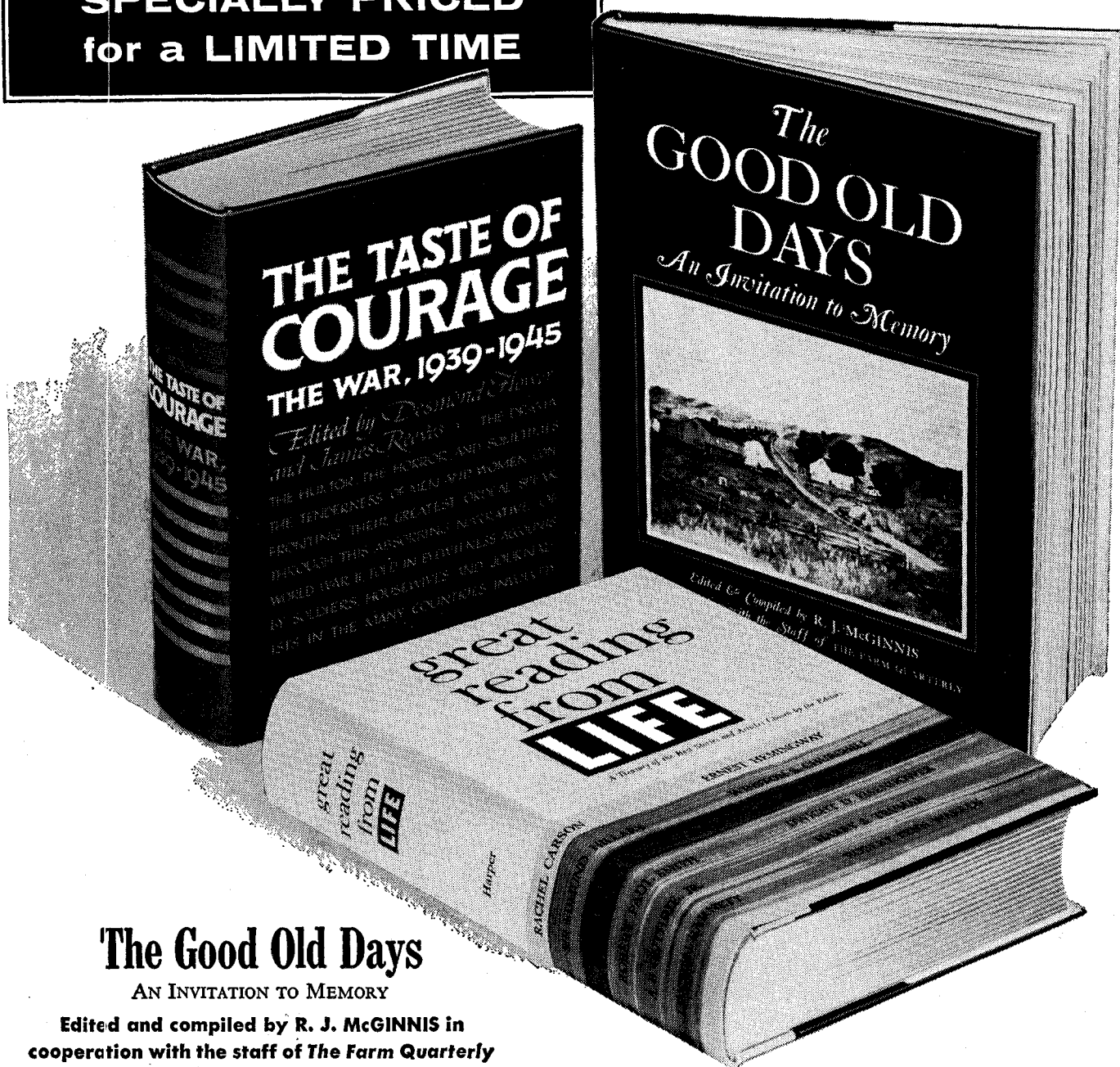
This activity is not without its frustrations, for we have found that many well-regarded teachers simply do not know as much about the subjects they teach as we expect a sophomore to know. This accounts for a good deal of the poor preparation of our students. On the other hand, these teachers have taken a plethora of courses in how to teach and were encouraged to do so by the certification requirements. Now these requirements are in the process of being changed, so that the teacher must become competent in his subject.

There is considerable danger that we may go too far and may neglect entirely the preparation to teach. A well-qualified teacher must understand the role of the school and its purpose; he should have a good knowledge of the history and philosophy of education; he must understand how people learn and what methods of teaching have been found effective; and he must have applied these things, together with his knowledge of his subject, in supervised teaching. While the colleges and universities are now returning to the field of teacher preparation with considerable enthusiasm, and even excitement, the best of the colleges of education, on the other hand, are becoming more and more competent in the subject matter, so that their graduates know better what they are to teach. There is considerable reason to hope that the next generation of teachers will be better prepared than the last.

It is time this country realized how dependent both the school and the teacher are upon the attitude of our society. When students realize that their parents value education, they will value it more themselves. When teachers realize that their communities value what they are doing, they will do it better. When the high school teacher realizes that his colleague in the college regards him as a partner and not as an inferior, he will take fresh heart and new pride in his work.

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The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

WHEN he was in his eighty-seventh year, M. A. DeWolfe Howe, the biographer, was admitted to the circle of Talking Books, that national library of long-playing records which is such a boon to those whose eyes are worn out. Mark, who is one of the best-read men in Boston, was surprised, as most people are, by the delight of taking in books through the ear; he applied for some of his favorite Dickens and for other titles which he had missed in his active days. "If this thing goes on for another five years," he remarked to me with a smile, "I'll begin to feel well-read!" It has already gone on for ten.

Is there any inner resource as precious to the eager, as comforting to the old, as reading? When I think of irrepressible John Stuart Mill reading all the major classics in Greek at the age of eight; of Lincoln studying by the light of the open fire; of Milton lamenting the loss of his sight "ere half my days, in this dark world and wide"; of Dr. Johnson, so myopic that he had to devour his books pressed half an inch from his big nose; of John Keats, knowing he had such a short span left, yet treasuring every line under the mulberry tree that still stands on Hampstead Heath; of the Polish seaman, Joseph Conrad, reading English in his bunk so that eventually he could write it as his own; of Theodore Roosevelt, while in the White House, pelting through his new books before breakfast and after midnight, I am truly amazed that there should be so many million Americans who have been taught to read, who have access to all this treasure — and who never open a book.

The Russians are more book hungry than we, and so are the Germans; the French have managed to sell their new books at a much cheaper price; the British are prompted by more diverse tastes, they do their own picking without the help of book clubs, and they do not kowtow to any list of best sellers.

There are several reasons for the nonreading of Americans, and the most elemental is the repugnance which is developed in our schools by the required reading of ill-chosen titles. In this mechanically minded nation of ours, there is a vast majority to whom books are unnecessary and a bore, and a sizable minority who have never learned the techniques of reading. For them, reading is a long literal plod, word by word, line by line. They are unable to skip and choose, and they make such a chore of a book that it takes them four to six months to finish one. There are the hard-driven professionals, the lawyers and doctors, the physicists and engineers, who have all they can do to keep up with their technical journals. There are the students and teachers working conscientiously for their chosen subject, correcting papers or writing them at night with only a rare splurge for "light reading." Finally, there are those two modern competitors of the printed word, both of them huge time consumers: television and the long-playing record. Television is like a love affair, and unless the viewer be firm-minded, he can lapse into an infatuation that can go on for hours. The infatuation is effortless and indiscriminate, and while it lasts there is no time for books. The long-playing record fills an aesthetic need for the younger generation, and many of them would rather spend their money for a library of records, and what is left for paperbacks, than bother about the more expensive books in hard covers.

All of this nonreading has had an unfortunate effect on American publishing and on American writing. It is harder to get a first book published today than it was in 1945. The author's royalties from a first novel published in 1959 would not average out as high as \$3000, and from a first book of verse the author would average less than \$1500. This is driving young writers into teaching for their self-support or to writing for television

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or the films, where the pay is better; and to the publisher it means that he can afford to publish fewer and fewer new writers each year. It seems to me paradoxical that this paucity should exist in what is supposed to be the best-educated and wealthiest nation on earth.

READING TO KNOW

As a follow-up to his first report, *The American High School Today*, JAMES B. CONANT has just published a memorandum to school boards with specific **RECOMMENDATIONS FOR EDUCATION IN THE JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL YEARS** (Educational Testing Service, Princeton, New Jersey, 50 cents). He and his staff visited 237 schools in twenty-three states during the school year 1959-1960, and his findings and recommendations are charged with common sense for the school committeemen, the school administrators — and the parents. There is a wide range here of sage advice, as, for instance, when he says that the top administrative officer in a school system should not have tenure — meaning, of course, that he must be on his mettle and his value constantly redefined. Or again, at the other end of the spectrum, when he says flatly that “Interscholastic athletics and marching bands are to be condemned in junior high schools: there is no sound educational reason for them and too often they serve merely as public entertainment.”

But his most urgent recommendation is that we recognize the deterioration that has taken place in reading the country over. “The ability to read,” says Dr. Conant, “is imperative in secondary school. I have been in schools in which practically no one in the ninth grade was reading as low as grade 6, and I have been in schools in which from 35 to 50 percent of the ninth graders were reading at the sixth-grade level or below . . . in every school there is a certain fraction of pupils who read well below their grade level. These pupils need special books and teachers. To my mind, to mix in an English class boys and girls reading three years below grade level with those reading three years above grade level is to do everyone concerned an injustice.” He places the blame for this unhealthy state of affairs where it belongs, on “the community and the educational expectations of the parents.” Many communities, he tells us, must recognize the seriousness of the reading problem and attempt to upgrade their reading program, and he adds, hopefully, that he has been impressed by the efforts which are now being made in certain of our larger cities.

It is asking a good deal of an adolescent that he should attach more importance to the printed

word than what it means. In cases where the children of our immigrants have done better than their parents do, yet this is precisely the more intelligent number. But they need help as well. In the schedule was so full that to read in the school library place it was. Now, with out of the modern poets and with aids, it should be one of the most desirable spots, and, as Dr. Conant says, pals, teachers, and librarians should incorporating the use of the library into class activities.”

But school pressure cannot have lasting effect if it is met with indifference at home. A Gallup Poll has shown that most Americans questioned could not recall reading any kind of book in the year past. If we are to handle the hard decisions of the coming decade, we must have an electorate who will read more and vote not with emotion but with understanding. Only so shall we move out of our present softheadedness.

“THINGS ARE IN THE SADDLE”

One of the most effective ads of this year shows two identical Volkswagens, one marked 1959, the other 1960, with the caption “Our Models Don’t Change.” This is a challenge to Detroit’s belief in giantism (bigger and gaudier cars for the new money) and its insistence on expensive restyling annually, a challenge made to order for VANCE PACKARD. In his new book, **THE WASTE MAKERS** (David McKay, \$4.50), Mr. Packard takes a very skeptical look at the glib certitudes of our stimulated economy; he resists the notion that if people are going to consume more, they must waste more; he favors durability over planned obsolescence; and he thinks that the “death-dating” of our products is wasteful. He quotes an engineer of radio equipment who states that his instrument was planned “to last not more than three years,” and another who remarks, “It is wasteful to make any component more durable than the weakest link, and ideally a product should fall apart all at once.” This is evidence of an unhealthy and extravagant system.

A shrewd and lively compiler, Mr. Packard hits hard at the obsolescence of cars, of electrical appliances (his quotation here of General George Doriot’s remarks is high-voltage), and of vulnerable furniture. He has surprisingly less to say about the absurd styling of women’s clothes and the shoddy waste in the building of our string



The Peripatetic Advertiser

Every published author who writes for the general public is exposed to a series of shocks when his book is discussed in print. It is described to him in quasi-confidential trade ads, in wholly candid tip sheet services, in library ratings and catalogue listings, in literary magazines, metropolitan newspapers, letters from colleagues, editorial columns, TV panels and intimate feature stories. From this deluge he learns what he meant to write is quite another book, that what he thought was good is bad and what was bad is brilliant, that the title is blind and the blurb misleading and the lack of an index deplorable.

He is told that reviewers were unable to put it down, will never forget it and find it suitable for small libraries.

He is hailed as Jamesian in style, Dickensian in detail, Biblical in simplicity, fast-paced, vibrant and promising — and (in fiction and nonfiction) as the new Hemingway.

Out of this the publisher winnows all that is truest and best for his ads, honorably indicating the omission of material too lengthy or too scabrous to be quoted.

Here are some good books seen through the eyes of some of the best of the critics.

Let Us Now Praise Famous Men, by **James Agee and Walker Evans** • “One of the extraordinary, one of the great books of our time is again in print . . . Evans’ photographs are magnificent, all of the old ones and most of the new ones, completely free from any suspicion of artiness, starkly honest . . . Agee has taken us into the lives of other people, as the great novelists and dramatists have always done, so deeply that we find ourselves, and in the discovery we are somehow transformed.” *Granville Hicks, Saturday Review*



The House of Five Talents, A NATIONAL BESTSELLER by **Louis Auchincloss** • “This is literature at its highest, most serious level, which is both illuminating and amusing as it examines a very special slice of high-life . . . It is possible that Mr. Auchincloss is unmatched by any other American writer in his brilliance of phrasing and in his ability to sum up a character in a deft, succinct sentence or two . . . As his readers have come to expect, every Auchincloss sentence is turned into literary gold; on nearly every page there is an observation incisive enough to provoke a gasp of recognition from the reader. His latest novel is rich in every sense.” *Gerald Walker, Cosmopolitan Magazine*

Prosper, by **Pati Hill** • “*Prosper* is a book that could have been written only by someone deeply immersed both in the French countryside and the stylistic tradition of the French novel. The effect is uncanny. Though the setting is contemporary, the book reads as though it were a previously unpublished work by Stendhal or Maupassant, translated with exquisite skill into English.” *Chad Walsh, New York Times Book Review*

For Innocents Only by **Richard Dohrman** • “Mr. Dohrman’s second novel is an absorbing, highly intelligent story of the inner and outer life of a group of people, some distinctly American, all remarkably compelling . . . The core and beauty of the story lies in the author’s deep understanding of the way each of his human beings affects the others. Even at their most honest moments



they are uniquely, often tragically, separated by the different paths of their consciousness — and yet they reach out and sometimes touch. Through his story, we share the changing emotions and attitudes of people growing, feeling, compromising and rejecting life. Some of his people are heroic creations yet they are hewn from our time and our dilemmas. There is consummate skill in delineating character through the spoken word. An intuitive knowledge of life sets this novel apart from the general run. Here is a young novelist who has a vision of life beneath its multifaced complexity. The glitter doesn’t distract him — he goes to the heart of the matter, to what he believes makes men and women strong and full of affirmation.” *Virginia Kirkus in a pre-publication review*



Summoned by Bells by **John Betjeman** — which has the honor of being the first autobiography in verse to be published by *The New Yorker* • “I abandon all the usual literary equivocations and call it a masterpiece. It has, as we would expect, its hilarious passages, it exhibits Betjeman’s characteristic peculiarities of vision, it surrounds the prosaic objects of childhood with wonder. Yet at the heart of it all a situation and conflict such as the poet has never attempted before, the classic trinity of overbearing father, overwhelmed mother, and rebellious son . . . This superb poem is an act of reparation, and perhaps justification to his dead parents.” *Leonard Russell, The Sunday Times*



The Politics of Upheaval, A NATIONAL BESTSELLER by **Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.** • “The first and, in many ways, the most masterly achievement of Mr. Schlesinger is his combination of the historian’s viewpoint ‘above the battle’ and the reporter’s eye of the contemporary witness. So perfectly is the atmosphere of those exciting years conveyed, so much do those of us who can remember them smell and feel the battles of those days, that it is hard to realize that the author was then a boy.” *D. W. Brogan, New York Times Book Review*

The Lean Years by **Irving Bernstein** • “It will make a major contribution to understanding of the labor movement by underscoring the great changes that have taken place in labor, government and management in the volatile field of unionism . . . A valuable piece of work.” *Joseph M. Gambatese, Chicago Sunday Tribune*

The Liberal Hour A NATIONAL BESTSELLER by **John Kenneth Galbraith** • “A barbed and witty style, a malicious joy in puncturing the orotund profundities of the Conventional Wisdom, an outrageous propensity to call spades spades continue to mark Professor Galbraith’s approach to life. If he were not so unpardonably lucid, he might easily be called the most persuasive economist anywhere of the American scene . . . But beneath the facade of wit and banter, the book serves as well another end. It is a contribution, albeit in a small way, to a nineteenth-century pastime which shows some signs of enjoying a revival in our nation. This pastime is called thinking.” *Robert Heilbroner, New York Herald Tribune Book Review*



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towns. He is rightly concerned about the decline in thrift but does not rub in the truth that, in a society of quick earners such as ours, people with new money spend for the sake of spending. On page 170 he quotes but does not stress the revealing remark of an extravagant housewife, apropos of her parents' habit of saving for a rainy day: "I feel I may not live for a rainy day." That speaks for many, and advertising, one of Mr. Packard's scapegoats, is hardly to be blamed for that recklessness.

In *The Hidden Persuaders* and *The Status Seekers*, Mr. Packard caught the public's ear with his bright labels and provocative analyses of American gullibility. More power to him if he can help to make us conserve.

AMERICA IN THE SUN

"The scientific man," so wrote a famous scientist, "is always on the road, never at the journey's end," and these words are a fitting description of EDWIN WAY TEALE. An authority on birds and insects, Mr. Teale, in mid-career, set out to survey the natural history of this country as it is found today in the four American seasons. Moving and writing with the glorious, unspecialized freedom of the old-time naturalist, he produced his first book, *North with the Spring*, on the North-South axis as he followed the birds and the burgeoning from the Florida Keys to upper Canada. In *Autumn Across America* he traveled from East to West, from Long Island Sound to the last lingering touch of autumn on the Western slope. In each itinerary he plans to visit those places which have been identified with some natural phenomenon and those persons famous for their knowledge of wild bees, wild roses, or wild cats; thus, his panorama, as it unfolds, becomes a blend of past and present, a salty chronicle of encounter and observation in which his wife, Nellie, plays no small part.

In *JOURNEY INTO SUMMER* (Dodd, Mead, \$5.95), the third of the series, Mr. Teale's exposition reaches full, sunny fruition. Throughout this

journey of 19,000 miles he moves in sweeping zigzags, beginning with the sunrise north of Franconia Notch; then traipsing down the wild Sunday River on the longest day of the year; moving on to Vermont, where he introduces us to Cyrus Pringle, the pioneer collector of American ferns; and thence on the Long Trail to Mount Mansfield, where he and Nellie listen to the famous thrush chorus. At Niagara he consorts with a Canadian, Roy W. Sheppard, an authority on the Niagara region: they compare notes about the waterfowl which are carried over the falls, and why such a large number should perish in their flights into the gorge; they discuss what has happened to Niagara during its first thirty-five thousand years and agree that it is now only a little more than half as high as it once was.

He and Nellie reach Kelly's Island in Sandusky Bay at the height of the May fly spectacle, and their description of the fireflies on the Kankakee River is surely the most beautiful I have ever read. On a Wisconsin lake shore Mr. Teale spent the better part of two days observing the Kentucky feud between a pair of redheaded woodpeckers who had bored twin holes in a dying oak and were trying to evict a household of starlings from the apartment upstairs; then the Teales went on to Bailey Harbor, where a group of local citizens have preserved those famous orchid bogs known as the Ridges Sanctuary.

Now camping, now staying in motels or the village inn, they have a taste for everything local. They feast on wild rice pancakes, turtle steak, rhubarb and strawberry pie, and crayfish bisque. And as they walk or drive through this protracted summer, the air is always redolent of the early summer perfume of the drying grass. Reading Mr. Teale, I find myself wishing I could communicate to other Americans how much this one man's observation arouses and delectifies our appreciation of this country. Time, the merciless changer, destroys so rapidly; this is our heritage, and there is so little time to know.

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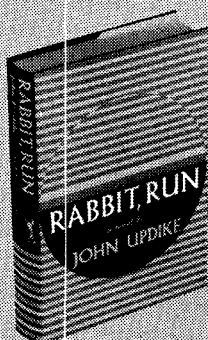
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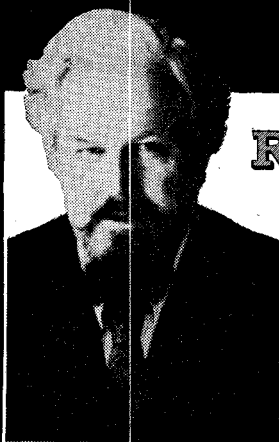
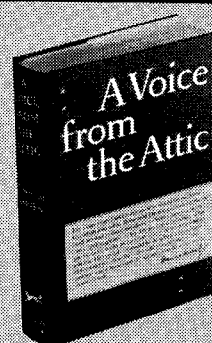


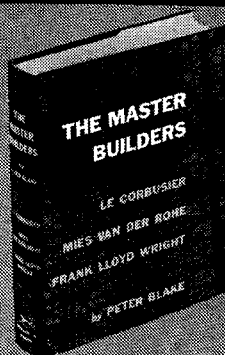
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in *A VOICE FROM THE ATTIC*, speaks of the delights of reading and of what mass education has done to readers today. He calls upon the "clerisy" to resume their sovereignty. And who are the clerisy? "Those who read for pleasure, but not for idleness, who read for pastime, but not to kill time, who love books, but do not live by books." \$4.75



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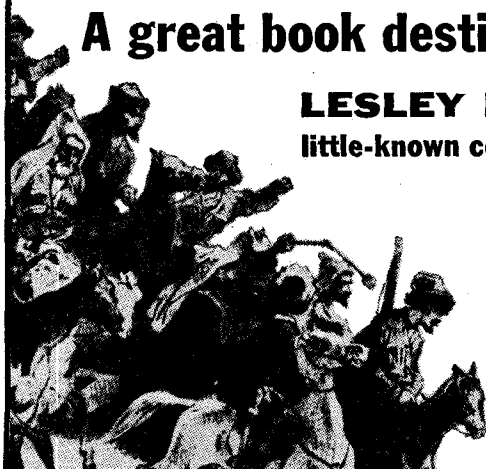
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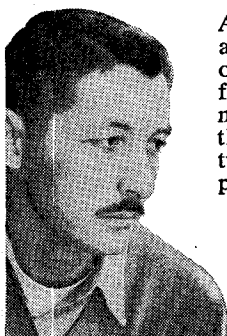
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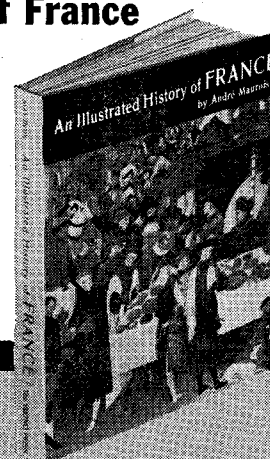
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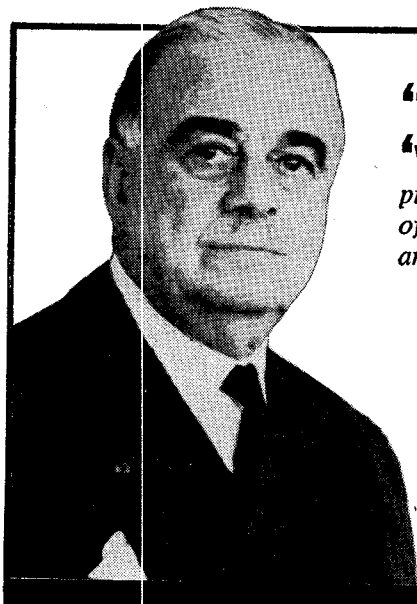
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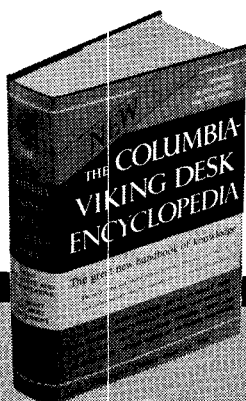
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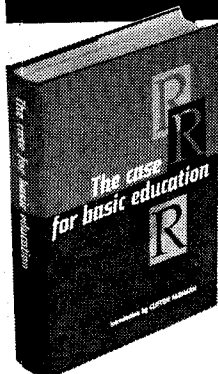
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BY **PHOEBE ADAMS**

"We know today," **ANDRÉ MALRAUX** observes in **THE METAMORPHOSIS OF THE GODS** (Doubleday, \$20.00), "that the spirit of an art is best evaluated in terms of the specific field of reference to which it is related, by its correlation of the elements employed, and not by the fidelity of its imitation or its achievement of illusionism." This point of view, put into active critical practice, forms much of the basis of Mr. Malraux's book on the evolution of religious art from the Great Sphinx to Masaccio, and it has produced a fascinating work.

The metamorphosis to which Mr. Malraux's title refers is, as readers of his *The Voices of Silence* will foresee, the metamorphosis of men's attitudes toward their gods, attitudes which dominated European art until the Renaissance. The sacred mysteries of the East were succeeded by the Greek divinities, more rational but still inaccessible, and these by the Roman passion for unlikely demons constructed with the utmost literal-mindedness. It is Mr. Malraux's opinion that the artist who attempts to depict the sacred reality underlying and controlling the world of appearances can do so only by denying appearance. The artist cannot show what no man has ever seen; he can invent a symbol to represent what no man has ever seen before. The animal-headed gods of Egypt and the unhumanly confident gods of Greece are, by realistic standards, equally impossible, but both evoke the suprealistic world in which their makers believed. It was possible for a Roman artist to concoct a three-headed dog of comically plausible anatomical structure because the patron who wanted it for his doorstep didn't believe in Cer-

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berus any more than the artist did. It was not only possible, it was necessary. Once the belief in a magical world beyond the world of appearance had disappeared, the artist had nothing to offer but increasingly ingenious imitations of appearance, and personal, secular art as we know it today was born.

Mr. Malraux traces this process twice, for he follows Christian art through a similar development, from the awesome remoteness of Byzantine mosaics through Romanesque and early Gothic sculpture to that point in the later Gothic period when the saints, the prophets, the Virgin, and finally Christ himself began to resemble real people moving in a world of identifiable landscape and time of day, a thing previously inconceivable. "The living God ceased to be shrouded in awesome mystery and could now be loved through the intermediacy of Jesus." As Mr. Malraux here describes the change of attitude, it sounds harmless and possibly even beneficial, but it ended in God's "annexation by the world of man."

Religious works that had once expressed the worship of all Christendom were replaced by ornaments for private chapels, things chosen with a sharp eye to the skill of the artist and probably valued as much for their power to arouse sentimental daydreams as for any other quality. Once the fancy of the individual artist and the taste of the individual patron began to determine the shape of a work of art, it was a short step into "a world of pictures in which Venus could meet on equal terms the Virgin, nymphs compete with angels—and the Unreal with the City of God."

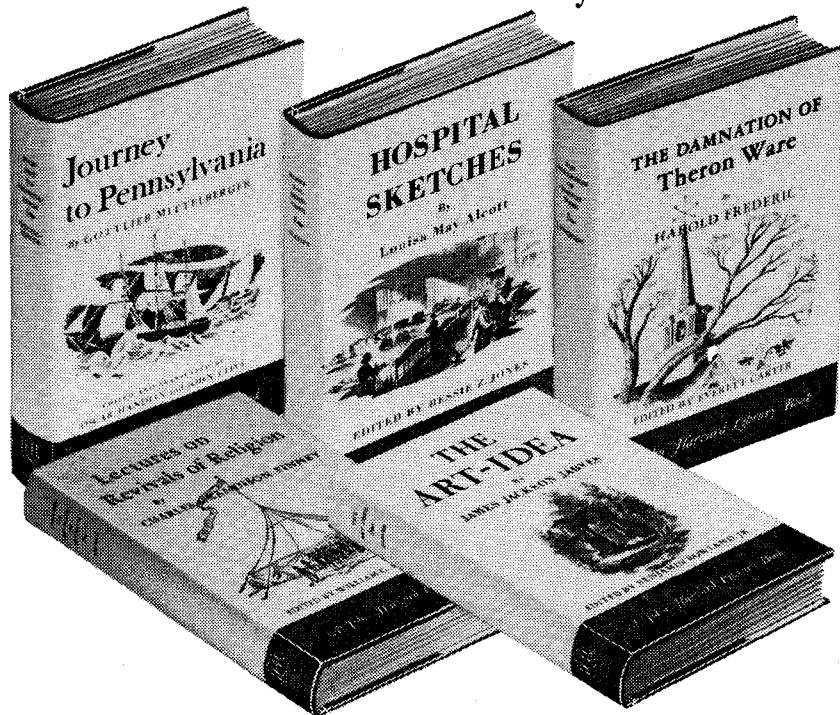
This is the point at which Mr. Malraux's discussion, which he has carried on with a bewildering wealth of reference and illustration, stops. He announces the death of the religious spirit in art but does not trouble to display the corpse, and readers who have been made uneasy by the implication that certain works long revered as pious masterpieces are no more than decorative frolics can throw the whole case out of court as unproved.

"Theoretical" would be a fairer description of Mr. Malraux's findings, which can hardly be otherwise unless it becomes possible to call up the ghosts of a thousand years and survey their opinions. The author



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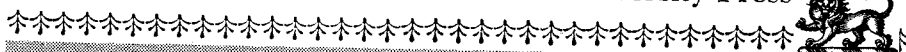
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relates works of art to the temper of their times and simultaneously to certain constants in the human disposition, and uses art itself to illuminate both human disposition and the temper of a particular time. This ping-pong game in a hall of mirrors is a subtle affair, often difficult to follow, but worth the trouble. Mr. Malraux writes with his usual brilliance. He shifts from eloquence to aphorism to scholarship and supports each point in his line of reasoning with references to specific objects or events.

The author implies that his book would not have been possible a hundred years ago and is possible today only because "we are now confronted by the art of the whole world. And, as a result of that confrontation, appearance has come to seem no more than the inexhaustible libretto of an interminable opera."

There is another reason why *The Metamorphosis of the Gods* would not have been possible before this century. It depends on appearance. Sculpture and painting are made to be seen, and not even Mr. Malraux can describe the quality of successive styles in art as effectively as photographs can display them. An author's word may be doubted or misunderstood; the visible difference between an archaic Greek *kouros* and a Roman imperial portrait is incontrovertible. The book therefore includes an enormous number of illustrations, very good in the sharp-cut style that suits the author's purpose. That is to say, the plates are designed to reveal the form of the subject, not to arouse interest in the art of photography.

ART AND THE ARTIST

KENNETH CLARK'S *LOOKING AT PICTURES* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$10.00) is quite another sort of book about art. It consists of a series of sixteen essays, each concerned with a specific painting. They were originally written for an English newspaper and have since been somewhat expanded and reinforced by numerous halftones and a handful of color plates.

Sir Kenneth's introduction to this book begins, "No doubt there are many ways of looking at pictures, none of which can be called the right way," a statement that makes it impossible for anyone to take issue with the author's way. His way is in

fact a good illustration of the method of studying each picture as a thing in itself, beginning with the subject matter and proceeding through a consideration of the artist's intention, his technique, and his character. After these topics are out of the way, Sir Kenneth briefly considers the picture's relation to the painter's other works, and sometimes to the general output of its period.

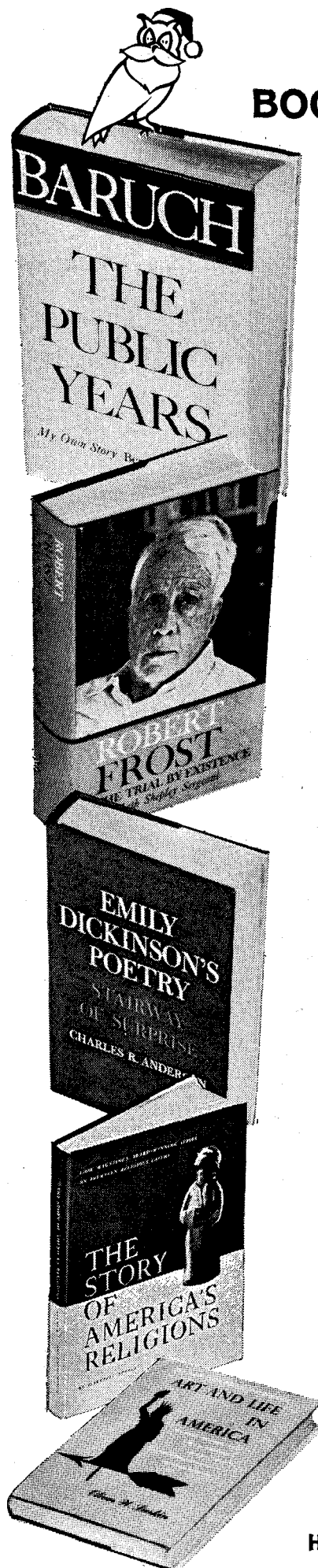
The emphasis on each of these questions varies from essay to essay. Sir Kenneth is much interested by what he can deduce of the mind of Velasquez, but far more intrigued by Vermeer's methods than by his motives. He has a historian's soft heart for painters like Delacroix and Courbet, who considerately wrote, and wrote well, about their work. Sir Kenneth's method of discussing paintings is solidly practical, but it has certain limitations. An ignoramus in painting would come away from *Looking at Pictures* with the impression that Picasso was some obscure fellow who copied figures from other people's pictures.

The book is better to rummage in than to read at a sitting. Each piece is interesting and gracefully written and almost certain to yield some odd insight or unexpected bit of information. Taken together, the essays show their newspaper origin. Sir Kenneth assumes that all his readers are unshakably convinced that painters are a dissipated and disorderly lot. When he comes upon one of those artists who led lives of positively dreary respectability, he hammers the truth like a man driving a railroad spike. And when he finds it necessary to mention the habits of Titian, he makes several circles around Robin Hood's barn before sidling up to the facts, evidently fearing to bring the blush of shame to the cheek of modesty.

GREEK MASTERS AND ARTISANS

MASTERPIECES OF GREEK ART (New York Graphic Society, \$12.50) is as pretty a thing as anyone could ask for, a collection of color photographs and brief explanatory texts by **RAYMOND V. SCHODER, S. J.**

Dr. Schoder, a classical scholar who translates Sappho and plainly dotes on Keats, has worked and traveled over a wide area, exploring museums along the way. His pictures cover Greek art from Mycenaean daggers to Roman wall



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paintings, which he approaches with great nonchalance. That Roman no-man's-land infested by imported Greek works, the works of imported Greek artists, the works of Greek-trained Romans, and the productions of local hacks confuses Dr. Schoder not at all. If he likes it, it's Greek.

Dr. Schoder is an accomplished and conscientious photographer, whose work must have involved a great deal of patient effort. He is frankly proud of his pictures and has every right to be, for they capture delicate detail, the texture of stone and bronze, and the faint traces of color still clinging to some statues.

The book's text is good as long as it sticks to facts about where the objects were found, what school they belong to, what purpose they served, and the probable circumstances of their creation. Beyond this area, Dr. Schoder tends to wax lyrical. He loves these beautiful things dearly, and in his fear that others may fail to appreciate them, he resorts to romantic guesswork and to reiterated claims for the naturalness with which each subject is represented. The method may have its merits at that, as a means of stirring up the reader. If Dr. Schoder had not described the knot at the back of the headband on the bronze charioteer of Delphi as "charmingly natural," I would never have examined it closely enough to reach my own conclusion, which is that it wouldn't last out the first lap.

The questions of "reality" and "naturalness" eventually become embarrassing, unless one is prepared to grant the author the right to use these words as abstract terms of approval conveying no specific qualities. I am not. It seems absurd that Dr. Schoder, describing a mosaic panther, should claim for it "extraordinary realism," when the animal is represented as having legs as long as its body, a neck as long as that of a horse, and spots in the shape of crescents and triangles. Everything else Dr. Schoder has to say of the panther is true; it is full of energy, it does have a magically terrifying quality, it is indeed a most wonderful creation. But it is not in the least realistic and cannot have been intended by its maker as an accurate picture of an ordinary leopard. Why in the name of all the gods at once would Dionysus be riding on a merely ordinary leopard? He deserves the quintessential essence of the ultimate ideal leopard, and he has it.



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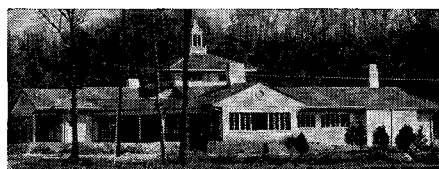
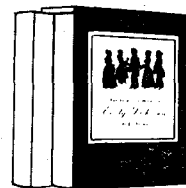
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Whether Dr. Schoder clings to "realism" and "naturalism" out of carelessness, contempt for his readers' intelligence, or the old-fashioned conviction that any good work of art must be literally representational, I do not know, but his ramshackle devotion to these terms is a serious blot on what might easily have been a better book.

ALL ABOUT ROME

ROME FOR OURSELVES (McGraw-Hill, \$15.00) is a large and luscious picture book of the city, combining a text by **AUBREY MENEN**, who lives there and loves the place, with photographs by practically everybody. Mr. Menen is a learned man, but not a scholar in any of the fields where books on Rome normally spring up. He is not a historian, or an art critic, or a theologian, or an archaeologist, or a biographer, or an architect. He is a clever fellow who hates bunkum. He has discovered that Rome, as traditionally presented, is full of it.

Mr. Menen attacks the jungle of popular misconception and official misrepresentation about his city with such exuberant joy that I am sure he must have been subjected, in his youth, to one of those schoolmasters who insist that the pupils believe what they are taught instead of simply remembering it. *Rome for Ourselves* is Mr. Menen's revenge on this tiresome pedagogue, and his readers should be grateful to the man who provoked it.

The book, Mr. Menen explains in a foreword, is to contain a little of everything. It will be about history, for "I have seen a lot of history made in my time. I do not think much of it." It will also be about great men, for "I know a good deal about great men. They bedevilled all my younger years." It will be about Christianity: "To be a Christian is a matter of faith. I have found that to be especially so when I study its history." It will be about the classical Romans: "Our forefathers thought very highly of them," observes Mr. Menen, flexing his claws, and shreds the classical Romans to tatters in one dazzling paragraph.

After dismissing the Etruscans as happy boobies of no possible importance, Mr. Menen works his way onward through history, smashing idols, demolishing myths, and dis-

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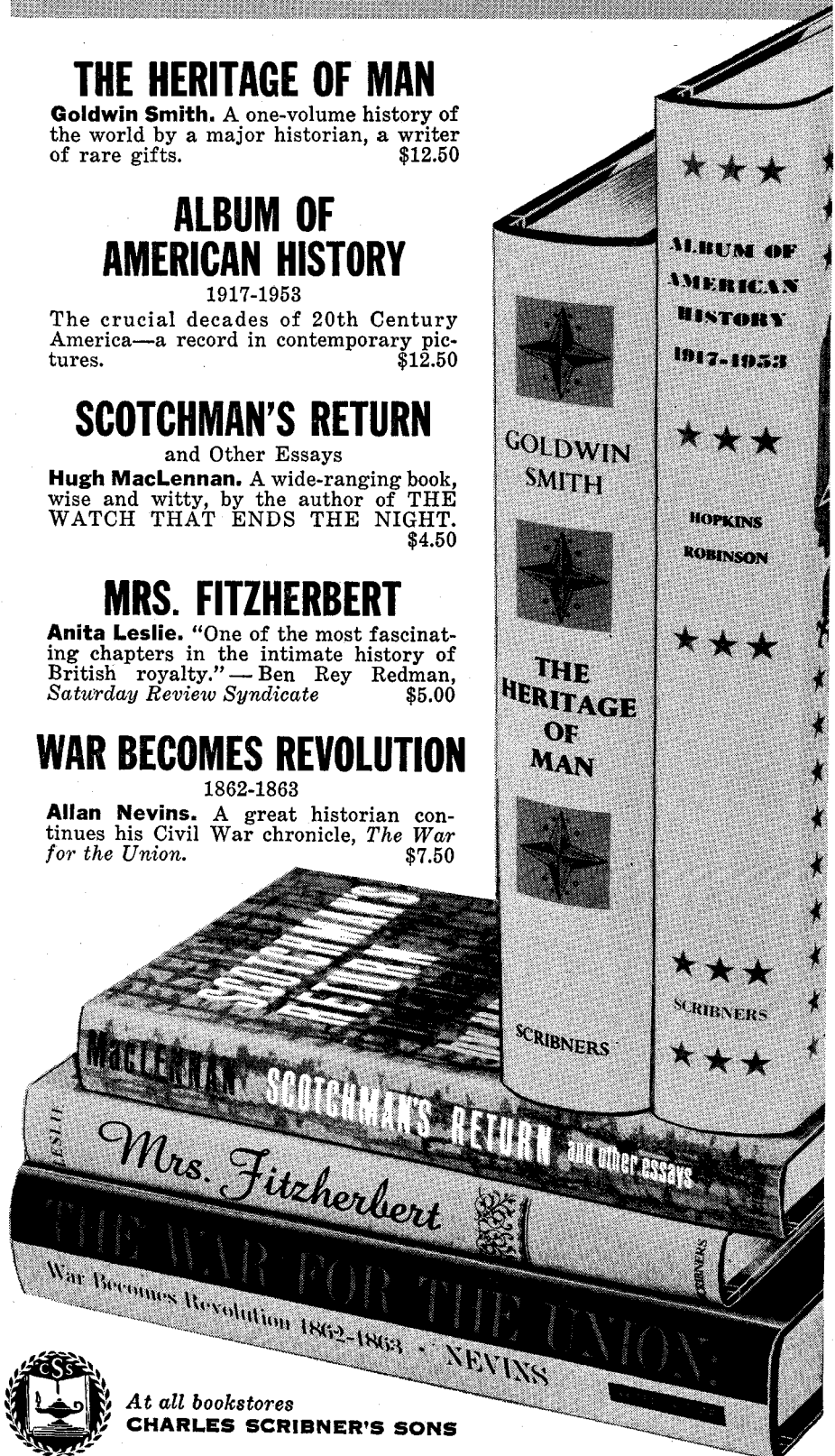
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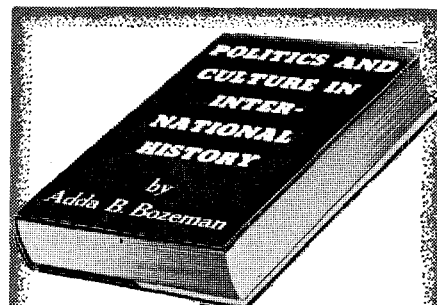
crediting traditions. He discovers that the dome of St. Peter's was not designed by Michelangelo and that one of the major, though unpublicized, tasks of the officials charged with the investigation and preservation of all antiquities unearthed in the city is to avoid learning that anything has been unearthed at all, since attention to their supposed duties would bring every activity in the district to a standstill. He observes that Roman boxers "were expensive to buy . . . and often enjoyed long careers," from which he deduces that "the sport was about as honest as all-in wrestling." He proves that classical Roman ruins are not classical at all and that the wave of learning that swept across Europe as the Renaissance came not from Byzantium but from the Arabs.

Some of Mr. Menen's revelations are practical jokes; some are semantic sleight of hand; some depend on a rather exaggerated notion of public gullibility; but a great many of them are sound, genuinely exciting re-estimates of old convictions, presented with a firm foundation of footnotes and authoritative sources. All of them are immensely amusing, and with the illustrations they make a lively, handsome book quite unlike anything else.

AFRICAN ECHOES

ISAK DINESEN'S SHADOWS ON THE GRASS (Random House, \$3.00) is a sequel to her *Out of Africa*, but not in the usual sense of a book that continues or develops the material of its predecessor. *Shadows on the Grass* is a catching up, an afterthought, almost indistinguishable in tone and style from *Out of Africa*, and three of the four episodes it describes could have been worked into the earlier book with no trouble if the author had chosen to include them. The fourth one, about the later histories of her African servants, is another matter, since it involves a considerable lapse of time. It is also related to the author's preoccupation with the interlocking of dream and reality as much as to her experiences in Africa.

The other three pieces I suppose must be called reminiscence, although the acuteness of Baroness Blixen's perceptions and her ability to find an undercurrent of wonder in any situation make the term quite inadequate. They are reminiscences



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in which the events of real life are probably not reshaped but in a subtle way relighted, so that meanings invisible in the confusion of everyday business are suddenly picked out by highlights and underlined by shadows.

One of the pieces is a sketch of the Baroness' indispensable Somali servant; another concerns the marvels worked by a letter written to her by the King of Denmark; the third, her doctoring of the Africans living on and around her farm. They all have a casual air, as though bits and pieces had drifted to the surface of her memory and had been scooped up and tossed together on impulse rather than by plan. But every detail counts, and each piece builds up a picture of one aspect of the Africa that Baroness Blixen knew, and all of them are summed up in the final "Echoes from the Hills," where the memory of Africa, and the dream, and the fact come gently together.

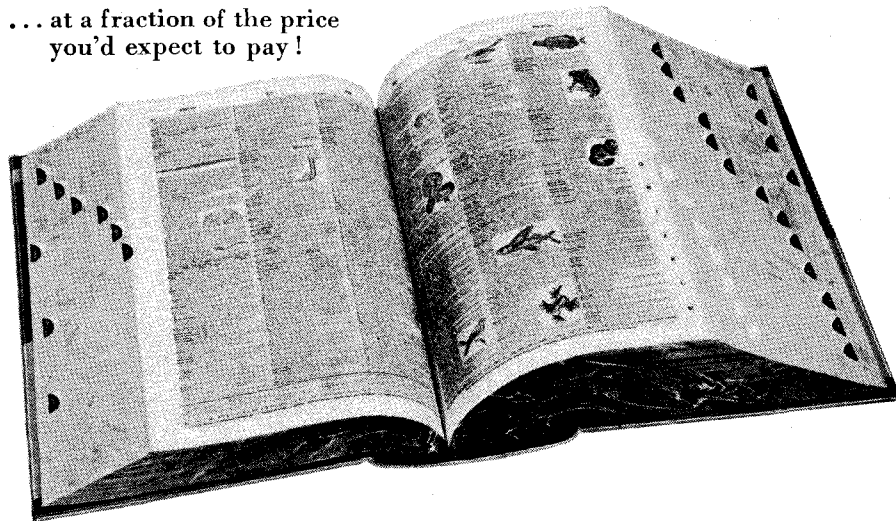
MORAL RESPONSIBILITY

FOR INNOCENTS ONLY (Houghton Mifflin, \$4.75) is the second novel by RICHARD DOHRMAN, whose first was called *The Cross of Baron Samedi*. It is a large, solid book, a study of moral responsibility, undertaken with great seriousness by the author and carried through with no concessions to whimsey.

Mr. Dohrman is a follower of James Gould Cozzens. He has mercifully given up the master's habit of never using a two-syllable word if a five-syllable synonym can be dredged from the *Complete Oxford Dictionary*, but he clings to the doctrine that repetition and elaboration will make almost anything plausible. Oddly enough, they do, if the reader makes the initial concession that what the characters truly mean to say is more important than the style in which they say it. The dialogue spoken by Mr. Dohrman's people is as artificial, as thoroughly unlikely, as that spoken by Congreve's, but artificial in a completely opposite way. Mr. Dohrman has achieved a dead level of literalness, a lack of imagination and individuality so complete that the dullest speaker on earth couldn't equal it, even with practice, for five consecutive minutes. Meaning nevertheless emerges from this austere desert of words, and by sheer persistence in belaboring each point, Mr. Dohrman makes the reader be-

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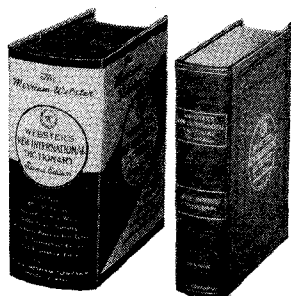
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lieve that his people are real and that what they say is true.

The hero of *For Innocents Only* is a conscientious man whose attempts to do the right thing and be fair to everyone around him almost always end in damaging someone he loves. His wife, his friend, his daughter, his mistress, and his right-hand man all suffer from Peter Guild's good intentions. He always sees the results of his actions too late to remedy them and never fails to comprehend his own responsibility for the disaster.

Guild is counterbalanced by a normally unprincipled and self-centered old ruffian who also spreads havoc wherever he goes, but does it with a clear conscience because he can always dismiss the effect of his actions as unfortunate accident. With these two loose in the same territory, everybody has a hard time.

If Mr. Dohrman has in mind any more complicated thesis than that responsibility undertaken without a real understanding of the situation involved is as dangerous to those included in the situation as the refusal to admit responsibility at all, he does not make it clear to me. Long before the end of the book he has convinced me of the absolute reality of Peter Guild and his ménage. He never quite persuades me that Guild is worth all the care that Mr. Dohrman has expended on him.

DESPAIR, FRENCH STYLE

A MONKEY IN WINTER (Putnam, \$3.50) by ANTOINE BLONDIN is a sporadically funny, essentially melancholy novel which has had a great success in France, where it is now reportedly being made into a movie. Its attraction for a film maker is understandable, for it is full of set scenes that express the author's meaning through action, and it is little encumbered by mental monologues and psychological hairsplitting.

It has to do with the general hopeless incompetence of mankind and the boredom of properly civilized life. The notion is exemplified by a chronic souse who drifts into a Norman resort town out of season and presently leads the local innkeeper, a reformed alcoholic, into a wild night of backsliding riot. The author doesn't succeed in doing anything profound with this story, but the ingenuity with which one contretemps follows another and the delicate balance of sympathy and exas-

peration aroused by the characters make the book steadily readable. The people involved are drawn lightly, almost as caricatures, and the quiet desperation against which the author is protesting is skillfully conveyed to, but never actually inflicted on, the reader.

SHAKESPEARE SPECULATIONS

SHAKESPEARE'S PROGRESS by FRANK O'CONNOR (World, \$3.50) is an ingenious speculation about Shakespeare's temperament and works. It is partly based on research but depends, in its livelier moments, on pure instinctive hunch. As a creative writer with some experience in the theater, Mr. O'Connor is willing to risk a guess about the operations of a colleague whose plays he admires and enjoys, but not to the point of blind idolatry.

Much of what Mr. O'Connor writes is unprovable by academic standards, but since he offers it as interesting conversation rather than instructive truth, this is no drawback. Among other things, he believes that *Macbeth* has survived only in a horribly mutilated form and that the final scenes, in particular, have been massacred by some producer (presumably the same idiot who introduced the Hecate business because he had a good *deus ex machina* rig) to make use of a particularly fine papier-mâché head on a pole. Why is it impossible that Shakespeare himself didn't succumb to the lure of a good head unemployed? Because no leading tragedian of a respectable company would have consented to be done out of his death scene, says Mr. O'Connor firmly, and this reasoning has a beguilingly persuasive quality, a recognizable smell of grease paint.

The same kind of practicality underlies Mr. O'Connor's approach to most of the plays. He is fascinated by *Measure for Measure*, partly because there is much in it that he admires, partly because he discovers in the confusion another case of tampering. He assumes that the tampering was done by an extraneous hack charged with converting a play written for the circular stage into one that could be performed in a three-sided box. This fellow, whose efforts Mr. O'Connor detects in a number of other places, gradually assumes a shadowy character of his own. He was a lunkhead who didn't

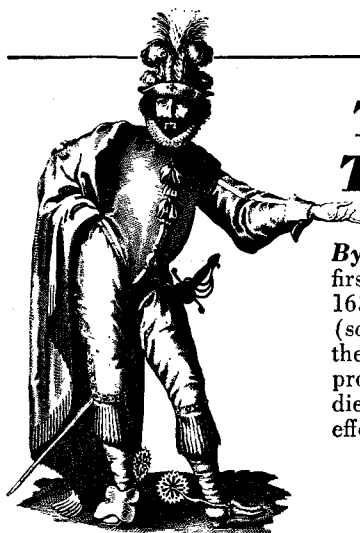
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By Jerome S. Bruner. This book does not ask why Johnny can't read, but proves that Johnny *can* read and learn much more than he is now being taught. A distinguished psychologist advances this view, showing how children can grasp basic concepts in science and humanities far earlier than has ever been thought possible. \$2.75



The Early Public Theatre in France

By W. L. Wiley. A fascinating account of the first public theatrical productions in France, 1580-1630 — with vivid descriptions of the theatres (sometimes converted indoor tennis courts), the theatrical district, the actors' companies, the improvised farces (amorous and otherwise), the audience, scenery, lighting, costumes, and sound effects. Many illustrations. \$6.75

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JUNG IN KWAN'S TOTAL ASSETS

A discarded hat—a man's ragged suit—a look of hunger. These are all that 10-year-old Jung In Kwan has in the world.

Father and mother living? Jung In Kwan's father was killed in an avalanche. His mother died in a dynamite blast. He is alone.

Visible means of support? Well, Jung In Kwan does have a job of sorts. It is begging for food scraps to fill his gnawing stomach.

Any references? Yes, Jung In Kwan can refer you to several thousand orphans on the streets of Seoul. They are in the same business. They can tell you about his experience in aching hunger—lonely nights—frost-bitten hands and feet. They can tell you of closed doors—indifferent crowds—dying friends.

Prospects for the future? Almost certain death for Jung In Kwan and many of his friends. Unless—unless a friendly hand sends help. One can "adopt" such a boy or girl by sending \$10 a month to the Christian Children's Fund. This opens a door to one of the 91 CCF-affiliated orphanages in Korea. Such support lets in a hungry child. Indeed, any gift, large or small, from an American heart and pocket can save the life of a little boy or girl.

The cake Jung In Kwan is eating was given to him by a CCF worker who later admitted him to a CCF orphanage school. He no longer will be one of the unhappy half of the world's children. For every other child in the world goes to bed hungry every night. Communism's strongest ally is hunger. While most of us worry about excess weight, children starve because of the lack of a couple of pennies' worth of rice.

The cost of an "adoption" is the same in any of the countries listed.



Christian Children's Fund, incorporated in 1938, with its 391 affiliated orphanage schools in 41 countries, is the largest Protestant orphanage organization in the world, assisting over 34,000 children. It serves 30 million meals a year. It is registered with the Advisory Committee on Voluntary Aid of the International Cooperation Administration of the United States Government. It is experienced, efficient, economical and conscientious.

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know how to get characters on and off the stage, and when at a loss, always resorted to having A shove B into the wings, assuring him meanwhile of future revelations of a beneficial nature. Shakespeare, Mr. O'Connor points out crossly, was a better technician than that on his first try. The hack was also a fussily disorganized type, fond of fine poetry, hating to part with it, but seeing no reason why a good speech wouldn't be just as good in a graveyard as in a ballroom. One can fairly see the man, chopping out ten lines here and a dozen there, and laying them thriftily aside on the grounds that they might come in handy sometime. And sure enough they did, to the confusion of all subsequent directors, actors, producers, and readers. Mr. O'Connor has done such a splendid job of recreating this hypothetical nuisance that it only remains for somebody to prove he was Robert Greene hiding from his creditors or Queen Elizabeth picking up a little extra pin money.

Shakespeare's Progress is a delightful, stimulating book if the reader is willing to allow Mr. O'Connor the elbow room he demands. It will, I suspect, be quite maddening to readers who do not share the author's conviction that *Troilus and Cressida* is a splendid play and that Prospero does not in the least represent Shakespeare's benign farewell to the theater.

A MUSLIM CRUSADE

THE SABRES OF PARADISE (Viking, \$6.75) is **LESLEY BLANCH's** reconstruction of a fragment of Caucasian history, the nearly thirty years of ferocious guerrilla warfare by which a Muslim chieftain kept the Russians in check. It is romantic history, not in the sense of being inaccurate but because the people who enacted it saw themselves in a heroic light, and Miss Blanch accepts them almost exactly at their own evaluation. From a common-sense point of view, the whole enterprise was quite mad; and from a classical point of view, it lacked proportion, besides involving unseemly quantities of dirt and blood; but as an exhibition of individual courage and determination, it was magnificent. It may also have kept the Russians off the frontiers of British India.

Shamyl's war against fate, the czar, and the modern world finally ended in 1859, having involved an

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enormous number of Russian troops and half the distinguished figures of nineteenth-century Russia. Its ramifications extended from London to Delhi. Miss Blanch, who has clearly done a formidable amount of research on the subject, presents the whole picture with great clarity, a most difficult undertaking since, in addition to the complicated facts, she is determined to describe character, elucidate background, and recreate the manners and beliefs not of one Muslim sect but of a whole conglomeration of tribes. The sympathy and skill which have gone into *The Sabres of Paradise* can hardly be overestimated, and the book is altogether a fine example of picturesque history.

A CIVILIZATION THAT WAS

THE WEANS (Knopf, \$1.50), by ROBERT NATHAN, may be a horrid warning against atomic war, but it looks like a wicked spoof of archaeology. It is a summing up, in a properly earnest tone, of the discoveries of the Kenya and Uganda expeditions in the mysterious debris of the great Western continent. It seems that the expedition's scholars have learned much about the incomprehensible people whose capital was called Pound-Laundry, and what they have learned is likely to shake any reader's faith in all contemporary diggings. They have undermined, if not destroyed, the previously accepted theory that these Westerners had some relation to the tribes inhabiting a group of northerly islands, by determining that certain glyphs, meaning "lift" and "elevator," are incompatible. They continue to be puzzled by the plethora of local goddesses (are they local manifestations of one goddess, or a whole female pantheon?) and by references to a "hofa." The hofas may have been public officials, they conclude, or possibly a class of war lords. There is also a suspicion that mistranslation is involved. And the expedition gets quite bored with digging up bathtubs.

The book is illustrated with superbly meaningless photographs of people in pith helmets holding in their hands small fragments of unidentified objects. Who posed for these pictures is not revealed, but Mr. Nathan must have had almost as much fun writing this silly thing as I had reading it.

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"Whose sins you shall forgive," Christ said, "they are forgiven them; whose sins you shall retain, they are retained" (John 20:21-23). Thus Christ authorized the Apostles, and their successors, to pardon or to deny pardon as they judge the sinner worthy or unworthy. To do this they had to know what they were forgiving... the secret dispositions of the sinner... his sorrow and willingness to repair the wrong done to his neighbor by his sins. Who could make this known but the sinner himself—and what is this but Confession?

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tive of Christian life, and this he finds in the Sacrament of Penance.

Man lives in society which needs officials to promote the common good—and for his life in the Church, he finds officials provided by the Sacrament of Orders. He perpetuates the human race in marriage, which Christ made the Sacrament of Matrimony. And at death, he needs consolation and strength for the last dread hour which he finds in the Last Anointing—the Sacrament of Extreme Unction.

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C living

IT WAS Alfred Lunt who once disclosed, in a TV panel discussion, the sure way to tell a first-rate eating place from a dump. The touchstone, said he, would be its sandwich, and the quality of the sandwich would depend on whether or not its butter was, as he put it so economically, "spread to the edge." The St. Regis, I believe, was where Mr. Lunt felt that the spread-to-the-edge standard still endures most dependably; this is a view with which I heartily agree, not only as to the sandwiches but also several other homely items whose excellence comes largely from the skill and high conscience underlying their preparation.

A breakfast listing on the St. Regis menu kept catching my eye, although from unhappy experience in other places it never occurred to me to order anything of such a specification: "Sliced Fresh Oranges." The words mean, on most menus, a disk, a cross section of an orange, peeled perhaps, but with plenty of skin separating the sections and all in all not a very rewarding dish. Sliced oranges? Thanks, but I think not.

It occurred to me one morning at the St. Regis, after an especially fine dinner there the night before, that it would be quite out of character for the hotel to serve the kind of sliced oranges that I recalled so unfavorably from other kitchens. I began to wonder what the St. Regis

version might be, and I ordered some.

What I received was a large bowl, sunk in a bed of crushed ice and containing the edible part of several oranges, in a cupful or more of their juice. There was no hint that an orange ever included such material as skin, or seeds, or the pithy white layer inside the rind. I do not know the method by which an orange is prepared for such a result, but I should suppose it to be a hand job and a fairly slow one, not unlike peeling grapes. Assuming the dish to be as popular, in a large hotel, as it deserves to be, one wonders how many man-hours it requires every morning.

Another St. Regis breakfast offering of great quality is Creamed Finnan Haddie. As properly hot in its handsome chafing dish as the oranges are cold, the finnan haddie is served in a light, non-floury cream sauce, and never need the breakfasters expect to find the least trace of skin or a stray fishbone among its bite-sized pieces.

Maintaining the highest standard for all comers, year in and year out, seems to me a great achievement. It is not only the well-known or favored guest, but every guest, who fares well; who can have set before him at almost any hour of day or night a superlative version of whatever strikes his fancy.

At the opposite pole in point of expense, yet with a fine old-fashioned sense of how things ought to be done, is the Milford House at South Milford, Nova Scotia, a backwoods hotel with some thirty-five cabins, located on the edge of the peninsula's interior wilderness. There are several reasons why this place seemed to me just as attractive last summer as it did a decade ago, when I wrote a short account of it for these pages: from about July 10 to late September, a faultless summer climate and relief from ragweed pollen; a beautiful, wild scene of lake and forest; country cooking (homemade bread, many local vegetables) in good variety and abundance; the congenial company of other guests who like the place for the same reasons that I do; extraordinarily low rates, even lower for children. Travel on the lakes is still by canoe only; no outboards or motorboats. To say that the Milford House is a simple sort of place is an understatement: it is really quite primitive. Yet people of considerable means enjoy it year after year. The nearest I can come to describing the facilities or life there is to liken it to camping, only with sheets and screens and without having to do a stroke of work. A whiff of wood smoke in the air does seem to nudge the appetite, and our consumption of the homemade bread — white or whole wheat, a choice

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which one usually settled by ordering both — as breakfast toast was prodigious. The breakfasts were distinguished, also, for their lean, full-flavored bacon and for the six kinds of griddlecakes in the chef's repertoire. The griddlecakes were served every other day, one kind at a time, of course, and here they are as the menu identified them: plain griddlecakes (these used to be listed as ordinary griddlecakes), corn meal

griddlecakes, buckwheat cakes, buttermilk griddlecakes, blueberry griddlecakes, and bread griddlecakes, these last mentioned being quite the finest I have ever tasted. A guest, finishing his breakfast and at the point of departure for home, made a comment with which we all agreed. "It's a shame," he said, "that I can't take this toast with me back to New York."

CHARLES W. MORTON

A Most Attractive Little Outing

BY RENÉ MACCOLL

My wife normally holds cocktail parties in the deepest abhorrence and goes to great lengths to avoid them. I was, therefore, taken aback when she said to me one morning that if I happened to be in the U. K. at the end of May, I might like to take her to what sounded like "an attractive party." The matter was rendered the more unaccountable when it developed that the party in question was to be in London, on a night when — my wife being a passionate gardener, and spring in Sussex being at its most glorious — we should otherwise have remained firmly at our country place.

Observing my steeply arched eyebrows, my wife explained that the party was scheduled to take place aboard a ship on the Thames. Not, she added hastily, any old ship, chartered for the night by some wild segment of the Chelsea set, but a highly respectable vessel, the H.Q.S. *Wellington*, the headquarters of the Honourable Company of Master Mariners, which is moored permanently on the Thames Embankment opposite the Temple. "Just think," she remarked. "Sipping our drinks there on the river, the sun setting on the water, the hum of London's homegoing traffic — rather charming." Some vague allusion to the fact that the party was being held "in a good cause" followed, and I recalled that, from time to time, I had observed my wife hard at it with the knitting needles, turning out, as she revealed, garments for sailors working the chillier shipping lanes of the world.

Directly challenged again as to

whether I would or would not escort her to the occasion, I said that I would, although treacherously aware that the odds against my still being within the realm three weeks later were stiff indeed. But the unlikely happened, and on the appointed evening there we were, duly alighting at the *Wellington's* gangway.

The vessel turned out to be about the size of a medium steam yacht, perhaps three hundred feet long, painted white, and trim enough. But as we picked our steps up the gangway and through a group of pigeons, a fairly long experience of cocktail parties and their peculiar aura — for, unlike my wife, I attend many — caused me to ask her to check the engraved invitation in order to make sure that we hadn't come on the wrong night.

For there was none of that coming and going that one expects; not much sign of life, other than a man who seemed to sport a bosun's uniform. And once we were aboard and making our way aft along the main deck, no intimation of that confused roaring sound that is the true badge of any cocktail party which has been in progress for an hour or so. Instead, two subdebs waylaid us and deftly sold me a book of "entry tickets to the annual fair" for the sum of one pound sterling. Pressing on, we found ourselves at the heart of the matter. And it instantly became clear that this was no ordinary cocktail party.

Sitting primly on chairs around three sides of a hollow square was a company of perhaps fifty women and eight men. On the fourth side of the

square was a table which bore a gavel and some documents. Waitresses in white aprons and black frocks were going the rounds with drinks and canapés, true enough, but I gained the impression that theirs was by way of being a strictly subsidiary role. My instinct was to remain standing, but having possessed myself of a red-hot gin and tonic and noted that the sun was indeed setting upon the Thames and that one could clearly hear the murmurous note of London's homebound traffic, I found myself being introduced to our hostess, a lady of title, and then eased into a chair by a woman whose demeanor, in its blend of kindly tolerance and steely command, reminded me of the more elite sort of missionary. Having got me into the chair, she then handed me and my wife two mimeographed documents each. These proved to be the agenda for the day — a formidable listing — and a pledge for subscriptions.

I was still gazing down at these, with what bonhomie I could muster, when the lady was back, leading a man whose air of bafflement and uncertainty was patent. A man of early middle age, with patient, questing eyes, a nondescript lounge suit, and a certain dogged amiability. "Mr. MacColl," cried the lady, as one who plays a royal flush at an



indescribably unlikely moment, "I know that you will like to meet the Soviet assistant naval attaché." I rose and shook his hand. He too secured a gin and tonic, gazed about him with growing bewilderment, and whispered, "Is a party?" "Well, yes," I said. Then, seeking safety in conversational bromides, I added, "I have been in your country several times. Moscow, Leningrad, Alma-Ata, Baku. . . ." "So?" he said. "Last week I was in Bournemouth. The week before that, Brighton.

THREE SCRIPTWRITERS FOR NOVEMBER



A poet, a novelist, a prime minister—and you as a voter—all share credits for November's television, along with hundreds of writers for stage, screen, newsroom, and rostrum . . . actors, actresses, directors...composers, lyricists...costumers, set designers . . . choreographers and photographers.

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A wide range of talent serves a wide range of interests—no doubt, including yours. There are more absorbing hours for thoughtful viewers of television than you'll find almost anywhere outside a library or campus.

Be sure to check your daily television schedule. Chances are you'll find programs like those listed here—as well as local broadcasts—that you won't want to miss.

TELEVISION INFORMATION OFFICE

666 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 19, NEW YORK

In November

A FEW PROGRAMS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

(Times indicated are current N.Y. time)

"What's the Proposition?"

A special pre-election study on how an indifferent electorate ratifies propositions by default, on "Close-up!"

Thursday, November 3 (10:30-11 PM)

"Presidential Countdown"

Friday, November 4 (9:30-10 PM)

"The Campaign—the Candidates"

Saturday, November 5 (9:30-10:30 PM)

"Campaign Roundup"

Sunday, November 6 (2:30-3 PM)

Full Coverage of the Elections

Tuesday, November 8

"The Trapped Housewife"

A look into the demands made on the modern homemaker's time.

Thursday, November 10 (4-5 PM)

"The Influential Americans"

An on-the-scene report of new experiments in public school teaching.

Sunday, November 13 (9-10 PM)

"He Shall Have Power"

The institution of the American Presidency is examined on "Omnibus."

Sunday, November 13 (5-6 PM)

"Story of a Family"

Three generations of an American family are studied to determine the effects of changes during the last 60 years.

Monday, November 14 (7:30-8:30 PM)

"Macbeth"

Maurice Evans and Dame Judith Anderson star in Shakespeare's tragedy, filmed on location in Scotland and England.

Sunday, November 20 (6-8 PM)

"Big City 1980"

Second in series of four special programs on the age of technology, produced in cooperation with the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Monday, November 21 (9:30-10:30 PM)

"Those Ragtime Years"

A "Project 20" recreation of an exuberant American era.

Tuesday, November 22 (10-11 PM)

"Winston Is Back"

Winston Churchill returns to office as World War II starts. First in new documentary series based on the statesman's memoirs and speeches. Richard Burton and Hume Cronyn are narrators.

Saturday, November 26 (10:30-11 PM)

"The U-2 Incident"

Hard realism at a crucial time in American history, on "White Paper."

Tuesday, November 29 (10-11 PM)

"The Three Musketeers"

A two-hour dramatization of Alexandre Dumas' swashbuckling novel. Presented on successive nights in two installments.

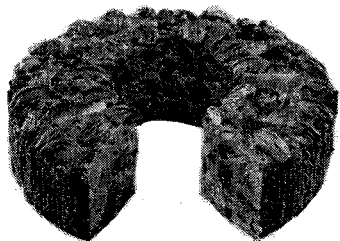
Wednesday, November 30, and Thursday, December 1 (7:30-8:30 PM)

REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAMS

Sundays: Television Workshop
College News Conference
Chet Huntley Reporting
Meet the Press
The Twentieth Century
Mondays: Face the Nation
Tuesdays: Expedition
Thursdays: Person to Person
Fridays: Eyewitness to History
Saturdays: The Nation's Future
Mon.-Fri.: Continental Classroom

NOTE: Times, programs, titles and casts are subject to change. Consult local papers for times and programming details.

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Next week to Rosyth, your big naval base in Scotland." At that, the lady missionary was back, pointing to a boldly produced chart, bearing certain sums against appropriate years. "Our goal this year, £5000." She beamed. The Russian stared at her aghast. "This is one of Britain's smaller warships," I put in, with what seems to me in retrospect possibly doubtful taste.

At this point the titled chairman gavelled for order and we were in the toils. An ominous note was struck by the lady missionary, who announced briskly that a Mr. Hansford-Plantagenet had unfortunately had to leave before the meeting started, but had left behind him a check for one hundred guineas toward that £5000 goal. A considerable burst of applause greeted this intelligence.

We all plunged into the agenda. "Bottles, bottles, *bottles!*" cried the lady missionary. "It does not matter what they contain. But we need them; we need as many of them as we can get. For our Crazy Bar at the Fair. Always been such a success up until now. But, first, who will run the bar? You, Lady Dorothea? Or perhaps Lady Cynthia?" The two members of the audience named glowered briefly at one another, then Lady Dorothea stood, her extravagantly fringed hat dancing frivolously about her ears, and replied, "Well, you know, I've never done *anything* like this before, but, yes, count me in." There was some hand clapping. Unexpectedly, the Russian attaché, who still looked pitifully out of his depth, placed his agenda slip in front of his face and behind its camouflage whispered to me, "Are wanting *bottles?*" "Yes," I rejoined. At which he promptly raised a timid hand, as might the swot of the upper fifth who does not wish to be set upon by his less bright classmates when school lets out, and intoned, "Twelve bottles of vodka."

"Twelve bottles of vodka!" called the lady missionary. "How utterly splendid! The Soviet naval attaché is giving us twelve bottles of vodka!" At this, a hitherto somewhat inhibited gathering fairly let itself go. The very thought of so much vodka, as opposed to knitting products, and second-hand garments, and promises of droll little presents for the giant Christmas stocking, and lamps for the Lampshade Corner seemed wonderful. It was as if a brand-new

Sputnik had abruptly gone into orbit directly over the *Wellington*.

Twelve was now, to some extent, a mystic number. For when, half an hour later, promises of gifts were in process of being solicited for yet another Giant Christmas Stocking ("And, please, not *obvious* things, like Christmas puddings"), a man with a very dark skin, who had arrived late, suddenly rapped out a comment. At which there was a fresh transport of delight, and the lady missionary announced, "The representative of the high commissioner for Ceylon has just promised us twelve pounds of *tea!*" In a way, this outdid the vodka. People stirred and smiled at one another, and there was a muted murmur of "Good show!"

By this time my smile was becoming fixed and I was aware that I must make a gesture of some sort. I had in the meantime spent a second pound sterling on another book of tickets, this time for the raffle, and scribbled out a modest check toward meeting that menacing £5000 goal, while my wife scowled at me. (But hadn't the whole thing been her idea in the first place?)

Somehow or other, we had got around to bottles again. Again the cry was going up, "*Any* sort of bottle, anything at all. Just as long as it contains something nice." I sat up, reached forward, and touched the elbow of the lady missionary. "From me," I whispered, "six bottles of champagne." "Let's announce this," whispered the lady missionary in her turn, and the next moment it was being proclaimed: "Mr. MacColl is giving six bottles of champagne!" There was a scattered round of applause. I lowered my eyes.

The Russian naval attaché put his agenda slip over his lips again. "What," he asked, "is now our duty?" "Another drink, I think, old man," I answered, skillfully clutching a passing waitress by her apron. The notion was well received.

As we made our escape along the deck, I moodily toted up the damage: one book of entry tickets, one book of raffle dittos, check for fund, promised half-dozen bottles of champagne. Grand total? Call it \$42.

A most attractive little party.

RENÉ MACCOLL is the globe-trotting chief foreign correspondent of the London DAILY EXPRESS. ATLANTIC readers will recall his "Tennis on TV" (December, 1958).



Huzzo! Huzza!

BY JOHN SACK

Once again it is opera season, and many of America's operagoers are writing me to ask about a rather upsetting matter to the would-be *cognoscente*, the matter of the inarticulable "bravo." Here is a recent letter from a Yonkers man, typical of the dozens coming to my desk every morning.

DEAR MR. SACK:

What is a good way of bringing oneself to cry the word "bravo" in a concert hall or an opera house? I have been trying to join in this practice for nigh on to twenty-five years, and I've always been held back at the last second by a dim, irrational fear of appearing like a perfect ass. Do you know some way of my overmastering this?

EUGENE W.

As it turned out, there was no way practical in W.'s case. An exchange of letters between me and his family brought to light a traumatic experience that happened to W. at age eleven, when taken to a violin recital at Carnegie Hall. In love with the music, in ignorance of the musical amenities, he committed the *gaffe* of applauding at the end of the first movement, whereupon a lady in the parterre shouted down at him to "Hush up, dammit," and a dowager type seated in front of him, spinning about, threw him a real roundhouse with an alligator handbag. The general sense of the audience forced him to wait out the concert inside the cloakroom, hidden in his mother's topcoat. This unfortunate experience managed to so burn itself in W.'s subconscious as to bring on a phobia against crying the word "bravo," or even the word "bingo," in a public hall, and I had to recommend to W. he give up opera-

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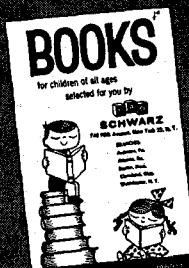
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going entirely. He is now an irreproachable fan of the national tennis championships, in Forest Hills.

Fortunately, procedure of such a radical sort is not indicated in most of my correspondents' cases. No phobia, but only a want of self-confidence is the reason they discover themselves at the opera, night after night, with the consonants of "bravo" fluttering about on their lips, endeavoring, like a newly born bird, to take wing. The self-same people are sure to be crying "Taxi!" a few minutes later with a gusto equal to any man's. In teaching them to find confidence, I have always thought it a help to divide the course in two: confidence in one's self, and confidence in what one is going to say. Tuition is seventy-five dollars a term, exclusive of laboratories.

Confidence in one's self. Consider, if you will, the Metropolitan Opera House. An awe-inspiring place. It surely takes a man of some audacity to go, with no previous training, to that *ambiance*, privy to God-knows-what acquaintances, and to scream across it a word of whose meaning he can only be half aware. The rest of us will have to face learning to hop before learning to high jump. I am thinking right now of one operagoer, with a place in Dutchess County, who started on his training regimen early in the summer by roaring the phrases "Two dollars!" and "Three dollars!" at country auctions, building up a sense of self-assurance and also acquiring, as a kind of lagniappe, a pair of Hepplewhite chairs and a very presentable cedarwood tea caddy.

Another man, an elder in a Presbyterian church, made it his habit to cry "Amen!" with uncanny verve. Any of these exercises is good as far as it goes; and yet there can

be no equal to concert-hall experience itself. Accordingly, I've always thought well of a novice's going to performances of Handel's *Messiah* and, as a drill in acquiring self-confidence without a need of actually vocalizing, being the first to rise to the "Hallelujah Chorus." Music lovers who have done it testify that a nimble foot, triggered with a ready ear, invariably brings them to an upright position three to four seconds before the rest of the audience. The experiences of these people prove there is no better way to fatten the bones of our self-confidence than to rise to our feet at the very first hallelujah, stare patriotically forward, and listen to everyone else in the concert hall, like sheep, rising around us. (Caution: Do not rise for the "We, like sheep" chorale.)

Self-confidence ours, many of us are still going to find ourselves inhibited by a fear that "bravo" is the wrong kind of thing to shout, that a word of an entirely different nature, such as "whoop-de-do," or "ole" perhaps, somehow would be more appropriate. Either that, or we're going to fear that a word like "whoop-de-do" is *not* appropriate and that we're about to shout it anyhow, victims of an almost pardonable confusion; in either case it is clear that what is needed is *confidence in what one is going to shout*. If you think about it, this kind of confidence and the self kind of confidence are really opposite sides of the same coin. Consider the single example "bis," a Latinism that is often found on the lips of knowledgeable concertgoers and is in effect equivalent to the English "Play it again, please." Well, it would certainly be easy to confuse a word like "bis" with a word like "biscuit," and yet there is no one whose self-confidence would be as

THE JUDGMENT OF FISH

BY RUTHVEN TODD

After the last echoing of the final trump, then,
They say, the seas will vanish or dry up, but first
These need attention: before justice comes to men
Fish must be weighed, the blessed and the cursed.

Before damned men come tumbling down, pell-mell,
Belly up, the sinful among fish must rise to hell.

irrecoverably shattered as a man who had just shouted "biscuit" in a crowded concert hall. The looks of pitiful condescension from the people seated around him he wouldn't be likely soon to forget.

And this is no theoretical point. As all connoisseurs of the opera know, the tail end of our word "bravo" is most elusive. Sometimes it appears as it does in "bravo," sometimes as in "brava," sometimes as in "bravi," sometimes as in "brave," and a gentleman of any *savoir-faire* would as soon be caught saying an improper "bravo" instead of a "brava" as freshening up in a room marked "signore" instead of "signori." Hence, a rookie is only choosing the side of common sense when he makes certain never to be at the opera without a tidy, ready-reference list of bravo's metamorphoses, indexed according to number and gender. And never forget to roll those r's!

Practice anticipates performance. At last we are ready, confidently, to make a debut at the Metropolitan. We have chosen ourselves an opera where the line between male and female, singular and plural, is carefully drawn, conscientiously avoiding one in which women are to play the parts of men or men to play three or four men, as in *Les Contes d'Hoffmann*. As if we didn't have enough to worry about! We have bought ourselves standing room at the back of the orchestra, the better to be unseen, and we have waited through the first two and a half acts at a bar around the corner. Come, let us settle the bill and be off. A taxi is ready to take our unreliable legs to the opera house, and now we are there, in the nick of time, as the curtain falls on a stage full of male plural. A quick look at the crib card sewn to the collar of an accomplice seated in front of us and we learn that a "bravi" is called for. So take hold of the railing, laddies . . . close your eyes . . . get ready . . . get set, now go!

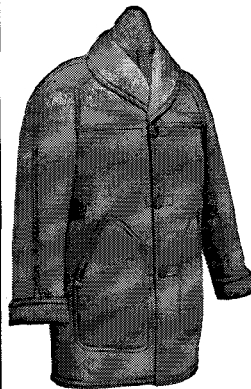
Bravi! Bravi! Bravi! Bra—

Why is everyone glowering at us? What, you never should applaud at *Parsifal*? Oh my goodness, let's get out of here!

JOHN SACK has written many magazine articles and is the author of three books. His base is New York City, but he spent last winter as head instructor at a ski resort on Lake Superior.



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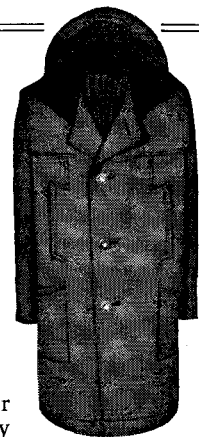


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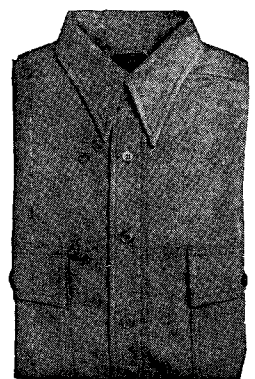
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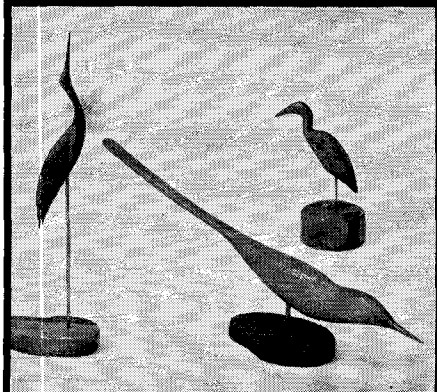
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How to Have Become a Millionaire

BY CARL ROSE

At intervals far too long, we receive from CARL ROSE, who illustrates this department, an example of his prose.

Dream Street may be the poetic name for such thoroughfares as Broadway, Hollywood Boulevard, the Rue de la Paix, or even Red Square. For my money, Wall Street has clear and undisputed title to this appellation, and I have the pamphlet to prove it.

Standard & Poor's Corporation is a large outfit dealing in financial statistics and investment advice. Its reputation is impeccable and its credit rating excellent. For a century it has kept its feet firmly on the pavement, and if its corporate head is occasionally enveloped by passing pink clouds, that is where the head of an up-and-coming investment advisory service should be, for in passing pink clouds may be found many green dollars, and the farther past the clouds, the greater the number of dollars.

Well, this Standard & Poor's Corporation has become interested in my investment potential, and appeals to my cupidity by mailing me many fascinating bits of literature. On page 12 of the aforesaid pamphlet is a captivating table which details the procedure by which I might this day be rolling in wealth if I had begun an investment program with a mere \$99.90 back in

1915. Indeed, I'd have been enjoying my riches for a full fifteen years, because the table ends in December of 1945, long before the bull markets of the fifties. My fortune would not be a puny million dollars either, but a full, round, whopping \$70 million, and even in these inflated days, a fellow could do a lot with that kind of money.

For reasons I shall soon make plain, I cannot go all the way with Standard & Poor's, but if they would allow me, I'd like to tag along on that retrospective road to riches, if only in a fractional way.

A hundred dollars back in 1915 was too steep an ante for me. My allowance was about a penny a day, an income augmented by very occasional finds of pennies, or even nickels, when my eyes were kept assiduously on gutter and sidewalk, as they usually were. Coins were sometimes fished out of subway gratings when I was lucky enough to possess a long stick and a mouthful of chewing gum. There was a pretty penny—in a good year, up to eighty cents—in hanging around the telephone booth in the local pharmacy, answering its ring, and summoning a neighboring flat dweller with whom the caller desired to chat. Tips for this service ranged from one cent to as much as a dime, but this enterprise was dominated by

THE PERSON FROM PORLOCK BY ROBERT GRAVES

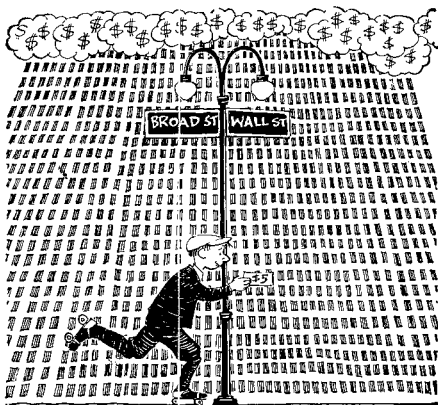
... At that moment the Author was unfortunately called out by a person on business from Porlock and on his return found to his mortification that though he retained some vague recollection of his vision, yet with the exception of eight or ten scattered lines and images, all the rest had passed away.

— Coleridge's Preface to *Kubla Khan: A Fragment*

Unkind fate sent the Porlock person
To collect fivepence from a poet's house;
Pocketing which old debt he drove away,
Heedless and gay, homeward bound for Porlock.

O Porlock person, habitual scapegoat,
Should any masterpiece be marred or scotched,
I wish your burly fist on the front door
Had banged yet oftener in literature!

Copyright © 1960, by Robert Graves.



bigger and more ruthless businessmen, some of whom wore long pants.

Altogether, I might have scraped up \$5 — that is, if I abstained from lemon jawbreakers and two-reel feature movies for an entire year. Yet such deprivation should have been easy for one whose hindsight was fixed on a day three decades in the future.

So the time is January, 1915, and I've roller-skated all the way downtown with my \$5, and here it is, Standard & Poor's, and where do we go from here? We go into automobile stocks, selling at 2.7 per share. We're out of automobiles after a year with \$25.72, and we jump immediately into steel. After eighteen months, we have only \$31.12, which hardly seems worth while. So we go back into automobiles. (They have now risen to 17.3 per share. Those Marmons, Appersons, Pierce-Arrows, and Locomobiles were riding high!) There we stay until November, 1919, by which time our balance stands at \$100.05. That's what we should have had in 1915. It looks like slow going, but in the market, one needs patience and faith as well as money. It's been barely five years, anyway. For the next two years we're in department stores (\$148.13); the following two, in public utilities (\$168.20); we are back in automobiles for a scant nine months (\$557.22); and for a few years in agricultural machinery (\$1459.20). Those five dollars are beginning to look like something. Thirteen years have passed, and I am subwaying to the Street instead of roller-skating.

In December, 1927, we put our hoard into mail-order merchandising. Things are moving more rapidly now; less than a year later, the profits (\$3967.78) are back in utilities. In September, 1929, we're out again (\$7898.08), and a good thing, too. But that little recession need

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not have stopped anyone with the courage of his hindsight. We ride out the storm snugly in gold stocks, and by June, 1932, we have \$11,384.87 and are really beginning to roll.

After a year in metal fabrication (\$72,599.75, and what a year *that* was!) we go back to automobiles again, or their parts and accessories. This brings us to \$159,118.19, and two thirds of our journey is behind us, with ten years of the big money still ahead. We step into copper for thirteen months (\$344,321.19), after which we switch to airplane manufacturing, netting us only about \$50,000 profit (the stake is now \$395,065.25), but it's better than a savings bank. In November, 1938, our interest is in air transport (\$596,526.48), and in 1940, we're back on the ground in cement (\$625,488.67); then we're air-bound again for \$1,371,249. It feels good to be a millionaire, but Standard & Poor's still has a couple of coups up its sleeve. In July, 1943, wartime shortages notwithstanding, we've invested in tires and rubber; all but \$58.57 of the resulting \$1,613,087.46 is put into department stores, and in December of 1945, after thirty-one years of shrewd trading, Standard & Poor's has me sitting pretty with \$3,501,673.55, except perhaps for a bit of trouble with the Internal Revenue Bureau, and such technicalities as brokers' commissions, which S & P's doesn't mention. I'd just as soon let those sleeping dogs lie too. All in all, it's a pretty good return for \$5, and I'd have had the past fifteen years for gorging on lemon jawbreakers and seeing on television all the old movies I missed as a boy.

A dream millionaire is grateful, unlike a real one. For thirty-one years I've played the game of hindsight with Standard & Poor's in their arena; would they join me now in a field of my own choosing? This one is faster — only two days — yet requires about the same capital; \$2 plus admission fee plus carfare, and S & P's could even save on the latter by using roller skates. The profits are bigger, too.

I mean betting on the horses at an ordinary pari-mutuel track. We follow the same rules in this game, although I can almost hear one of the business-school graduates on the staff remark that a large amount of money bet on a single horse would



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Mr. Moore is one of those sensitive writers who can place their humor on the borderline of pathos, and overstep it when they so desire. His prose is a subtle instrument and he creates his effects with great delicacy."

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Brian Moore is an Irish-born novelist who can break your heart . . . In detailing the torments of the unwanted square pegs who have occupied the center of his three novels, Moore somehow gives his reader's soul a kind of washing out which Aristotle laid to high tragedy only."

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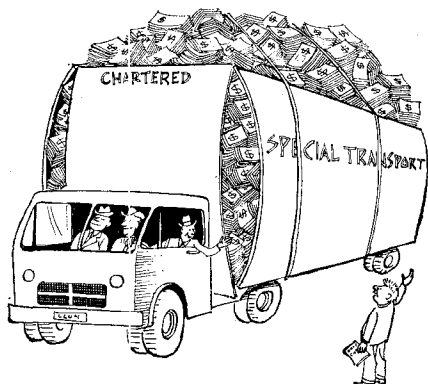
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LITTLE, BROWN

drive the odds down to negligible proportions. Well, I ignored technicalities when I was playing *their* game, and they ought to do the same in mine. Let's be good sports about it.

The time is not important. Any two days will do. I picked Saturday and Monday, June 4 and 6, at Belmont Park, because I happened to see those particular charts when I was setting out old newspapers for the trash collector. My eighteen horses, in the order of their running, were Zambra, Budnose, Julitta, Princess Roussel, El Esp'tador (that's the way the newspaper spelled it), Ooweekein, Royal Native, Discard, and Tarot for Saturday. On Monday they were John T., Blue Blood, Benguala, Ranger, Table Hopper, Shield Bearer, Tooth and Nail, Tinkalero, and Sid Old Boy. Only three were real long shots — Julitta at 17.65 to one, Blue Blood at 30.05 to one, and Ranger at 12.70 to one.

Now, had Standard & Poor's placed their \$2 on Zambra's nose, then parlayed \$8 of the \$8.20 profit on Budnose in the second (the odd twenty cents could have gone for a hot dog), which won at 2.25 to one, and so on, through the nine races, they'd have finished the day with \$364,688.10. This is a fair return for \$2, but not yet comparable to the \$3 million-odd they made for me. As in Wall Street, patience is needed. They will be richly rewarded. In Monday's first race, they become millionaires with \$1,294,642.40. If all goes well, and in our realm of hindsight all certainly *does* go well, they will have cleared a very respectable sum by the end of the ninth race. For thirty-one years, Standard & Poor's guided me through their passing pink clouds into my could-have-been Easy Street, and so they are now welcome to every penny of the \$114,196,319,982.50 that they could have taken home from Belmont Park.



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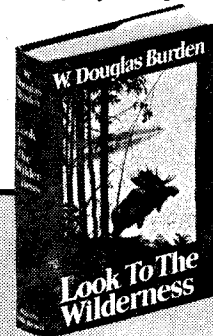
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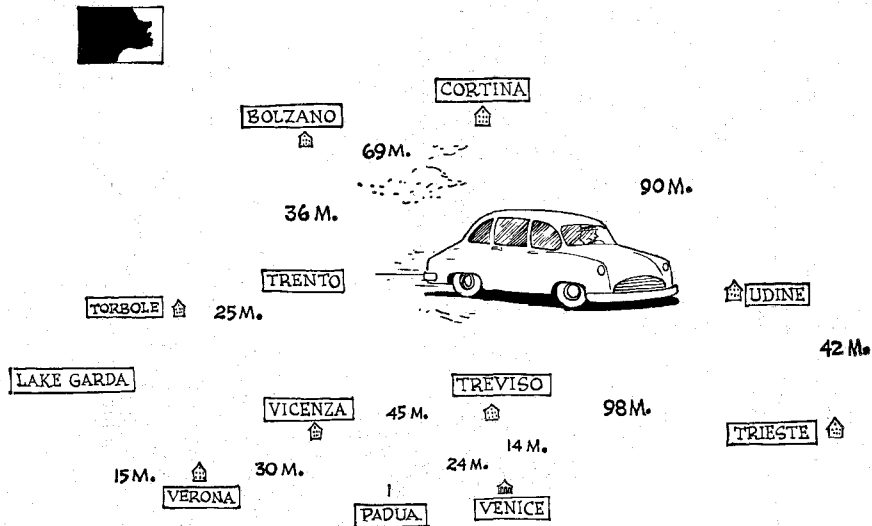
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VENEZIA

BY MITCHELL GOODMAN

We do not travel any more, someone has said; we only arrive. But on the tree-lined roads of Venezia, here at the core of the old Venetian Empire, travel is inevitable, and every step is an arrival. Especially is this true in the autumn, when the whole of this prosperous countryside rises to the occasion of the grape harvest and the wondrously refined provincial capitals hum to the excitement of fairs and festivals.

Autumn is the best time of year in Venezia, with the climate much like our Indian summer; it is the season when the Venetian aristocracy have always come to relax in lavish mainland villas. The heat is broken; the tourist parade fades away to leave the orange sails serene on Lake Garda, the spectacular Dolomite roads becalmed, and the civilized people of these small, masterfully built Venetian cities in full possession of their beloved *café*s in *piazza*.

Rising from the beaches and lagoons of the Adriatic, through the vine-and-orchard hills above Vicenza to the Alpine meadows and the awesome rock spires of the Dolomites, this Venetian *terra firma* is like some great sea shell turned

cornucopia, where the man-made and the natural wonders of Italy interplay with magnificent effect.

Venice is only the beginning. From it there radiates the highly effective network of roads, bus lines, and railways that lead one, in an hour or two, to the princely towns at the edge of the Alpine foothills, to the Mediterranean mellowness of Garda's fishing and wine villages, or to the surprising autumn mildness of the many delightful lower Tirol resort villages. (At higher altitudes there is skiing from early October, on some of Europe's best slopes.) Scattered throughout the region, especially in the heartland area called the Veneto, are the great Venetian villas, as impressive as the châteaux of the Loire and much more numerous. Many of these are open to the public; Vicenza with its active tourist organization makes a good base for excursions.

The hotels everywhere are of a high order, as are the eating places — even the village inns and taverns, where a nameless *vino del paese* will often hold its own against an expensive bottle. Naïve villages — with decent accommodations — where

the traditional Sunday costume is still worn are next door to the golf, tennis, chair lifts, and horse racing of fashionable resorts like Merano and Cortina d'Ampezzo; and both varieties are provided with the marked walking trails, fine climbing sites, rest huts, trout streams, and mountain lakes for which the Dolomites are famous. Chamois and roebuck are hunted on the snow fields of the Brenta; the Valley of the Adige, which is paralleled by the main road connecting Verona, Trento, Bolzano, and Merano, is full of grouse, pheasant, and partridge.

There are several attractive approaches to Venezia: by sea to Venice; by air on the frequent Lufthansa flights to Munich or Vienna and then over the great Alpine passes by road or rail to Bolzano or Udine; from Rome through Florence and Bologna in six hours by rail. Most interesting, for its swift change of worlds, is the flight via the northern Lufthansa route from New York to Frankfurt and Milan, with stopovers at Stuttgart, Munich, and Zurich — from the cool blues and grays of the Teutonic cities to the full impact of what Heine called Venezia's "tawny splendor."

Whatever one seeks — paintings, palaces, ruins, food, wine, or the life itself — the immediate impression is of an almost overwhelming abundance. Padua's magnificent thirteenth-century Palazzo della Razione and a dozen other ancient, animated market places glow with the opulent peaches of Verona, the cherries of Marostica, the grapes and apples of Merano, the big white asparagus of Bassano, and mushrooms, artichokes, chestnuts, pears, apricots, and plums. Even in out-of-the-way villages, the traveler finds delicious mountain honey, sturgeon from the Adige, the great hams of San Daniele, the delicate pastry of the Alto Adige.

Best of all is the exotic treasure of the Adriatic, the fish and shellfish of a hundred varieties that make the best sea food in Europe. And the wines! Try the Santa Maddalena from the vineyards around Bolzano that Virgil praised; Bardolino, grown amidst the mild, clear breezes above Lake Garda; and, pre-eminently, Valpolicella, Valpantena, Soave, noble vintages from the slopes above Verona, as good as any in Italy.

Worth seeking out, too, are the fine white wines from the hills above

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Treviso, especially Prosecco, the glory of Conegliano. This town, along with Soave and other happy Veronese wine villages, and the vineyard country of the strongly traditional Friuli area, is notable for its grape harvest festival, in late September and October. (Specific dates of this and other village celebrations, like the widespread October festivals of the chestnuts and new wine, are best determined through the tourist offices of the nine major towns.)

There is more: At Verona and Aquileia stand the most impressive Roman remains outside of Rome and Pompeii. From Venice to Trieste, along the Adriatic, stretches an almost continuous strand of sunny beach, where fishing villages that have become attractive small resorts were once important Roman seaports. The high points are Chioggia, Lido di Jesolo, Lignano, and Grado. Above all — and this alone would provide a month of urban pleasures — there is the remarkable cluster of provincial capitals: Padua, Verona, Vicenza, Treviso, Bolzano, Trento, Udine, Trieste, urban masterpieces that, taken together, in a region about 100 miles square, surpass any comparable area in Europe.

Once key cities of Europe, they remain centers of life, on the human scale. They are not on display; they simply live in their own ways, infused with that intense communal sentiment that has always been the great strength of Italian towns. They seem to have been waiting for that traveler who is more than just a sightseer, who likes to go at random, walking, into the stream of local life, to sip a vermouth on the edge of a market square, to lose himself among streets of Renaissance palaces and fountains, and then to realize that he has grasped the essence and is no longer a stranger. And then he can walk, not ride, through a gateway in the old city wall and out into the green countryside of vineyards and villas.

The life of these towns is simple and good; the apparatus of travel is effective but uncomplicated; the

Italian grace and ebullience are here unmarred by poverty. One comes across a minimum of high-pressure luxury restaurants; purely local places predominate, like the Dodici Apostoli and the Tre Corone in Verona, Da Pasquale in Vicenza, Da Cesarino outside of Treviso, the Storione dining room and Isola di Caprera in Padua, the Domenicani in Bolzano — strongholds of the es-

timable regional cooking, where the clientele as well as the proprietors know a properly aged Valpolicella when they see one and will forgo pretentious frills for the sake of good honest *baccala all'vicentina*, small spit-roasted birds with polenta,

stuffed doves, or *calamaretti fritti*. A variety of climates and a nice intermingling of cultures bring surprising elements to the basic Venetian cuisine, from the Tirolean *Schlupfkrapfen*, strudel, and beer to the robust goulash and thick soups of Trieste.

Many of the hotels of these provincial capitals offer the same kind of local flavor, close attention to detail, and absence of pretension — and, generally, a very good kitchen. Most are small and pleasantly located inside the life of the town. The best, at about \$6 a day for room, bath, and three excellent meals, cost little more than half the price of comparable accommodations in Venice. Padua has the delightfully old-fashioned Storione, with its seemingly inexhaustible menu; Vicenza, one of the reliable new Jolly hotels, the epicurean Roma, and the Artù. Verona has a half-dozen attractive places on its swift river and handsome piazzas, and even the little-visited places like Treviso and Udine are well supplied.

Each capital has its own special character and tradition; each is an art town in the most authentic sense, but not a museum. They are, in fact, full-blooded market towns, where the peasant driving his oxen to sell and the *contessa* in from her villa are equally at home. There are marvels of art and architecture here to equal anything in Venice: the massive Medieval Scaligeri castle in Verona,



SPARTACUS

In the last century before the Christian era, Rome stood at the very center of the civilized world. The Republic of Rome — whose proud citizens could not imagine that he who enslaves others must in the end himself become a slave.

In that same century, in the conquered Greek province of Thrace, an illiterate slave woman added to her master's wealth by giving birth to a son, whom she named Spartacus. He was sold by his master into the mines of Libya before his thirteenth birthday. There, under whip, chain and sun, he lived out his youth and early manhood and dreamed the death of human servitude.

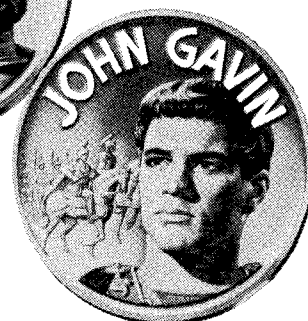
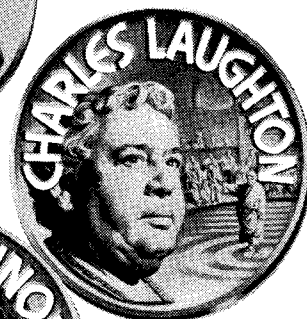
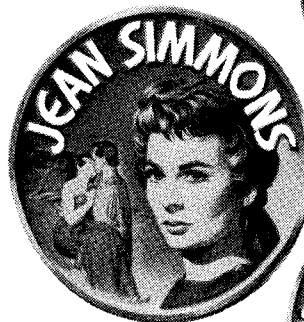
The historians of pagan Rome have recorded the death of his dream and the destruction of his life and all his hopes.

Yet, his name still lives, and the last vestiges of human slavery die slowly before our eyes and the defeat of Spartacus has become the victory of man.

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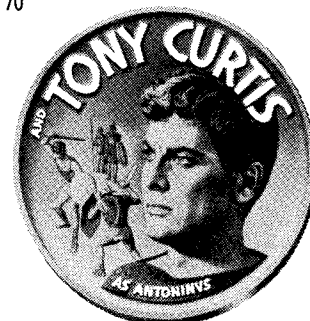
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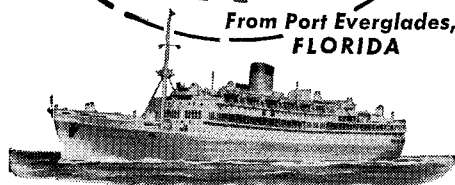
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Car hire in this compact region is economical at ten cents a mile, or twelve cents with a driver. Distances are short: almost all of Venezia lies within a sixty-mile radius of Vicenza. It is, following the motorist's basic itinerary clockwise in a rough circle, 30 miles from Vicenza to Verona, 15 from Verona to Lake Garda, 25 from Torbole at the top of the lake to Trento, 36 from Trento north to Bolzano, 69 from Bolzano to Cortina, 90 from Cortina to Udine, 42 from Udine to Trieste, 98 from Trieste to Venice, and from Venice 14 miles to Treviso, 24 to Padua, and 45 to Vicenza.

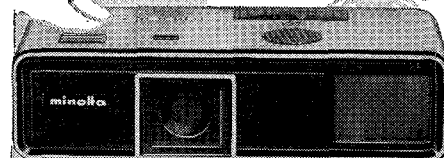
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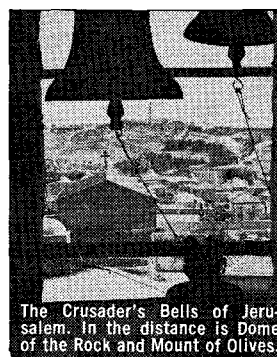


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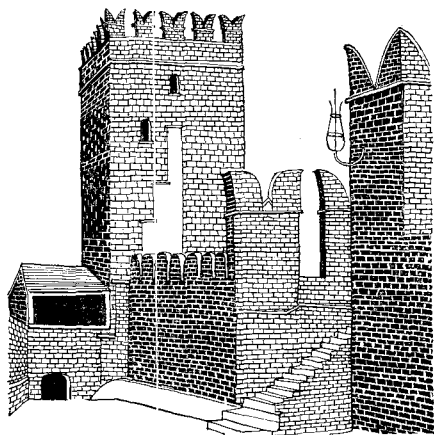
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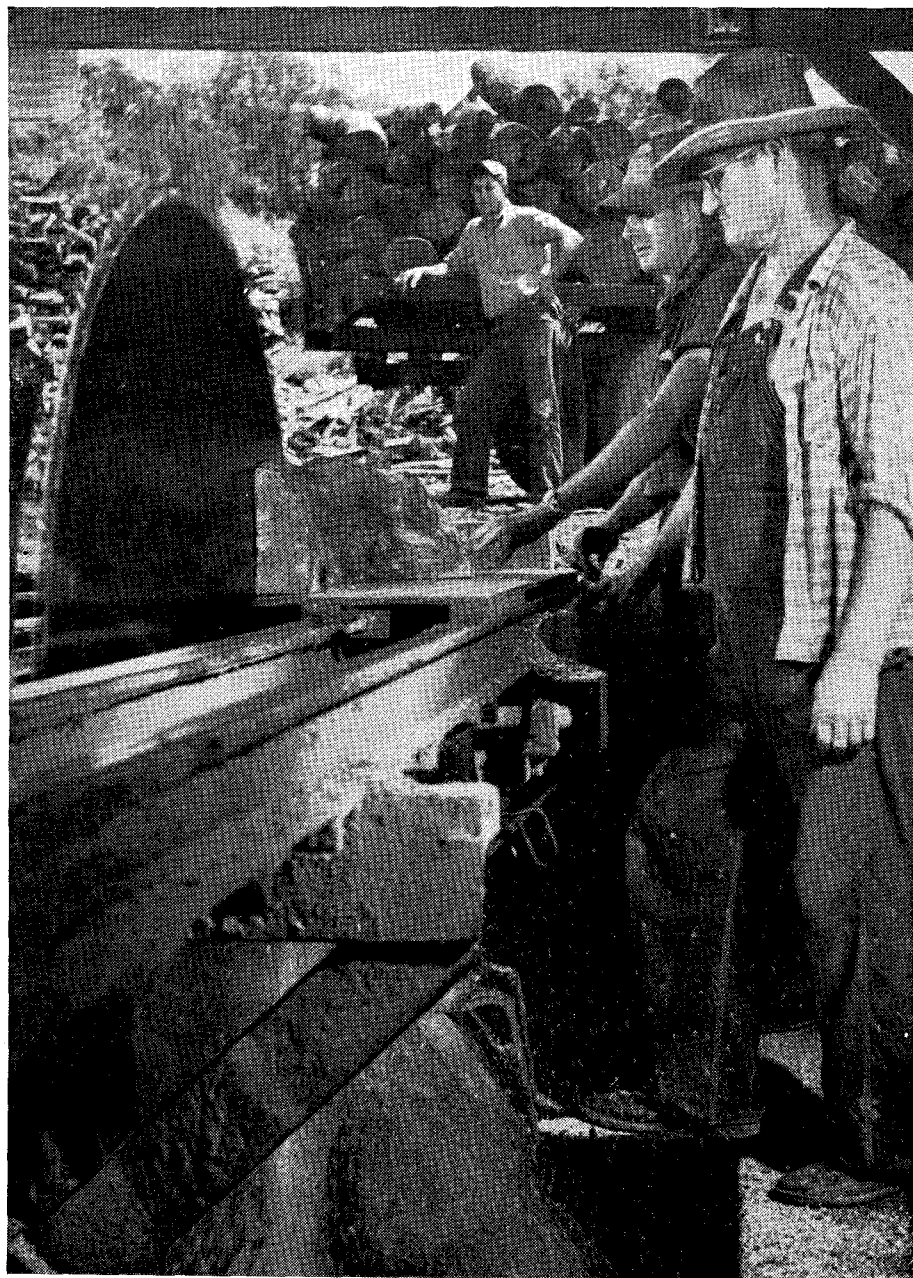
Maupintour

of the horse fair, the roads leading to Verona are alive with the clatter of horses drawing the tight-sprung pony traps driven by farmers in their best corduroy, red bandannas at their necks, black boots, flat black felt hats. They enter the town, perhaps



by the Porta San Zeno, go under the walls of the castle and on through a Roman gateway to pass through the main square and around the massive arena, on their way to the campo for a true country fair, full of ardor and the joy of harvest time, with men and beasts from all of Venezia; some, even, in the old costume of the Tirol. The people do not perform for the tourist. They prod and measure and run the fine horses and oxen, meet their friends, haggle at the stalls for new harness, drink and eat in the bursting taverns during five lively days (October 8 to 12), as they have always done. They will not let Verona be a museum.

At the September fairs in Bolzano, Vicenza, and Udine, and especially at Treviso's thousand-year-old Fiera di San Luca (October 16 to 24), the Verona fair is duplicated with local variations, as it is in the fairs and folklore gatherings of a hundred other villages and towns. At the grape harvests the townspeople will urge you to try the must, the delicious grape juice that has not yet begun to ferment. The classical performances in the superb little Teatro Olimpico in Vicenza, which was one of Palladio's greatest achievements, are held from September 1 to 15; and Venice, too, is in the midst of some of its most important events in September. Very soon, as the visitor moves from town to town, he feels that a centralized Italy, to say nothing of the great world, does not exist and that he is living in the intense, comprehensible world of the Italian city-states.



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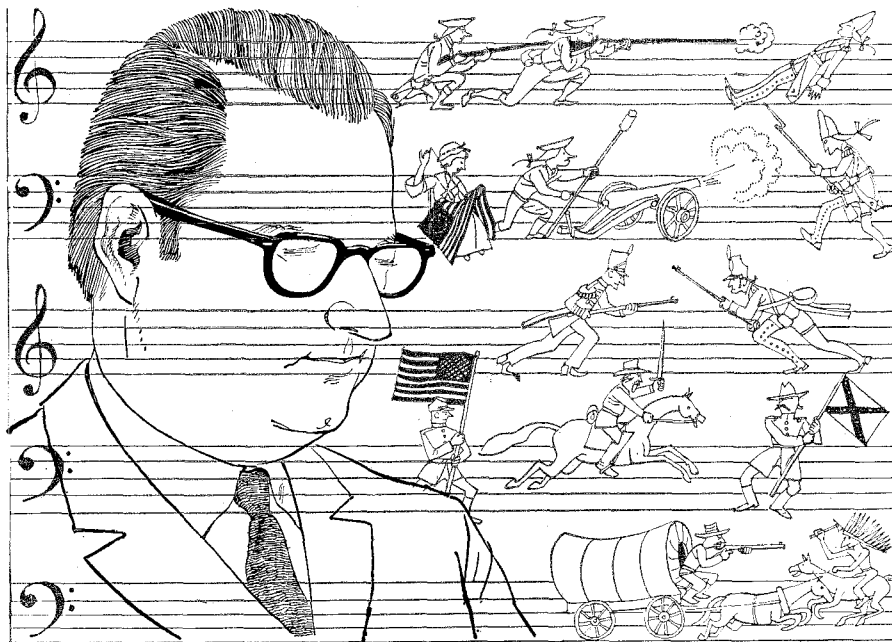
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they shall have Music

BY JOHN M. CONLY



Alexandria, Virginia, west across the Potomac from Washington, is not what it used to be. Along ways where once sauntered the first President and Mr. Justice Marshall and elegant John Randolph, now there are establishments that advertise frozen goodies and automotive fuels. Yet the town in its better parts retains a certain atmosphere. You know it's been there quite a while. It was, perhaps, where Southerner and Yankee first really met — the District of Columbia was still a mud hole being carved into a capital by the tireless French city planner, Major L'Enfant. It is a pleasant place to haunt, because the ghosts are such good company. It is also a good place to be born in, which is what happened to Richard Bales.

Richard Bales is a tall and stalwart Virginian in his middle forties who runs the musical activities at the National Gallery of Art, the enormous and beautiful museum born of the Mellon endowment. More to the point here, he is the leading composer of American history in terms of its own music. The most recent evidence of his prowess in this field is a Columbia record called *The American Revolution*, which succeeds two predecessors called, respectively,

The Confederacy and *The Union*, presented in 1955 and 1957. Actually *The Revolution* was written between the two Civil War pieces, as part of a longer work entitled *The Republic*, which covered the whole period from the Stamp Act to the Battle of New Orleans. It was a clumsy length for a record, however, so the younger days of Cousin Sam — not yet Uncle — were taken out. Without much doubt, they will comprise a fourth recording, perhaps called *The Young Republic*. When I say "without much doubt," it is because the original *Republic* ended with the best arrangement of the *Star-Spangled Banner* I've ever heard, and if Goddard Lieberson at Columbia has not got an option on this, all his competitors will be very much surprised.

Talking with Mr. Bales, whom I have long known, I referred to his three recorded works as patriotic cantatas, and he seemed to think the description apt. In *The Confederacy*, for instance, Bales seasoned the stanzas of *Dixie*, most effectively, with orchestral passages of *The Day of Jubilo*, and ended the whole thing with an authentic Rebel yell. In *The Revolution*, General Washington's *Quickstep* appears briefly in the instruments between the second and

third verses of *Yankee Doodle*, right where it should be, before:

And there was Captain Washington,
Upon a slapping stallion,
A-giving orders to his men,
I guess there was a million. . . .

What I am trying to make clear is that these works really are compositions, not merely song collections. James Hewitt's *The Battle of Trenton* came to Bales's hands as a score for the instrument called the pianoforte — still rather new in 1797. Bales did the abridgment and orchestration. The latter was a special joy, because, as he says, not many a modern composer has had a perfectly good reason to orchestrate just as Haydn and Mozart did.

The albums themselves are pretty special, which should be pointed out, lest people be surprised at their ten-dollar price. They look rather like gala issues of *American Heritage* and contain commentaries by such notable historians as Allan Nevins, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., and Bruce Catton, together with very handsome artwork. *The Union*, which is longest, runs to sixty pages. In each instance there is just one LP record, and only *The Revolution* is in stereo, but Bales has adroitly fitted an epoch apiece into his separate single hours of microgroove. In *The Union*, incidentally, there is the wheezy crash of a Manassas cannon, and *The Revolution* begins and ends with a ringing of the Liberty Bell.

Bales was born and reared in Alexandria; he now lives out of town in the green and pleasant Fairfax countryside. For the record, his wife, Betty, a Texan, is an accomplished pianist; his twelve-year-old daughter, Mary Starley, is nicknamed Star; and their chocolate-hued poodle is, naturally, called Rebel. Bales studied at both of America's leading conservatories, Eastman and Juilliard. At the latter he encountered Albert Stoessel, who persuaded him to take composition seriously. (In music schools basic composition is taught as English composition is in liberal arts colleges, which is to say, you learn how it is done rather than how to do it.) However, apart from a string quartet and some songs, Bales did not do much writing until he went to work at the National Gallery. (The year before that he had worked for the British War Office in Washington, a quite unmusical organization.) He got his job at the gallery as a con-

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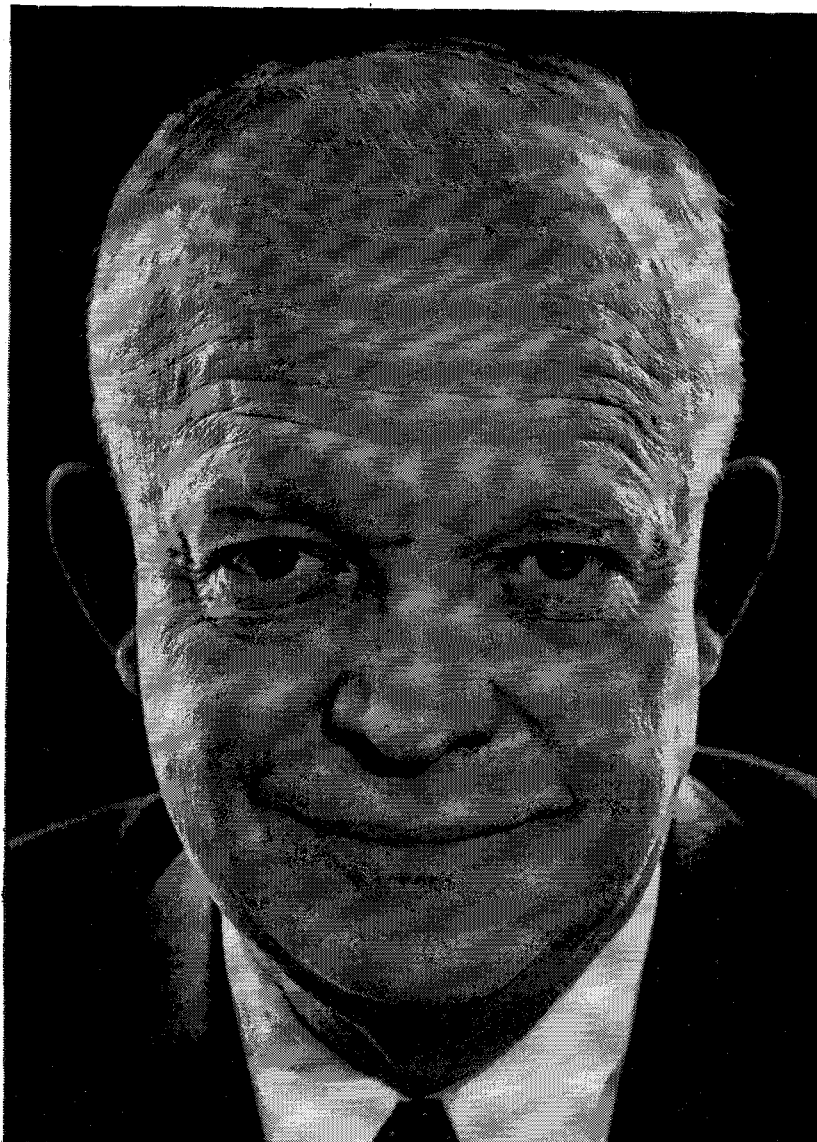
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ductor — he had been in Koussevitzky's first conducting class at Tanglewood — and was really the organizer of the Gallery orchestra, now one of the nation's few topnotch chamber ensembles.

He discovered repertory problems and went about solving them. He was one of the first conductors in America to play, and the first to record, the Handel *Water Music* in its original shape and in its entirety, and he also made the first microgroove record of a Charles Ives symphony (the Third), for instructions about which he went to visit the great Yankee polyphonic pioneer in New England. I may point out here that Bales is not a complete Southerner; his two grandfathers fought in different armies throughout the Civil War, and his family comes from both sides of the Mason-Dixon line.

His avocation has been history; mostly, but not wholly, American history. And now, in some part, this has become his vocation as well. For the Sunday concerts at the Gallery, so popular that seat seekers arrive two hours early, he had to find music with a national flavor. It is astonishingly scanty. When Bales sought a good choral-orchestral arrangement of *Dixie*, he could uncover none. So he pitched in and wrote one himself. It was a resounding success, and this was the start of what became the cantata *The Confederacy*.

The project came to the attention of Goddard Lieberson at Columbia Records (now president of the company), who is British born but about as American as a man can get to be in one lifetime. The two talked to each other about a series, and so it came into being. Lieberson has titled it "The Legacy Series," and it may encompass, of course, material other than Bales cantatas; its range is not confined.

Bales's range isn't confined either. Lately he has written (but not yet recorded) an Episcopal Communion service. Initially this was to celebrate the bicentennial of St. Paul's Church in Alexandria, but it sounds a little bigger than the occasion requires. He is a great admirer of Henry Purcell, and he took considerable delight in writing a service for choir, string orchestra, trumpets, woodwinds, and drums after the style of the mighty English master. I have a notion that we will get to hear this. "There is something some

at composers have forgotten," says. "The music's got to sound!"

Bales's music does sound, and it betokens lively effort in its making. Perhaps some antiquarians will object, for example, to his choral arrangement of *Chester*, the wonderful war anthem of the valiant Boston tanner and music maker William Billings, where the words of the brave tune are given alternately, verse by verse, to separate choirs. I don't think Billings would have been monotonous in exact repetition, but I do think Bales has lent him a new excitement (and I hope Bales will make more Billings).

The Liberty Bell, like the Bull Run howitzer, is somewhat low-fi, but, after all, historical verisimilitude deserves from us all a certain exercise of imagination.

Record Reviews

Bartók: Music for Strings, Percussion, and Celesta

Beethoven: Great Fugue

Ernest Ansermet conducting Orchestra of the Suisse Romande; London CS-6159 (stereo)

This is a showpiece for eggheads who own good stereo systems. The Bartók work is a sort of exercise in space, with the xylophone at the left talking to the kettledrums at the right, and the violins and violas doing likewise. It is very brilliant and witty music anyway, and in stereo it is just plain fascinating. There is nothing in the least forbidding about it, either, even though it begins with a fugue. There is something forbidding about the Beethoven quartet movement, here played by a whole string band. It sounds like a chess problem set to music, and I, for one, have never yet figured out the moves, though I don't stop listening once I have started. Here, too, stereo is a clarification, especially the kind of up-close explicit stereo Mr. Ansermet demands from the engineers.

Beethoven: Quintet, Opus 16

Mozart: Divertimento No. 1

Walter Panhoffer, piano; wind players of the Vienna Octet; London CS-6063 (stereo)

Mozart was a man when he was a boy, as is plainly evident in the *Divertimento* written at the age of

Elisabeth Schwarzkopf "...one of today's most authoritative interpreters of Mozart" (Hi-Fi/Stereo Review)

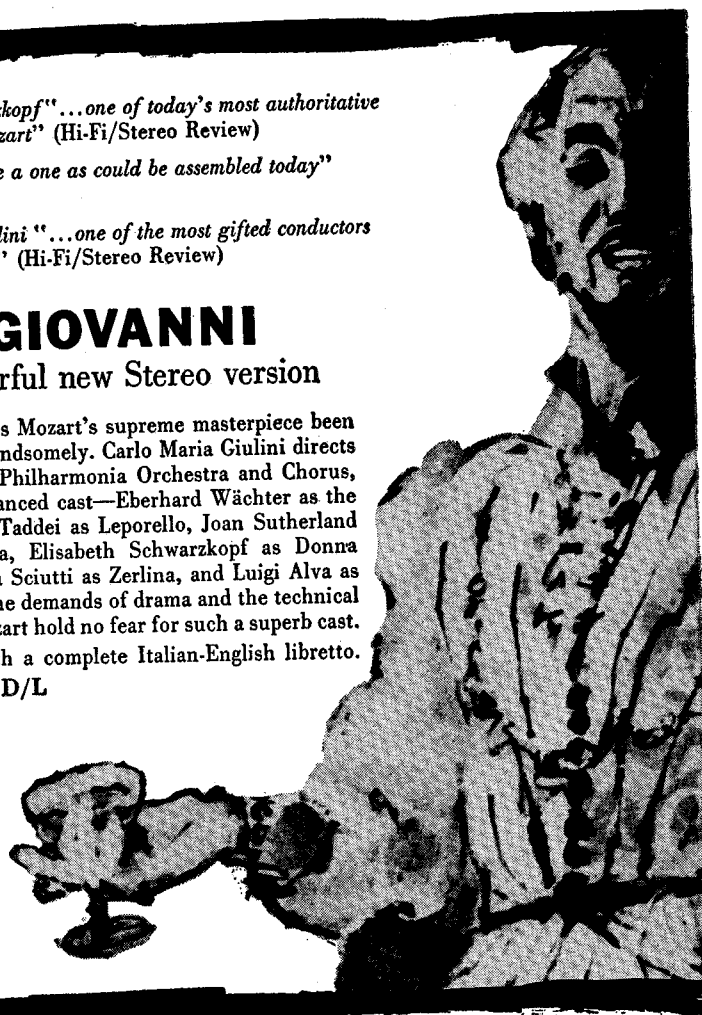
A cast "...as fine a one as could be assembled today" (Opera News)

Carlo Maria Giulini "...one of the most gifted conductors of his generation" (Hi-Fi/Stereo Review)

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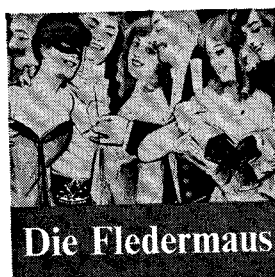


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Schumann: WALDSCENEN
Wilhelm Backhaus-Vienna Phil. Orch.-Gunter Wand
CS 6181

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Sarasate: ZIGUNERWEISEN
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RONDO CAPRICCIO
Ruggiero Ricci, Violin—London Symphony Orchestra—
Pierino Gamba CS 6165

Prokofiev: PETER AND THE WOLF
Saint-Saens: CARNIVAL OF THE ANIMALS
Bea Lillie, Narrator—London Symphony Orchestra. Skitch
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Beethoven: SYMPHONY No. 3 "Eroica"
L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande—Ernest Ansermet
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Forza Del Destino—Pace, Pace Mia Dio. Giordano:
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La Forza Del Destino—Or Siam Soli—Più Tranquilla
L'Alma Sento and Il Santo Nome di Dio and La
Vergine Degli Angeli. OS 25122

Beethoven: COMPLETE PIANO CONCERTOS Nos. 1-5
Wilhelm Backhaus—Vienna Phil. Orch.—Hans Schmidt-
Issersted. (4 records) CSA 2401

fifteen. There is mature eloc in its dancing elegance, and if small depth, that was part of its purpose. It endears; this is all. Beethoven, contrariwise, was a boy long after he became a man. Even the starting theme of the great *Eroica* Symphony is a boy's whistling tune, which grows heroic as boys' dreams grow heroic, unsullied by cautions. There is another boy's dream in this quintet, but of a different kind. It is mostly in the second movement, breathed by the French horn, and sensed as simply as sunlight is sensed from a lazy place in the grass. Viennese feel and render this kind of sense better than any other people on earth, and they do not fail us now. Neither do London's engineers.

Purcell: Anthems and Church Music

Elsie Morison, Richard Lewis, Richard Standen, other soloists; Ambrosian Singers and Goldsbrough Orchestra, Arnold Goldsbrough conducting; *His Master's Voice* ALP-1766

Last time I recommended a foreign record, the exclusive importing agency went out of business before the review was in print — an embarrassment. I am assured that HMVs can be imported. My only risk is that this recording may be duplicated here by Capitol or Angel. So do not be hasty, but keep it in mind. Purcell wrote as lovely and as moving church music as any man who ever lived, gentler than Handel's, warmer than Bach's. I think he thought of himself as a sinner and was tired of being one (*O, I'm Sick of Life*: Side 1, Band 1). In a way he has always seemed to me the musical counterpart of John Donne. There is the same fountaining of love and live symmetry of beauty in both, and yet how simply conveyed! The disc I received was labeled "Mono," which I take to mean that there is also a stereo version. The sound on my review record has a fine British restraint to it — rich, not gaudy.

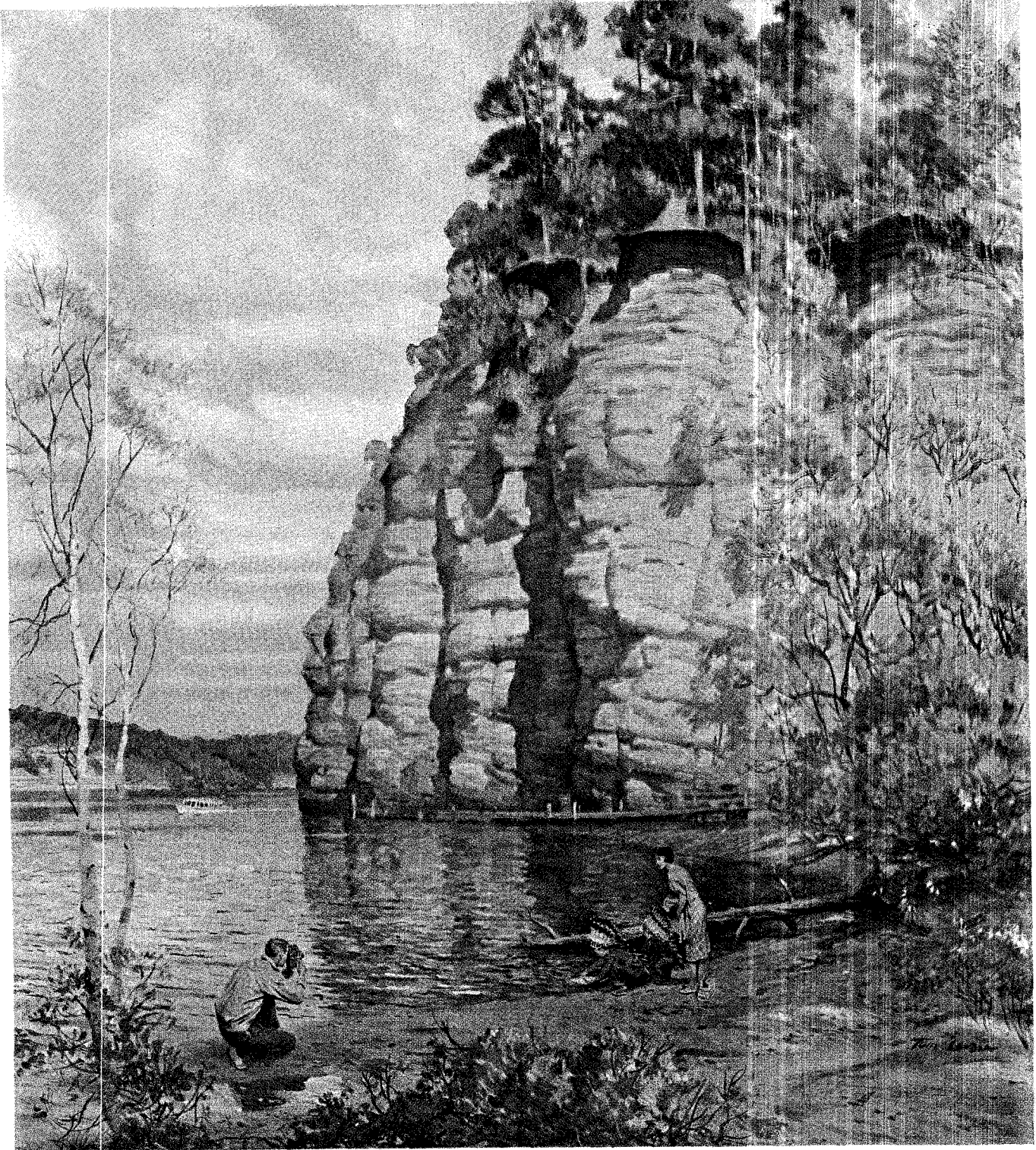
Shakespeare: Romeo and Juliet

The Marlowe Society Players; London-Argo OSA-1407 (stereo): four records
The London-Argo complete Shakespeare project already has been discussed in these pages; the mention now is simply of the first release in stereo. It is as good as I thought it would be. When Mercutio and Tybalt clash, you can almost see the swords. Enough said, perhaps?



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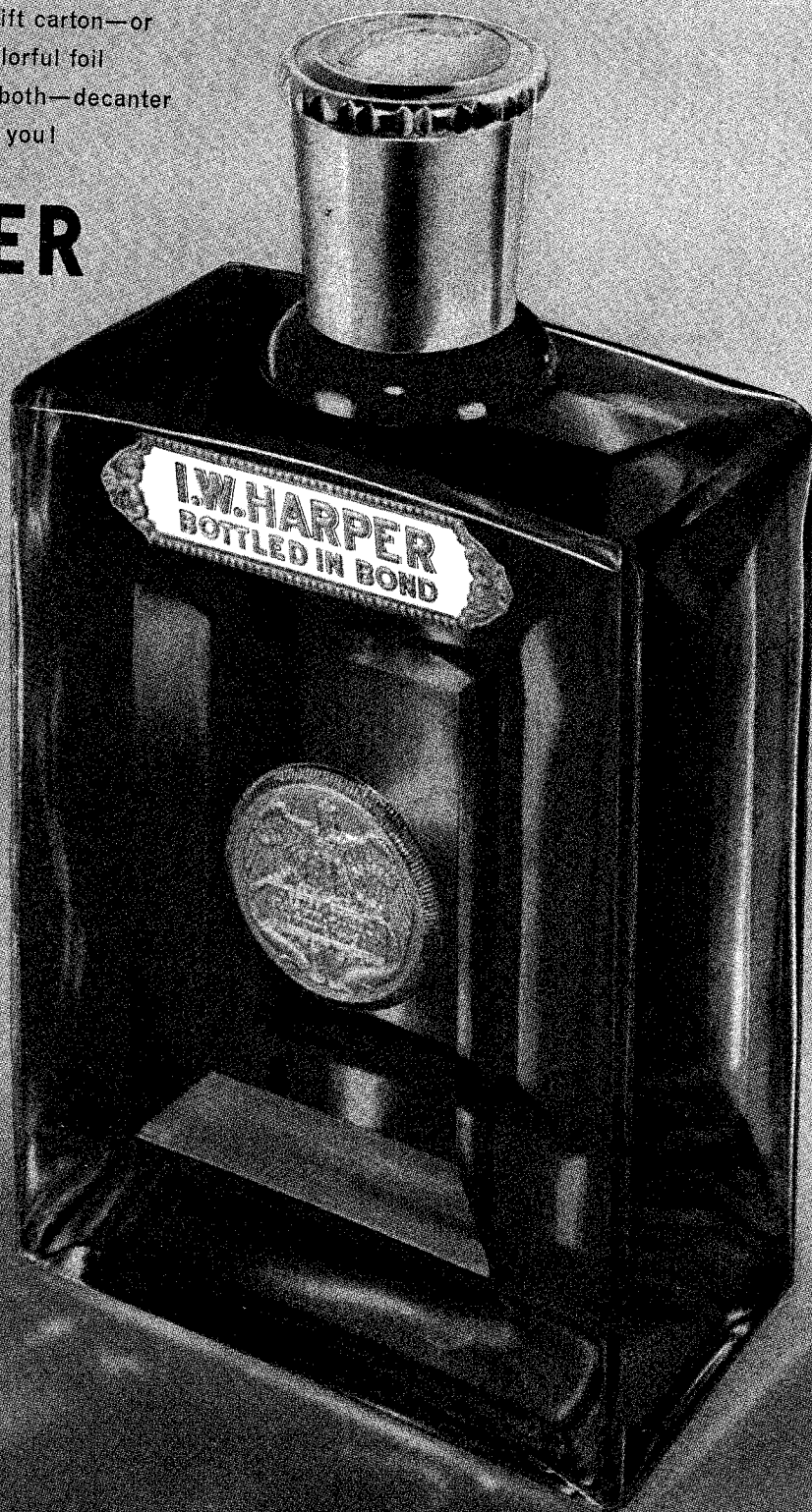
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